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Trials and Triumphs

(FOR HALF A CENTURY)

IN THE LIFE OF G. W. HENRY,

AS EXPERIENCED WHILE SOJOURNING FORTY YEARS IN EGYPT, ONE YEAR IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND, THREE YEARS IN TWILIGHT, AND SIX YEARS IN THE LAND OF BEULAH.

TOGETHER WITH

THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF HIS WIFE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

One Hundred Spiritual Songs, with Music.

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SECOND EDITION,

ENLARGED AND STEREOTYPED, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH A STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE AUTHOR'S WHOLE FAMILY.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

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PREFACE.

Respected Reader,—I am about to put forth to the world the second edition of the history of my life. As in the first, so also in the second edition, two objects present themselves to my view. First: to inform the reader what a great Saviour a great sinner hath found; and pray most fervently that he might take courage, and if he has not already done it, start this moment from ruin's brink, and take refuge under his almighty wing, and be happy now and hereafter. Secondly:—another motive in sending forth this silent preacher and narrative, is to make it a channel in conveying temporal blessings to the cottage of a poor blind man, and his afflicted family,—in short, to do good and get good. I have also been encouraged to put forth the second edition, becau-

SUP.ECON. 27 MAR. 1904

THEOL. SEM.

hundreds have told me they had been greatly blessed in reading the blind man's book; and some of those that first found their way to the school district libraries were worn out the first three years, and a second volume purchased by the trustees. Another reason is: there were some little mistakes in the first edition, which I wish to correct, as I know this little book will live, and speak, and have its influence after the author has passed the portals of death, and meet him at the general judgment. Another reason, and that I think more prominent than all the rest: I had just entered into the suburbs of the land of Beulah, or perfect light, when the first edition was issued. I wish, therefore, to inform the reader something about its boundaries, the fertility of the soil, and of its delicious fruits; of its gigantic inhabitants and bulwarks; and encourage the reader to sell all, pack up, and move over at once. The Scripture truly hath said, "It is a goodly land;" but as far as I have travelled, the half never was told me.

I have not a single apology to make on the

subject, or commendation. The book must speak for itself, and the reader may judge for himself. He will, doubtless, find it, like the unpretending author, no great things, but a life of half a century made up of getting into difficulty, and then getting out again; but I hope the kind reader will shun the evil, and embrace the good, if good he can find, in such a life of errors. This is not written with any feeling of vainglory; for there are many things the author will be bound to write, which he could heartily wish might not be found in the review of his life, but which he believes, through sovereign mercy, and the goodness of God, are all forgiven. The picture of my life will have something the appearance of Nebuchadnezzar's image. If we begin to look at its feet, they were part of iron and part of clay; while its legs were of iron: so the outset of my life was comparatively worthless. As we elevate the eye, we find the material of the image increasing in beauty and value; for its thighs were made of brass. Looking a little higher, we find its richness still increases; for its arms were

of silver. And as we look upon the head of the statue, we find it a lump of pure gold, of a thousand times more value than all the rest of the image. So, reader, if you travel with me from the follies of my youth to the present time, you will find me in the gold region, or in the land of Beulah, where I am not able to count my riches, but am still digging for more. And unto the divine hand, who, through his sovereign mercy and boundless grace hath brought me into these gold regions, is this work, with all my ransomed powers, most solemnly dedicated. Amen.

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LIFE OF GEORGE W. HENRY.

CHAPTER I.

I was born in Hatfield, Massachusetts, January 6, 1801. My father, Robert M'Knight Henry, was reared in the city of Hartford, Conn. My mother's maiden name was Clarissa Merry, daughter of John Merry, of West Hartford, near the city of Hartford. Soon after my birth, my parents removed to Herkimer County, N. Y., where I have ever since resided, excepting the time I was engaged on public works at the South. My father died when I was about three years old, and I have no remembrance of him. When I was about six years old, my mother married again to a farmer, by the name of Thomas Kinney, then and now residing in the town of Litchfield, in this county, with whom she is still living. I am her only child.

To detail the events of my boyhood, which was marked by nothing extraordinary until I was about eighteen years old, when I commenced business for myself, would be but little better than a waste of

paper, and a loss of time to the reader to peruse it. Suffice it to say, that during that time I lived with my relatives, worked on a farm summers, and went to school winters; and, like the generality of boys of that age, was more fond of play than study, and more fond of hunting than work. Nevertheless, I am thankful that I was always kept tolerably close to work.

CHAPTER II.

THROUGHOUT the family of mankind, every individual seems to have some leading propensity, which accompanies him through life, and determines his fortune. Or, as it has been said:

> "There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we may."

And as "the proper study of mankind is man," and more especially the study of one's self, I have given my attention somewhat to the observation of "man," as developed in others as well as in myself. I have learned, in the course of my life, that we know but little of our neighbours until we have had dealing with them in some business operation. I have found a great many men virtuous and apparently honest, till a tempting opportunity was presented for them to be otherwise, and then their virtues and honesty, like some people's patience, when

most needed, were found to be absent. Men are not always what they appear. In the course of my diversified life, having experienced almost every variety of fortune, from opulence down to pinching poverty, from brilliant success in business to perfect failure, I have often proved the old adage true, that prosperity gains friends, but adversity tries them.

But as it is my business to give the events of my own life in this narrative, I shall, in the outset, present the reader with a picture of my character, as drawn by Mr. O. S. Fowler, in 1837, and leave the reader to compare this picture with the facts I shall narrate, and judge whether it is "drawn to the life." When the phrenologist had finished examining my head, and committed it to writing, I read it carefully over: when I came to any portion that looked rather bright, that I was willing to accept as about as it should be; but in perusing the whole picture, I found quite a number of features not very pleasing to look upon. At these I shook my head in some doubt; but on the "sober second thought," I was forced to yield myself a convert to the science of phrenology, and I can say like the woman at the well of Samaria, I found a man that knew all about me. I shall leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, and entertain his own views, of the science of phrenology. It will be remembered that I was a perfect stranger to Mr. Fowler. But I can go no further with phrenology than the natural man is concerned; although some degree of enterprise, and

very likely the natural bent of mind may be carried out in spiritual things, as in the case of Paul after his change from nature to grace; Paul the apostle now showed the same degree of zeal and enterprise in preaching the gospel from city to city, that Saul of Tarsus had before done in persecuting the Church of God. His propelling powers had only taken an opposite direction. The predominant principle is equally seen in both characters, which only shows that the most salutary gifts of God may be perverted to the worst purposes. And without some such perversion of the original gifts of Deity, the faculties of the mind, either by the immediate possessor of them, or by his progenitors, (for deformities like debts may be entailed,) it cannot be doubted that their manifestation would be always right. But man has sinned, and grace must purify the heart. But I promised to give you the words of the phrenologist. Here you have them, and you must judge for yourself:—

"Capt. G. W. Henry is a most peculiar genius, and possesses strong powers of thought, and very strong passions, both of love to friends, and of hatred to enemies. He will go any length to assist those to whom he takes a fancy; and yet his hatred and vengeance are most bitter, and his remarks about them biting, sarcastic, and caustic. His jokes both sting and tickle. He compares the objects of his displeasure to some most disagreeable object, and has a most violent temper. He will bear long be-

fore he gets fully roused; yet, after that, wont be pacified, and is quite haughty. His powers of mind are great. Go where he will he cuts a figure, and is always bold, enterprising, efficient, resolute, drives all before him; yet is much more cautious than he appears to be; plans on a large scale, and thinks that *he* can do almost anything that anybody else can do; has the utmost confidence in himself; is thoroughgoing in all that he undertakes; will please himself first, and others afterwards, and never can cancel his opinions, or change his course of conduct in order to get the *popular favour;* is always honourable, yet very *conscientious;* does not know that he can do wrong; never takes advice; excessively fond of debate and opposition, and courts contest; great in argument, and will do well to make stump speeches; loves to get money, and will not allow one cent that belongs to him to be taken from him, and yet spends it extravagantly, and must always have the best; has a great share of mechanical genius, and is really a genius in making, building, or constructing anything that he takes hold of; can invent and contrive ways and means to effect mechanical operations which are new, and just answer the purpose; will make a wonderful man for engineering, &c.; builds also a great many castles in the air; full of hope, and promises himself the greatest success; one of the best natured of men when he takes a fancy; not at all devout or religious, very incredulous; a very great lady's man. Goes

the whole figure in everything; blows out his whole mind, and has no hypocrisy; eminently courageous, fond of children, and will do a great business.

"O. S. FOWLER.

"June 28th, 1837."

Here you have Mr. Fowler's opinion of the man; and I would again remark, that he had never seen or heard of me until I was placed under his hands. Let us take a stand here, in the middle of our journey of life, and take a look backwards and forwards, and see how much true character the phrenologist has guessed out; for it is said that guess-work is as good as any, if you only guess right. As Mr. Fowler has given some good and some bad, I shall be obliged to do the same, as I told you in the beginning I should have to; and as some things must be told which may not be palatable to the sober and gray-headed reader, I shall ask him to skip over all such incidents, and pass on to where he will find something better suited to his taste, and leave the lighter subjects to such as relish them.

There are four vicious, or sinful besetments, to which I have been subject at some periods of my life; and in stating what they are, I will also give their preventive or cure. They are theft, gambling, tobacco-chewing, and drunkenness. The phrenologist has stated that I was always honourable; but you know it is said there are exceptions to all general rules. It is so in this case. In looking my life over carefully, I have no recollection of committing more

than one single act whereby I exposed myself to the penal law of my country, although I find a thousand errors and mistakes. I recollect that when I was quite a little boy, I had a most ardent desire for a penknife, and it was a rare thing in those days for a boy of my age, living in the country, to have a knife, or a sixpence to get it with. But I had occasion to go to New-Hartford, a village a few miles from my home; there I entered a large store without any money, or any expectation of getting a knife, and requested the merchant to show me some of his articles. He immediately handed down a pack of knives, and laid them on the back end of a long counter, and told me the price of them was two shillings and sixpence, and left me to examine them, while he stepped to the other end of the counter to trade with some more profitable customers. The knives suited me to a *T*. Here was a moment of as severe temptation, probably, as I ever had in my whole life. Now, there is no sin in being tempted, for our Saviour himself was tempted. But the iniquity lies in yielding to the temptation; which, unfortunately, was the case with your flaxen-haired author. It was all done in a moment. The devil (I suppose we have a right to charge him with such things) said, "Fob it." My pockets were all marked "M. T.," [empty.] Instead of reflecting whether the All-seeing Eye was upon me, I cast an eye around to the merchant who was busy with his customers. The knife was fobbed, and I sneaked

out of doors. O! how I remember that day, though nearly forty years have since rolled away. But, alas! it was a dear knife to me. It haunted me like the knife of King Macbeth, with which he cut the throat of Duncan, which ever after the bloody deed, while the ghost of Duncan with the throat cut from ear to ear appeared to harrow up his imagination, hung over the head of the guilty king dripping with the blood of his victim. O! what would I not have given, soon after I left the store, to have had that knife safely in its pack lying upon the merchant's shelf, and my conscience relieved from the sting of guilt! although no mortal man under the heavens knew it but myself. And the very name of New-Hartford would bring a guilty blush upon my cheek. Here I might spin out many pages in portraying the remorse I felt until time and business lulled memory to sleep. O! my dear little flaxen-haired readers, I tell this incident for your benefit, that if you should be tempted in a like manner, you should at once remember the *knife* at New-Hartford. In such a temptation, ask God to give you help to resist, and always remember that honesty is the best policy.

> "Whene'er temptation lingers nigh,
> Remember God's all-seeing eye."

I fain would give this some other name than theft, but there is none other that suits it so well. This through grace divine has ever proved an effectual preventive to the repetition of any such

mean and dishonourable act. This was done while the conscience was as tender as the apple of the eye. Had I pursued this wicked course, I might soon have stolen a horse with less compunctions, and perhaps ended my days in prison. So much for the penknife.

Secondly, in regard to gambling, blacklegging, and its cure. I think I was about fourteen years old, when I was sent out for the first time on business, with a span of horses and sleigh to Taberg Furnace, in Oneida County, about thirty-six miles distant, to procure some hardware, and do some other business. I was supplied with quite a sufficiency of money to bear my own expenses, as well as those of the team; and I was sure if I performed the business well, and got safe home, I should not be asked any questions about the surplus money that might be left after paying the expenses of the trip. Here I commenced my first lesson of rigid economy, which, had I carried out through life with my usual industry, I should probably, at this time, have a house to cover me from the pelting storm, without hiring it; and my flour-barrel and meat-cask would not sound so empty as they now do. But I thank God that these have been like the meal-tub and cruse of the widow, that entertained the prophet Elijah: they have kept about so full. But to return to my story. When I got ready to start out on my journey, I managed to get hay and oats enough to feed my horses, and pork and beans

enough to feed myself. I made the trip all in good order, and returned back as far as the village of Whitesboro', the last place I was to feed at till I should get home; and in looking over my finances, I could say, like Gen. Jackson in one of his messages, I was at peace with all the world and out of debt, with two dollars and a half in my pocket. Although I have had not less than half a million of dollars pass through my hands since that time, yet I think I never before or afterwards felt so rich or important in my own estimation, as I did that morning.

The speculations that ran through my head were numerous, and, as I supposed, important. I thought to make some purchases, as I should pass through Utica. But I knew I had money enough to buy out all the boys for a mile round me when I reached home, and the way I intended to shake it at them was a caution. O, what a tyrant money makes of a man! But after feeding my horses under the shed for the last baiting, I took my bucket of pork and beans in one hand, and my whip in the other, snapping it at every dog or fowl that came in my way. I entered the bar-room of the tavern in full state, asking no favours of anybody; and, as I think, before I opened my box of luncheon, I very gracefully put my hand into my pocket, and drew forth my pocket-book, and took out my money with some little flourish, and asked the landlord if it was current, taking care that all the gentleman-loafers in the

bar-room should see it. It being pronounced good, I returned it to my pocket, bought a glass of cider, and went to eating my luncheon. O, how little I imagined that riches had wings, and that the wings of all my earthly treasures were already beginning to expand for flight! But the whole machinery for my bankruptcy was then in the bar-room. Before I had got my cider half drank, there arose a great lazy, bloated, puffing porpoise, who was on the jail limits, and he drew forth a pack of cards, and went to the knowing bar-tender while he stood within the bar, shuffled his cards, and laid them down on the counter. At this time I was very ignorant of that beautiful science called the Black Art, performed with cards. I merely knew one card from another. The cards being "cut," the loafer offered to bet one shilling, that after the bar-tender had "shuffled" the pack to suit himself, and also cut the pack, he (the loafer) would take the part cut off, and turn his back and examine them, and then that some specified card of the remaining part of the deck would be first turned face up. I left my breakfast to gaze on the new and interesting transaction. To my astonishment, the gamester would turn up the very card he named, and take off the bar-tender's shilling; but the bar-tender continued to bet till the third or fourth time, and while the gambler had the part cut off, he went as usual to the back part of the room, with his back turned towards the remaining cards. The bar-tender then shuffled the cards as by magic, and

placed them back in their position again. "Now," says he to the loafer, "I'll bet you two dollars." "Done," says the loafer. "Now," says the bar-tender, "we have him;" winking to me to put down my money. It was no quicker winked than done; my two dollars and a half were all down, and the bet confirmed. O what golden visions flitted across my imagination! Instead of two dollars and a half, I should take home with me five dollars in triumph! "Now," inquired the loafer, "is all ready? is the money all down?" To which we emphatically replied, "Yes." He then shuffled his cards again with more than ordinary accuracy, while every minute seemed an hour to my fingers, itching to claw the five dollars! He then cried out, "I'll bet that the Jack of Clubs will be trump," and immediately returned to the deck; and as he turned over the uppermost card, there was presented that frightful and never-to-be-forgotten Jack of Clubs! while, at the same time, the magician loafer hauled off all my money, with all my golden dreams and hopes of present and future happiness and aristocratic power, and vanished from my sight.

There are very few men who have met with more reverses of fortune than I have; but I think, put them all together, they would not be so heart-rending and sickening as this transaction was to me. When I learned that the bar-tender and loafer were co-partners in this swindling operation, God knows how cordially I have hated cards and every species

of black-legging ever since, with a perfect hatred. The admonition of the old Irish woman to her son, when on the gallows, would have applied to my case at this time. She says to her boy while dangling at the rope's end: "Dear Jemmy, you will remember when you had your father's watch in your pocket, and money to pay for your edification, how many a time your old mither tould you to gang into dacent company, but you would not mind her. You see now where you are, you do, and I hope it may be a warning to ye." This event was ever "a warning" to me, and a cheap cure for such kind of speculations, for I presume, exposed as much as I have been through life to such kind of company, I have never gambled to the amount of ten dollars in my life. I could never forget that fatal "Jack of Clubs."

Alas! what ruin and misery have resulted from the wicked practice of gambling. As the wily spider spreads out its silken web, and ensnares the silly fly, so the cunning gambler enfolds within his artful net the innocent and unwary, and without remorse devours the victim of his craft.

The next vice, in the before-mentioned category, to which I became early addicted, and of which I shall also relate the cure, is tobacco-chewing. This vicious habit, so prevalent, if not absolutely an immorality, is at least so indecent, and in most cases injurious to health, that it ought to be scouted from civilized society.

I think it was in the seventeenth summer of my age, that I was labouring on a farm for a Mr. Campbell, of Winfield, in this county. He had a stepson living with him by the name of William Stewart. We had occasionally strolled into some of the village taverns, where we discovered many young men so far in advance of us in the accomplishments of the day, that we were, in our own esteem, most wondrous green country fellows. The young village gents could chew tobacco, puff the cigar, drink rum, and swear according to the most approved terms of blackguards. We discovered that something must be done to make us appear more like gentlemen, to give us a smack of refinement. We therefore bought a threepenny paper of tobacco, resolved to try the graces of chewing, and began by degrees to educate the palate to the use of the nauseous drug. As the dose was, by degrees, increased, the palate began to relish the taste, until about the fourth day, when, as I was laying a stone fence in a warm summer day, and William was ploughing on the hill above me, having the tobacco, I left my work and went up to him, and said I: "Bill, I'll bet I can take a larger chew of tobacco than you can." He "doubted it;" so I ran my fingers into the paper, and took out a hard quid about as large as a hickory nut; William took out what he contended was equal or more. I went my way imitating, as far as possible, the graces of an old tobacco-chewer, flattering myself that I had now acquired the accomplishments of the art.

But my feelings soon underwent a grievous change. A death-like sickness soon came over me, followed by a cold damp sweat and dizziness. Never was I in such misery. I paced the meadow for hours. I could neither die nor live, till I found some relief. But I was effectually cured of my hankering to adopt that vile practice, and of my admiration for its votaries, from that time hitherto. So these three cents were well laid out. How thankful I am that now, in my blindness, I am not a slave to a habit so opposed to cleanliness, so offensive in the family circle and in society, so pernicious to health, such a tax upon a poor man's purse, to the use of a filthy nauseous drug so unbefitting any purpose under the heavens, save the purpose of killing —— on poor calves in the spring of the year! Surely:

> "Tobacco is an Indian weed,
> And from the devil doth proceed;
> It picks your pockets, burns your clothes,
> And makes a chimney of your nose."

Youth is the most dangerous period of life, for the formation of such pernicious habits. The habits then formed, perhaps from an idle curiosity, maybe from a disposition to ape the example of others, it matters not from what cause, are very likely to become confirmed, and accompany an individual through life, and, if they be evil, to subject him to all the inconveniences and misery which they are fitted to bestow. And at this period of life there is generally found an anxious desire at once to be thought a man,

and an almost uncontrollable disposition to do about as one has a mind to. And the seeds of ultimate ruin and wretchedness are generally sown with the first vicious habits, and they readily spring up, and unless speedily extirpated, take deep root in the fertile soil of the youthful heart. Their fruit is only ruin. Think of this, my young readers and old. "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." Resolve to be free from the slavery of habit, —a slavery more absolute, when you are once fully under its dominion, than any other. And remember, that in the simple matter of dollars and cents, (which is but a mere fraction of the evil,) your threepenny paper of tobacco per day (by no means extravagant, in the opinion of an old tobacco-chewer) will be a tax upon you, in forty years, of nearly $500! which is worse than thrown into the fire. Think of these things, my friends, and be wise.

CHAPTER III.

The phrenologist has said that I was a very great "lady's man." By this, I suppose, is meant a man fond of the society of the ladies, ready to bestow his gallant attentions upon the fair, and, it may be, occasionally touched with a tender inspiration of Cupid. If this is the proper meaning of the expounder of bumps, I have not a word to say in con-

tradiction of his position, but shall leave the gentle reader to judge whether he has done me justice or not, after giving a few adventures bearing upon this point. The society of worthy young ladies had always a multitude of charms for me; and as for the tender passion, I agree with Hudibras, that—

> "Love is a fire that burns and sparkles
> In man, as naturally as in charcoals."

At least it always seemed so to me. My ear was always awake to the "discourse of sweet music," and in the matter of dancing, from early boyhood, my feet would almost involuntarily join in the chorus of the violin, and respond with nimble antics to its bewitching tones. The fiddle, the bewitching fiddle! No sable son of Africa was ever more inspired by "the harmony of sweet sounds," flowing from fiddle-strings, or ever wore out more shoe-leather in responding to its notes than I. Music, dancing, and the ladies, were three ideas that were closely associated in making up my notions of enjoyment. With spirits buoyant as air, and keyed on a high note, full of hope and animation, I was never troubled with what is sometimes called "*the blue devils.*" My opportunities for gratifying my notions of enjoyment have corresponded to my disposition; and here I might open a rare scene of adventures and amusements, such as courtships, flirtations, meetings, partings, frolickings, &c., which I was at the time deeply interested in, no doubt, but

which it is hardly worth while to narrate. Such vain delusions must give place to more substantial and profitable things. I will, however, mention some few of these adventures of early life, or the picture would be quite imperfect.

I was many times honoured with being associated on lists of managers of assemblies and convivial parties, with some of the most noble-spirited youths of the land, and many of them my dear and intimate associates. I regret that I have not preserved each card. What an army of youthful comrades, as well as those of riper years, would they recall to memory; and then to inquire where they now are, what has been their fortune and ultimate fate? I have no doubt that one-half of them would be found among the pale nations of the dead; many having made shipwreck of fortune; and O! how many, alas! may have filled the drunkard's grave! Once endowed with talents, literary acquirements, qualified to fill posts of honour and responsibility in society, the children of prosperity and hope, but, ah! they have fallen! How sad the reflection!

But I will give the youthful reader an account of my first attempt at courtship, and of the first ball I ever attended, hoping he will excuse me from treating further of my own follies on these two points. I treat of these two incidents together for the reason that they were so nearly associated throughout the whole farcical transaction. At the time I was about seventeen years old, it was fashionable and highly

commendable for young men of that age, and from thence upwards, to "go a sparking," as the term then was; but I believe that in this more enlightened and refined day it is called "going a courting;" but I prefer the old-fashioned expression, from the associations which it recalls. And now, as I am to present you but one case only, I will be more particular in telling you how they used to do up such things about thirty years ago, and leave it with the more modern beaux and belles to compare it with the present mode.

There were two distinct classes or societies in those days, who used to meet in separate assemblies; the younger of which was denominated the "trundle-bed company." After a young lady or gentleman had graduated in the "trundle-bed company," and attained a suitable age and degree of accomplishment, he or she was duly initiated into the higher or older rank; which being done, they were supposed to be qualified to propose and entertain the gravest propositions; and in the case of a young lady, she was now considered an eligible candidate, and was at all times subject to the following deeply interesting interrogation from the enterprising young beau:—"Miss Dulcinea, shall I be favoured with the pleasure of your company next Sunday night?" This question was usually put with a sufficient degree of palpitation of the heart to give the whole affair a smack of sentiment; and in those days the gentle creature properly appreciated the agitation of

the young swain, and responded to his interrogatory in a manner fitted to quiet his fluttering heart. But from the great number of lone bachelors we have among us at the present day, I am inclined to think that the times must have somewhat changed in this particular. But, as I was going to say, a young lady who had emerged from the "trundle-bedders," and who had not a light in her parlour, sitting-room, or kitchen, as the case might be, till almost day, as often as one Sunday night out of three or four, was considered rather below par, and her case in the important matter of matrimony was thought to be rather dubious.

But to my first adventure in this business—a hazardous enterprise you may be sure. And I will be bound that of all the grave undertakings of my life, I never entered upon one with a more doubting and faint heart; for I would have my kind reader know, that for a young gentleman to "get the mitten" in those times was more humiliating than it would be for a young lieutenant to suffer a defeat in his first engagement: in fact I am inclined to think that war and courtship are not altogether dissimilar in this particular. In both a man needs a valiant heart and an ingenious tact. I was to try my fortune for the first time, and had but just taken leave of my trundle-bed companions, and a failure just then would make me feel! O, you may guess how!

It was in the autumn of 1817, I was cutting corn-

stalks with Schuyler Smith, a very respectable young man, and an intimate of mine. There were two young ladies of our acquaintance, who, like ourselves, had but just emerged from the "trundle-bed company," one by the name of Alice ——, and the other Charlotte ———. Now, the girls were of the first respectability, but Charlotte was considered rather the most engaging of the two, and, in fact, about the finest girl in the town. Schuyler and I, while cutting stalks, resolved to be men, "break the ice," and put the before-mentioned question to these two young ladies, right in their face and eyes, the next Sunday night. But we could not agree who should go to see Charlotte, the favourite, each coveting the glory that would be shed around him if he should be successful. We each trembled at the thought of "the mitten." Finding that we were not likely to agree otherwise, we hit upon the expedient of drawing cuts. Accordingly two slips from a corn-stalk were prepared of unequal length, and the one that should draw the longest should go to see Charlotte; and, as fortune would have it, the lot fell on me. What a moment of hope and fear, of anxiety and doubt! But hope predominated. It was as my sheet-anchor in the corn-field, and by it I nerved up every fibre, and resolved firmly to proceed with the trial the next Sunday night. The auspicious night approached, and ere the sun had shed its last lingering rays upon the western hills, while yet its silver tints cast a glow of mellow beauty

upon the clouds overhanging the horizon, inspiring the young beholder with a tender sentiment and subduing the tumult of his passions, Schuyler and myself were mounted on our nags, their heads turned towards our promised land. The young ladies lived on the same road, and about a quarter of a mile apart. We soon arrived at the dwelling of the fair Alice. Schuyler dismounted, and I proceeded on my way silently, with a palpitating heart, half hoping, half doubting, but fully resolved, and descended into a deep and somewhat romantic valley, where dwelt the lovely Charlotte, the object of my enterprise, who had it in her power, by pronouncing one short monosyllable of two letters, to chill the very blood in my veins, blight my budding hopes, and stifle the rising gallantry within me!

As I proceeded down the steep descent on the opposite side of the gulf, where stood a very high hill covered with trees and shrubbery, I saw, or imagined I saw, a brilliant something that to me seemed a trailing comet, pass along the brow of that hill. This I thought ominous, and my sentimental pendulum greatly increased its vibrations. But I remembered the old maxim, "A faint heart never won a fair lady," and girded up my courage. I soon found myself seated in the family circle of Deacon ———. The greatest lion that now lay in my way, (as I often found afterwards under similar circumstances,) was the old guardian mother. But I was not there long before, as a sailor would

say, I "hauled alongside" of the beloved Charlotte, and, with all the solemn gravity of an owl, delivered the momentous message, which I had been brooding over and arranging for the week past. In almost breathless silence I awaited her reply. She was an intelligent, and, withal, a most kind-hearted girl, of about fifteen. She said she would ask her elder sister. Accordingly there was a family-caucus held in the other room to consult over my fate. Reader, imagine yourself standing on the gallows, with the fatal noose already about your neck, amidst a gazing multitude, faintly expecting and ardently hoping for the governor's timely reprieve, before you should be left to dance in the air; imagine what would be your feelings, kind reader, in such a case, and you will understand something how I felt just then. But as I watched the movements of the caucus closely I discovered that matters began to look favourable. One of the boys was ordered to make a fire in the front-room. Soon Charlotte appeared, and invited me to draw my loose coat. How willingly I complied with the invitation it will not be difficult for a young beau to imagine. She bore it away with my hat and whip to the aforesaid front-room, now about to be warmed up for the happiest man in the world; and the heart that ten minutes before was in a huge commotion, like "a tempest in a tea-pot," was now calm as a May morning, and full of joy.

Now the mere matter of having a few hours of

"small talk," although exceedingly agreeable, was but a trifle compared with the *glory* that awaited the successful issue of this bold undertaking. Glory is to an ambitious man what meat is to a hungry one. There was probably not another young *verdant* in town who would dare make so bold a move in his first enterprise in the great business of sparking. The object was high, and nothing but a daring spirit would run the risk. However, I soon found myself a near neighbour to Miss Charlotte, where I continued for the rest of the evening, descanting upon the numberless topics which are usually so fully canvassed on such occasions. The rest of the family were quietly snoozing on their pillows, and revelling in the land of dreams. Never was a man better pleased with his success, and I fain had made myself believe that the young lady was scarcely less flattered with the attention of so spruce a beau. The time was passing away in the most cozy manner, and scarcely heeded in our little conference, when lo! our old friend chanticleer announced the approach of morn and the hour to depart! This was the approved signal at that day for breaking up such conferences, or, as it is said in legislative bodies, for "the committee to rise and report progress." Therefore, in compliance with the rule, (for you must know that a young adventurer of my age would be very careful not to violate a rule of etiquette so generally received among his seniors,) I resumed my coat, hat, and whip, with the express

understanding that I was to come again in three weeks. To prevent waking the old folks I went on tip-toe to the door, where we exchanged, as softly and sweetly as possible, a gentle "good-night." Now it had puzzled me not a little during the evening how this affair should get publicity, while I should attempt to deny it as a matter of delicacy. But I was relieved from this quandary as soon as I got to where my horse had been hitched. He had slipped his halter and escaped for home, and thrown off his saddle on the way. So I had to follow on after him on foot. It was now about the break of day, and I arrived home about sunrise, where I found the horse, which had been picked up by a neighbour. And by the time I found the saddle, or about breakfast time, the whole matter had received an extensive circulation, so that every one I met had something to say on the subject, and my fame was established. Now, as an excuse for taking Sabbath evenings for such business, we plead the law of custom, which, I presume, was established by the first settlers of this country from the New-England States, a part of whose religious creed it was to keep hallowed Saturday, instead of Sunday night—the reverse of which now prevails; though I am sorry to say that neither of them is sufficiently hallowed at this day. Here must end the history of my courtship, unless I may hereafter give a sketch of that which resulted in my marriage with her who has since ever been my comforter in affliction, and is now the

light to my blind eyes. I might recount a great number and variety of similar enterprises that transpired for the twenty years that intervened between these two events. It shall suffice on this point to say, that I have no recollection of ever being denied the company of a respectable young lady; nor did I ever desire or propose to marry any one but her whom I am now blessed with. And I honestly believe that my attachment for the society of ladies has been a very great preventive to my falling into vice, and perhaps into a drunkard's grave, on which last idea I shall touch more at large when I come to treat on the subject of intemperance.

Next, according to promise, I must tell you something of the first ball I attended.

I think this was in the winter previous to the affair I have just related. There was a ball got up at Crain's tavern in Litchfield. I resolved to go. I accordingly invited Miss Julia ———, as my partner. The evening arrived for the ball. I had my step-father's horse and a cutter he had just got made, at that day the top of the mode. At the appointed hour there was gathered a company of about thirty couple, with bounding hearts and rosy cheeks. Each fair young lady was neatly clad in a woollen dress of her own spinning, and nicely dressed and pressed by the clothier. Nature displayed its handiwork of symmetry in their beautiful persons, which had never been subjected to the contortions of modern fashions. When bonnets, shawls, coats,

and hats were laid aside, each laddie took his lassie and marched in regular procession in rear of the fiddler into the old ball-room. Then came on a long round of "country dances," wherein all danced till daylight, as though they were afraid they should not get the worth of their money. But daylight unwelcomely broke up the amusement, and each fellow, and I with the rest, took home his girl. I got home about sunrise, laid off my best clothes, and went to turning fanning-mill in cleaning up wheat all that day for my step-father. I recollect that while turning the fanning-mill there, I would get almost asleep. And while in this state of delirium or somnambulism, I could hear, or imagined I heard, every tune of the fiddle distinctly played by the iron cogs, while I was going up and down in the middle and casting off right and left. But sleep and rest restored my bewildered mind. I would here remark, that, in my opinion, social intercourse among young people has been on a decline from that day to this. Humble merit was then in high estimation; and the young lady that hung up the largest bunch of yarn of her own spinning, was numbered among the first belles of the day, and received merited attention from the beaux. There was very little of envying or backbiting, or pride as to who should heir the most property after the father was dead. I have witnessed in these later days a dirty aristocracy growing up among the American people, young as well

as old—an aristocracy that despises labour and real merit, and reveres only wealth. This is much more the case at the South than at the North, and I am sorry to say that it is often to be found amongst professors of religion.

Reader, while I have been narrating these frolics of my youth, I have felt a great degree of solemnity. The young ladies and young gentlemen that whirled with me in the giddy dance, where are they now while I am recounting these follies? Many of them are numbered with the dead, and amongst the number that young lady I waited on that night. Such follies are a waste of precious time, if nothing worse. I cannot say, as some have said, that there was no pleasure in these amusements. But it was but momentary. Where there was an ounce of pleasure there soon followed a pound of pain, as is generally the case when we yield to the dominion of feeling instead of reason. Moses was wise when he chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

CHAPTER IV.

Before entering upon an account of my business transactions, that none of the striking features may be wanting in the picture, I will give somewhat of my military career, for it will be observed that I

have "seen some service" on the "field of glory," where men display their patriotism in defending their country against an imaginary foe, and where they can show forth their valour and military skill in defeating an enemy of straw. Here I secured golden trophies of renown, and received an official title that would give me rank with the master of an old scow-boat on the Erie Canal. But glory is glory, and the man that has a smack of war in his composition will wax valiant at a militia company training, though the clangour of death sound not in his ear; and perhaps the absence of danger adds not a little to the heroism of the titled sons of Mars in "these piping times of peace." Not to derogate at all from the "glory" (such as it is) attendant upon the profession of arms, I may be allowed to remark, that, in my humble opinion, the militia system of our country, as at present constituted and displayed on days of public muster and parade, is a very great nuisance, and scarcely less inglorious to our country than to the officers distinguished by its titles, and to the "high-privates" subject to its (want of) discipline. It ought to be abolished, or thoroughly revised. It has doubtless much degenerated since the days of my martial honours. But I must not detain my kind reader with further reflections on this subject. Let us hope that the day will soon come when the sword shall be beaten into pruning hooks.

About the year 1822, Daniel Dygert, G. V.

Orton, of Winfield, Herkimer County, and myself, with permission of the commander-in-chief, raised a volunteer company of about one hundred men, for the 27th regiment of infantry. They were a band of noble young men—well-made, spirited, and as ambitious fellows as ever shouldered a musket in time of peace. I had ever felt from my boyhood a martial spirit—I felt the soldier within me, and panted for renown:

> "I'd heard of battles, and long'd to follow
> To the field some warlike lord."

And even now, after having laid all carnal weapons aside, the sound of the spirit-stirring drum and animating fife, the roar of the booming cannon, and the clangour of arms, at once rouses those sleeping energies and inspires a thirst for war. But notwithstanding what the phrenologist has said of my so very great courage, had I been called upon to face a real foe where blood was likely to be spilt, it is quite possible I

> "Had run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
> While clouds of friendly dust conceal'd my shame."

Yet, during the three years I bore the command of that company—the largest and best equipped I think of any I have ever seen in the country—I drank in more vainglory than in all the rest of my life. Amongst all the faults and foibles of my life I do not know that I was ever charged with being haughty or scornful by the poorest or humblest person living.

Nevertheless, when that company was brought into a line by the subordinate officers, with the signal to the captain that all was ready, the whole body as a single man presenting their glittering arms, their tall white plumes waving in the air, and the music brought to the centre, Louis Philippe might have envied me my glory as I advanced to my post amidst three cheering salutes from the pealing drums and fifes, while the ensign measured the time by three graceful waves of the star-spangled banner of my country, and, as I replaced with a military air my tinseled and richly-plumed chapeau on my youthful head, while my right hand clasped and drew from its silver-plated scabbard the sword that hung by my side, then did my heart swell with a most military pride. I bellowed out the word of command loud enough to be heard throughout the ranks of Bonaparte's army: "Attention, the whole! Shoulder arms!" &c., and thus the vastly scientific evolutions of the field were performed with the utmost "pomp and circumstance of war."

Reader, I recount these particulars of my history that you may witness how great a fool empty titles will make of a man. If you could but know how many hard day's labour, and how much money it cost me to support the cause, and "treat" my men, you would certainly think that I must have been a very great military fool. And all I received for my trouble and fatigue was to be dubbed CAPTAIN HENRY, as far as I was known: a title that has ac-

companied me ever since, like the mark set upon Cain. I fain would rid myself of this inglorious distinction, but I am not allowed to descend from this "bad eminence."

It was customary in those times to "wake up the officers" on the morning of parade days. Accordingly, long before day till the time for mustering, there was an almost continual roaring of musketry under the officers' windows. The first gun was a signal for the captain to throw open his doors, well stocked with rum, brandy, gin, sugar, &c. These bad customs, I am happy to say, are now nearly done away with. The first time I ever got corned was on one of these dangerous occasions, which cost me a severe admonition and nearly spoiled a valuable suit of clothes for me. I got to knocking off hats with one of my comrades, which ended in throwing each other's hats into a dirty mill-pond—into which I plunged for mine, (having just enough in my head to make me feel a little amphibious just then,) regardless of clothes or consequences. Here was a beautiful spectacle, worthy of the decorum and glory of a modern militia parade! What a proud exhibition for full-grown men! My young friends, despise such foolery; respect yourselves, and resolve to be men.

And now, with my patient reader's permission, I will enter upon some of my business transactions, with their beginning and ending—transactions various, many of them important, most of them dis-

astrous. And this I do, not that it is a pleasure to me to review the many sad mistakes of my life, but that you may learn how many sore disappointments an ambitious and enterprising man subjects himself to, in the short period of twenty years, and that you may learn wisdom from my experience. I would gladly draw a veil over many transactions of my life, could I but exclude them from memory; but they are indelibly recorded there, and the follies of the past may well serve as way-marks for the future. It will not be expected that I shall speak of every trifling business, but of only such as were of some importance and characteristic of the man.

And now here goes for my first business engagement, which was with Eliphalet Remington, Jr., of Litchfield, in the spring of 1819, to burn twelve thousand bushels of coal, in what was called Slocum's Gulf. It was a wild, desolate region, cheered at the solemn hour of night only by the hooting of owls and screamings of wild animals. Here I made my first adventure, full of hope and promise of success, in connexion with three other young men, Hibbard Pride, Ansel Owen, and Charles Randall. Not one of us knew much, if anything, about the business. Nevertheless, we swung our axes, entered the forest, and erected a collier's cabin. But before we had felled many trees, Charles and I seceded from the other two, formed a gang by ourselves, and built us a separate cabin. We worked

like slaves almost night and day; lived like hermits, black as negroes, and dirty as pigs. We rolled up our pits, covered, and burned them down; but being unacquainted with the business, I presume we burned up a large portion of the coal. Instead of our pit yielding six thousand bushels of coal as we had calculated it would, we received but half that quantity. All the rest soon got tired of the job and left it but myself; I hung out alone until it was finished. But to make a long story short, I will tell you how this job ended—not in a blaze of glory, as General Jackson ended the last American war, but in a blaze of coal-brands. I had gathered together coal brands enough to make five hundred bushels of coal, and had set them up preparatory to covering them for burning. I finished this labour late at night, and crawled solitary and alone into my rude cabin, and was soon deliciously snoring upon my straw-couch in sweet concert with the hooting owl and other like vocalists of the night. About midnight I awoke, and found my coal brands nicely blazing to the tops of the trees, and casting forth a glare of light which was seen by the inhabitants of the surrounding country. I had the unenviable privilege of walking in the brilliant light of my own labour, black as a bear and twice as ragged, my old lopped hat on my head which I had sometimes worn for a night-cap. What a beauty I must have been to look upon!—my face looking as dejected, no doubt, as my old hat. I just about got my labour

for my pains. What an encouraging beginning in my business life! So much for my first contract.

You recollect the phrenologist said that I thought I could do almost anything that anybody could, and would never take advice. Whether these are profitable traits in the character of a business-man may be questioned. But one thing I have learned to be true, that if a man believes he can do a thing, and takes hold and tries with all his might, he is very apt to accomplish it. But when a man doubts his ability he seldom brings much to pass. "Faith is mighty to the pulling down of strongholds" in temporal, as well as in spiritual things. In regard to myself, I can with truth say, that of business engagements to the amount of some two hundred thousand dollars worth of work or more, which I have done in the course of my life, I have no recollection of undertaking a single job of any moment but what I finished; though in some instances it might have been better to abandon them. I was a stranger to backing out; and having formed this character as a contractor I could get almost any quantity of work I asked for. Here was my great mistake—I asked for too much at a time.

But to return to what may be regarded as the sequel to my first job. The following winter after my coaling operation, I was employed by the Frankfort Furnace Company, to attend top, as it was called, to that furnace. My business was to throw in alternately, the coal and ore near the top of the

stack, wherein the iron was smelted. Raking over the coal and handling the ore, gave me a good rich Spanish-brown colour. The labour, half the day and half the night, was slavish. My friend Schuyler attended at the same time as fireman at the foot of the stack. We were paid off in the spring with furnace-ware—a sort of coon-skin currency.

This kind of life I concluded was not the sort for me or any other social being—for the peremptory demands of a perpetual burning furnace, imprisoned me within its walls, while I was permitted only to dream of former scenes of enjoyment as I might lay snoozing in the embrace of Morpheus, within the beautiful folds of a coal-basket. It was not good for Adam to be alone in Eden: how much more doleful it was for me in that forlorn condition, I will leave it for my readers to judge. I often felt like exclaiming, in the language of the lone inhabitant of the desolate island:—

> "Society, friendship and love,
> Divinely bestow'd upon man,
> O! had I the wings of a dove,
> How soon I would taste you again!"

Accordingly I cast about me for a more congenial employment. The idea of working by the month, under the control of another, was quite unadapted to my constitution. If I was not permitted to say to one, "Come, and he cometh, and to another, Go, and he goeth," I was not satisfied. I never learned a trade in my life, excepting the one I have learned

since I have become blind; and of this I shall speak in its proper place. The reader will recollect what our worthy phrenologist has said of my self-confidence, my mechanical genius, my capacity to invent and contrive the ways and means just suited to a new or difficult purpose, &c., and what a wonderful man I might be for engineering, and all that. We shall see how theory and fact correspond.

In my search for a job, I fell in with a farmer who wanted some stone-fence made; and to his inquiry whether I could lay stone-wall, I answered him that I could, at the same time believing what I said. The bargain was at once concluded; and, at the appointed time, I came on clad in my leather apron, and fully equipped to undertake my job, although I had never laid a rod of wall in my life. I apologized occasionally, after having stretched my line and begun to lay the foundation, for my awkwardness, which I feared might be discovered by the farmer. I told him I did not expect I should lay the first rod so very well, in consequence of my hands having been out of that kind of employment so long. He very charitably fell in with the suggestion. He was a kind-hearted, good-natured old man, and I knew a little better than he did, that he had a very pretty daughter of about the age of gentle seventeen, that might possibly throw a young man of my sensibility into "a tender taking." But to say nothing more about that now, the first rod

of wall was soon up, and the old man pronounced it tolerably fair; and before the sun went down, I was an accomplished wall-layer. I finished the job with neatness and dispatch; and my fame soon went abroad as a tip-top wall-layer. Thus my character was readily established, and I spent most of that season in laying stone-walls.

Now, I hold that we can rightly estimate the blessings of society and other enjoyments, temporal as well as spiritual, only as we are deprived of them; and that pleasure comes by contrast: thus it was that I could not but compare the life I was then *enjoying*, with that which I had been *enduring* as a collier, and as a furnace man; and how sensibly was I daily impressed with my happier condition, when the good old lady sounded her conch-shell for dinner, which was generally composed in those days of a large Indian pudding boiled in a bag made for the purpose, or in a stocking-leg, corresponding in size to the size of the family that was to be the happy partakers of the wholesome repast. It is quite possible that the squeamish noses of these more effeminate times would be turned up at so homely an idea. But you must know, dear reader, that those were the days of frugal simplicity and economy. After a stocking had warmed a foot during a cold winter, and now at length had allowed the heel and toes to peep out at the windows, what business is it to you or me, my friend, if the good matron should think proper to cut off the foot, and

tie a hank of thrums around the bottom, after having washed it clean, and then to make a delicious pudding in it? What is it to us, whether the old man, the old woman, or the pretty daughter had worn that stocking, provided the pudding be good and enough of it? Prejudice often spoils some people's dinners; and some people are more squeamish about an idea, a whim, a mere phantasm of a too sensitive, but (often) senseless brain, than about a real, substantial, tangible choker, whereat a proper sensibility might well revolt. Are we not told in the good book to eat whatsoever is set before us? When the aforesaid pudding was snugly tied at both ends, it was soused into a large dinner-pot, and then boiled with pork, potatoes, and other vegetables, until all was thoroughly cooked; and when the hungry labourers were summoned from the field by the welcome blast of the loud-sounding conch, they were seated down to the above-mentioned luxuries, neatly arranged on two large bright pewter platters, which had passed down through many generations. The young children were furnished with wooden trenchers, and occupied their proper places. Here was a lovely scene—here was health and good appetite—here were robust men, and buxom women—and here we realized the words of the wise man, that "food as well as rest is sweet to the labouring man." When the dinner was over, instead of being hurried away into the old coal-house, we retired into an adjoining room, or, perhaps, to a well-swept barn floor,

there to enjoy our "noon spell" in listening to the music of an old-fashioned instrument played by the fair hand of the farmer's daughter; and many times the neighbouring girls would bring in their musical instruments and join in sweet concert, while mellifluent voices, base and treble, filled the rich measures of the choir. How sad that such music is no longer heard —that that old instrument, the delight of our grandmothers, is now almost obsolete, and its very name is numbered among the things that were; an instrument that, while it delighted the ear of the farmer with its merry buzz, imparted a glow of freshness and healthful beauty to the cheek of his blithesome daughter. If any of my younger readers are at a loss to know what musical instrument I refer to, they can inquire of their grandmother, and she will give them a full account of it.

But before closing this chapter, allow me to impart some instruction, drawn from the small portion of my experience in business already introduced. In the first place, I would say to the young man who is poor and just starting out into the world, that this jobbing-about business is not, in the long run, the most profitable. You may get larger wages while at work; but, then, there are your rainy days to be deducted, and your loss of time from one job to another; and then your expenses in travelling about from pillar to post in search of *profitable* jobs, will just about use up all you make, to say nothing of the irregular and unsteady habits they thus

establish. It is the *continued* dropping that wears away the stone, and not the torrent or the flood, whose force is soon spent. Accordingly, the man that works for small wages, but keeps steadily at work, and frugally husbands what he earns, will at all times have a competency; and, in the end, have a stock of comforts laid up for a rainy day, and for a good old age: not so with him who experiments on fortune, and expects to get rich at a single throw of the die. Fortune is a fickle coquette, and after wheedling her votaries for a while, is very apt to jilt them at the last. Her lavish favours are sometimes but the precursors of her withering frowns—her smiles often conceal her victim's fate. But diligent industry, patient labour, humble merit, and honest integrity, need only look for Heaven's blessings, and the end is sure. The *kind* of business is not so material, if it be but reputable and innocent; but it is all-important that it be a *steady* business. Pride too often controls young men in the selection of an employment, and fickleness the execution of it. The former bankrupts thousands—the latter makes vagrants of many; thus the world is full of proud beggars and enterprising vagabonds. Idleness, indolence, pride, and prodigality, all belong to one family, and are generally the companions of irregular habits. How many young men spend their summers in labour, and their winters in frolicking; toil hard from spring to autumn, for the benefit of the tailor, the tavern-keeper, and the fiddler, from autumn to

spring; and in the spring they start out again, poor as church mice, to mend their fortunes, and to prepare for the follies of the succeeding winter: and thus youth is spent in preparing poverty and sorrows for old age, unless a premature death in mercy ends the scene. These too often see their errors when too late, if they ever allow themselves to see them at all: the iron sway of habit makes them willing slaves. Remember these things, my friends, and beware; and forget not the words of the wise man, that "the hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute." Let us here end this chapter, and rest for a moment.

CHAPTER V.

The next spring, which, according to my best recollection, was in 1821, I hired myself to a Mr. Morgan, an old gentleman in Columbia, to work on a farm six months, and was to take for my pay a beautiful and spirited young mare, and ten dollars in money; which engagement I faithfully performed. It was discovered by some of the neighbours that she could run fast; and soon there was a bet thrown out by an antagonist for a trial of speed. This bet I refused; but it was taken by some of my neighbours, to whom I lent the mare. She gallantly won the race. But I had been effectually cured of the

least disposition for blacklegging of whatever species, and every kind of gambling, by my first lesson at Whitesboro', the expense of which you have already learned; and amidst the various and tempting opportunities with which I have been beset, (and I have been at the Long-Island Course when the North and South were contending for every inch of ground,) I could seldom, if ever, be induced to bet. Happy was it for me that I had learned my salutary lesson so early. My fleet mare I soon exchanged for another, more steady, and better fitted for the purpose of peddling, into which business I entered the following autumn, and of which I now proceed to give you some account.

I hired to a Mr. David Kelsey, of Winfield, for the term of one year, to peddle tin and other wares, for the sum of twelve dollars a month, besides my expenses. He had several other men employed in that business. Here was a wide and extensive field, where my spirit for projecting and enterprise could have full scope. Here I anticipated, as I afterwards realized, a world of novelties and rare sports. Jovial and fearless of heart, I mounted my waggon, laden with the commodities of trade, to usher out into the wide world, (wherein it is said a pedler can never go amiss,) to enrich my employer, and "see the world." My dear readers, you will, I am certain, have pity on me, and not ask me to tell you of all the scrapes I got into and out of again, with more or less success, during this year in which I was a sort

of cosmopolite; for if you knew how foolish these things now look to me, and how it pains me to review the follies of a misspent life, I am sure you would let me off with one or two adventures, as a sample of many.

In the new business I had now embarked in, one important study of mine was, to adapt myself to the company I might chance to be in, and make myself as agreeable as possible, and to feel myself perfectly at home in a cabin or a castle, a pig-pen or a palace—wherever fortune might direct, or inclination lead—always bearing in mind that my business was *to trade.* Very likely there may be numerous anecdotes afloat, which rumour, with her trumpet-tongue, may have spread as applicable to me, but which may belong to another; which, however, I shall not take the trouble to acknowledge or deny. For example, it has been said that I used to exchange new tin for old, and get the full price of the new to boot; and that after I got out of sight, I would throw the old tin away. I suspect such stories will always be told of pedlers, with more or less truth. You must know that pedlers have to become all things to all men, (and some women,) in order to trade, and they have to show the world, as the notable Sam Patch would say, that some things can be done as well as others. But let us open up one of the scenes in a pedler's life.

He drives up to a house and alights—anticipates the wants of the inmates—gathers up his arms full

of various articles—enters the house, and without many preliminaries, proposes to sell; then runs through with a long catalogue of articles with all the flippancy of a pedler's elocution, embracing every article of his assortment—a yarn in most cases quite sufficient to bewilder the brain and confound the arithmetic of the good housewife, and which not unfrequently triumphs over the long established rules of economy of the house. Nine times out of ten they will at once demur to the proposition, and protest that they have no money. This being, as a matter of politeness, conceded by the travelling merchant, his next move is to "plough with the heifer," as Sampson would have expressed it, to find out what article they needed and would buy, provided they had anything to pay with. This being ascertained, and being satisfied there is no money in the house, (at least that he can get,) he then recites a catalogue of things he would take for pay, such as tallow, butter, cheese, wax, brass, pewter, flax, rags, &c., &c. At this juncture of the case, it becomes necessary to bring into requisition that expedient so often resorted to by lawyers, but oftener by pedlers, to wit, impudence, the *sine qua non* in difficult cases. He runs his nose into the buttery, and maybe explores the house through from cellar to garret in quest of some of the above named articles; which being found, he presents to the good lady the article she wanted, at the same time expatiating upon its excellencies and modestly reminding the excellent

matron of her promise to buy if she had anything to pay with, and intimating that she cannot do otherwise than choose between a purchase and a fib. Here she is fairly caught, and to get rid of the pest, is constrained to make the purchase. The gallant pedler then gathers up his commodities, stores them into his wagon, cracks his whip, chuckles over his success, and soon finds himself at another dwelling. Here he enters with his arms full of merchandise, and with his blandest address, recites his well-learned lesson with the gentlest modulation and intonations of voice, observing all the stops and marks, the exclamatory and interrogatory points especially; and very likely the father or mother of the household answers his proposal to trade with the very common reply that "we have nothing to buy with, unless you will take one of our girls for pay." "Agreed," says the pedler, at the same time reaching out the hand or half-bent arm to encircle the precious commodity which the mother had offered in barter for the coffee-pot, skimmer, or other needful, with a make-believe to bear her off to the wagon to stow her in with the flax, rags, &c. Here would follow a scuffle, delightfully ridiculous, and the agreeable pedler in ten minutes finds himself an old acquaintance in the midst of his friends, who now trade with him, a mere matter of friendship. Now, dear reader, let us pause, and moralize for a moment over this scene of folly and traffic, and see if there is a mighty difference between mothers and pedlers.

It is truly said that all the world is a stage, and each individual has his or her part to act upon it. Each has some particular object in view, in what he acts. Two farmers go into market to trade: one has butter, and the other eggs. He that has the butter for sale has all his attention occupied in getting rid of it to the best advantage; and it is a matter of indifference to him whether his neighbour gets drunk, falls down and breaks his eggs, or whether he gets the money for them; and equally indifferent is the man with eggs of the success of him with butter—each one looks out for himself. So it is with the mother and the pedler. Each has a commodity in market: the mother, a daughter; the pedler, tin-ware—each intent on a speedy sale and good price. From infancy to girlhood, and thence to womanhood, the lovely daughter has been the object of maternal tenderness, indulgence, and pride. Each opening charm has caught the mother's eye; each spark of sprightly intelligence has swelled her heart with joy; the full development of maiden beauty and loveliness has moved the mother's pride, and inspired her with hopes of a ready market and a good price at the hymeneal stall. Now that the daughter is ready to "set out," as the phrase is at the South, how carefully does the mother invest her with every winning grace of innocent art, and instruct her in all the gentle mysteries of conquest, at the same time that she uses all of a fond mother's assiduity in guarding

her tender one against the wiles and dangers that beset her, impressing on her young mind the important truth, that female character once marred, like a broken looking-glass, can never be repaired: the object is a quick and profitable market. The pedler arranges and classes his articles with equal care, to attract attention and induce a purchase. His object, too, is money—as much of it as possible. If that is not to be had he proposes to barter for the next best article he can think of—he is bound to trade, at any rate, even though he have to take tow, rags or rubbish. Is it not something so with the mother? A suitor proffers his hand to the fair daughter: what is the first question asked by the interested family, but, How many dollars or how many acres has he? If he happens to be *rich*, whether by fraud or fortune, whether by merit or demerit, (no question is often asked on this score,) is she not at once advised to fall in with the offer, and then do not the parents and neighbours all unite in the opinion that she is well disposed of, and that, too, without a single inquiry whether he is pious or even moral? It is well known that in these cases an abundance of money hides a multitude of defects from the eyes of lovers, and from the eyes of parents and friends, but not from the eyes of the All-seeing. But the mother, (in concert with the daughter,) like the pedler, if she cannot sell for money, will barter for the next best commodity, for she is bound to make a sale at some lay; and, if

she cannot do better, she may at length be reduced to the alternative, humiliating thought it may be, of keeping on her hands a despondent old maid, or of exchanging her off for a bundle of rags. In this alternative she will do precisely as the pedler does—dispose of her commodity, and take the rags. And now, my friend, are not these two traffickers much alike? Which employ the most art in their negotiations, the speculators in tin ware, or the speculators in daughters, I give no opinion. But I must hasten to close up this peddling year.

Tin-ware was beginning to be a drug, and pedlers were along so often that it was becoming difficult to get people to look into my box; (for it was generally the case that if I could get them to come out to my wagon I was sure to trade some.) I, therefore, resorted to a stratagem to lure them from their retreats, much in the same way that the fowler uses his stool-pigeon to attract the attention of the flock. I bought a young cub and fastened it on my wagon, and on driving up to a house, before I could get my wagon-box open, the children would discover the bear, with the exclamation, "O Ma! see the bear on the pedler's wagon!" And by the time I had opened my box the whole family were gathered about my wagon. Thus, between the bear and myself, we sold a large amount of ware; although Mr. K. made considerable in selling his tin, yet he lost much in getting rid of the stuff he took in exchange. In the course of this employment

my ingenuity was often severely taxed, my love of jollity and the ridiculous often gratified, and upon the whole, my acquaintance with the world and my notions of human nature were a good deal enlarged.

My peddling engagement being completed, the next speculation that engaged my attention was bell-making—another new business to me. Accordingly, I formed a co-partnership with a young man of my own age, Hiram Dixon, for the purpose of manufacturing about two thousand cow-bells, in the town of Litchfield. This was like putting a steady old horse to work with a spirited colt. Dixon, as to years, was my peer; but as to sedateness, dignity of deportment, and stability, he was old enough to be my father. He was an erect, slim, almost gaunt, clerical-looking gentleman, with a face that looked as if it might have served some reverend curate at the installation of St. Peter. As a tribute to his clerical cast, he was familiarly known among his acquaintances by the cognomen of "Elder Spinner," there being in the county a venerable dominie of that name, all but the "elder." But notwithstanding our so opposite characters, we united our capital and labour, made our two thousand cow-bells, and set out for the western country to dispose of them. We sold them mostly at Cleveland, Upper and Lower Sandusky, and Detroit, and took for pay, horses, deer-skins, furs, and many other things. We landed at Detroit the day that General Cass

was inaugurated governor of the Michigan Territory. Detroit, at that time, contained but a few houses, and they were old and dingy. I think it had but two taverns. The principal one, where the governor put up, was, of course, so filled that we wayfaring traffickers could not find entertainment there; so we were constrained to go down to the less nabobical "Blue Ball," as the next and only resort. Here we received genuine "western" fare, and slept on a straw couch. However, the next day we disposed of as much of our merchandise as we could, and prepared to take ship for home. To cut short a long story, we gathered up our deer-skins and other effects, and took them to the city of New-York, the most of them, and made a tolerably profitable trip, if I recollect rightly.

Being now tired and sick of roving, I took a firm resolve to settle down in some steady business, get married, and be no longer "a citizen of the world." So, in the fall of 1823, I bought a lot in Frankfort, Herkimer County, and built a blacksmith shop and bell factory. There were at that time one tavern, one store, and a few scattered dwellings in this place. It was then not known as a village. It is now a sprightly and rather handsome village, numbering about seven hundred inhabitants. When I had got my bell factory and blacksmith shop completed and supplied with workmen, my business and my purse greatly increased. But here was in waiting for me another unexpected reverse. There was then pre-

valent in our country an epidemic—a disease of the eyes. I arose one morning in March perfectly sound and healthy, but before noon I was as blind as a post. My eyes were greatly swollen with intense inflammation. I remained in blindness till midsummer, when, by a great deal of good nursing, I partially recovered. In the mean time my business affairs were in a state of chaos, and my shop was desolate; but as soon as I was well enough, I went to New-York, took with me all the bells I had made, and an elegant large Arabian horse, beautifully piebald, with a large, graceful, silvery tail, nearly sweeping the ground, and his mane corresponding: but he was a lazy, clumsy traveller. I expected to get for him about $140 in the city; but in taking him from the vessel to the wharf, he, by a slip, lamed himself, so that it was difficult to get him in or out of the stable for many days. I disposed of my bells at once, and would gladly have left the city for home, could I have disposed of my lame horse, which, with myself, cost me at least two dollars a day for maintenance. I began to feel a horse fever: I hunted up customers who would come only to look at my horse and find fault with him, offer me some trifling sum for him, and walk off. But I at length found a man who was buying up horses to establish a circus in the city. He said he would give me a great price for my horse if I would get him well of his lameness. Cheered by this prospect, I fussed over him and doctored him until he was nearly or

quite well. I harnessed him one day before a buggy and drove him gallantly down to show him to the circusman, my palms, meantime, itching for about $140. The circusman, after driving him a little before the carriage, desired to take him out and try his activity in galloping around a circle. So we drove down to a vacant piece of ground, which was surrounded by some old rickety houses, filled with the very poorest class of people. There was one old house with a set of dilapidated stairs, fenced in by some rotten banisters to prevent people or other animals from falling into a hole about four feet deep, in front of the basement story, which was occupied by a negro family, while this hole or cavity between the basement and the banisters was ornamented with a swill-barrel and other like useful articles. An Irish family lived, or rather staid, above. The horse was taken out, and a boy mounted him, whip in hand, to prove his dexterity. He had nothing on his head but a blind-bridle and gig-rein, which served to pull his nose right straight up. With the blind-bridle on, he could not see where he went, but he made one or two awkward evolutions. He took fright, and, with his nose elevated in the air, like a hog's in a gale of wind, he rushed with all speed towards the above described house and gave a desperate plunge, sweeping away the old banisters as a cobweb, and dashing his head through the Irish woman's window, scattering the sash and glass through her house, while his fore legs knocked in the negro woman's

window in the same manner, at the same time that one of his hind legs was in the swill-barrel! The shouts of the rowdies that had gathered round, in concert with the vociferous squalls and cursings that came from the negro nest below and the Irish woman above, rendered the scene laughable and yet distressing. My horse fever was now at its height! But my philosophy soon returned to my aid. I cooled down, got some ropes, and with the aid of the multitude, soon had my horse standing on his cantering ground once more. I paid the damage he had done to the house, swapped him away immediately for a cart-horse, and then sold the cart-horse for forty dollars, which just about paid my bills at the livery stable and tavern; and lastly took a steamboat that night, happy and thankful that I had got rid of him so well. For I seldom, if ever, in the whole course of my life, cried for spilled milk, but generally gathered up my spoon and basin, well persuaded, by some bright prospect just before me, that it would soon be better filled. In fact, I have generally felt more courage at the foot of the hill than in any other position. Running after the riches of this world for the purpose of happiness is like a child seeking for pretty things at the rainbow's end, which seems to be just in the adjoining field. So hope and ambition have led men on from the wreck of one prospect to the opening of another—from one failure to another fortune in prospect.

No sooner had I landed at Albany that night than I bought another large quantity of stock for bells. In handling over a lot of rusty sheet-iron, and exerting myself to get my stuff shipped for Frankfort that night, I was in a state of profuse perspiration. My object accomplished, I mounted the stage for Troy, whereby I took a severe cold, which, together with the iron-rust, caused a relapse of the disease of my eyes; and when I got out of the stage at Troy my eyes were terribly swollen. I hastened home again to my friends, suffering excruciating pain, and entirely blind; and I think I lay for about three months in a dark room excruciated by the inflammation of my eyes and tortured by my physician, until at length I was emaciated to a mere skeleton. My friends and physician despaired of my ever again seeing the light of day, and indeed few, if any, expected me long to live. My pious mother sometimes spoke to me of my preparation for the solemn change, which was rather offensive to my ears, for even in this state of affairs I was full of hope and expectation of a speedy recovery both of sight and health; indeed, some of the finest speculations were here presented to my view, rendering a sure equivalent for all my bad luck. I will here relate two dreams that brought me relief in my darkest time, singular, and, as I thought, significant. I dreamed that I suddenly died in the city of New-York, or was supposed to be dead, and was immediately taken and laid in a

vault or sepulchre in St. Paul's church-yard. I thought I came to life and broke open the stone of the sepulchre and came out, and then I saw erected a tomb-stone with this inscription on it, "Sacred to the memory of George W. Henry," telling the manner of my death. I there also read four lines of well-measured poetry, most perfectly appropriate to my case, and, as I thought I read them, I awoke, and I think I repeated the verse to my mother, who was then sitting by my bed-side, relating to her my dream, and assuring her that I should soon recover. The verse has entirely escaped from my memory. Again, falling asleep, I dreamed of being on the ice on a mill-pond, which broke in with me, and I thought I should have drowned had it not been for old Mrs. Golden, an old lady living in the neighbourhood. I then awoke and found myself high and dry in bed. Soon after, this same old lady came in and proposed a remedy for my eyes, which was a salve of cat-tail flag-root, and which, on trial, produced a speedy cure. I was soon on my legs again, wide awake for business. Now, reader, you have a right to think just as you please about these dreams—I only hope you will suit yourself.

My next move, after these calamities, was to gather together my workmen, tools, and stock, and to get my shop into full operation again. I then proceeded to build and finish off a two-story house, together with the requisite out-houses, such as barn, woodshed, &c., in neat and handsome order. This

was all done in about three months after my recovery from sickness, and my house was very neatly and comfortably furnished. My cousin, Miss Mary Everett, a well-educated and intelligent young lady of about my own age, set my house in excellent order, for a young bachelor, and made it as cheerful as a bachelor's hall well could be, and at the same time rendered me great assistance in posting my books and in acting as my scribe generally. I was now, late in the same fall, ready to go to New-York again with a fine lot of bells, (unencumbered by any Arabian horse,) which were soon disposed of to the hardware merchants, and a contract was made for about six thousand more, and stock procured for the same. But right here fortune had set another snare for me, baited with a golden prospect. There had just been introduced into market the fair calf-skin pocket-book, which sold very quick and at a large profit. The merchants advised me to go into the manufacturing of them, suggesting that there could be any quantity sold in the spring. My bell and bell-stuff contract being consummated, I soon returned home, and my first move was to prepare me a saddle and harness-maker's shop; hired journeymen, procured stock, and set them to work at making saddles and harness, as I needed men that were acquainted with leather to assist about cutting out pocket-books; this was the reason that I established this shop. My next move was to put my bell factory into full operation. About this time I had con-

tracted with the superintendent of the canal to do the principal iron work on about forty miles of the Erie Canal, for the State. This branch of business being under full headway, and having procured my materials for pocket-books, I employed twelve or fifteen young ladies, mostly farmers' daughters, to sew the pocket-books. They all boarded with me, and a more respectable and comely looking party of young women you could scarcely wish to look upon. Reader, pause a moment and look back but six months, where you find the author making his way out of the old church-yard of St. Paul's, and rescued from the old mill-dam; you see him deprived of sight and balancing between two worlds, his business affairs a heterogeneous mass of confusion: behold, and mark the change that a few short months have wrought, and hence learn never to despair as long as you have life, and a solitary red cent and a jack-knife to jingle together. Let faith and works go hand in hand in temporal affairs as well as spiritual.

When I arose from my sickness, six months previous, from the many losses I had suffered, I do not think I was worth over one hundred dollars: by the time five months had elapsed, I think I had my buildings nearly paid for by the profits I had received on my last lot of bells, and I now had in my employ upwards of thirty workmen, including the interesting collection of young ladies. What a field for a man of enterprise, and a lady's man withal! Be-

sides these young ladies in my employ, my house was a rendezvous for all the young beaux and belles of the neighbourhood, and hilarity was generally the order of the day. I was constrained to put on as much gravity of look and dignity of deportment as I could assume, in order to preserve that order in the ranks which decorum as well as pecuniary considerations demanded; still there was any quantity of fun and frolic to be had. In reviewing those young ladies, then so full of mirth and apparent happiness, I find they have many of them gone to the spirit-land. But spring came on; and by the time the canal opened, I had a large quantity of bells and pocket-books ready for market. My bells I readily disposed of in New-York, and made money on them; but unfortunately for my pocket-books, I lost about as much on them as I made on my bells. The New-England folks had taken the hint as to the pocket-book speculation, (they are generally wide awake for novelties,) and made enough that winter to glut the whole market; and the East River having opened about ten days earlier than the Hudson, my Yankee neighbours had got the start of me, and reduced me to the unpoetical necessity of disposing of mine at the best rate I might, at public auction. Thus what I made on one lot, I lost on the other. But then business is business, and I had had the satisfaction of driving a smacking enterprise with no little gusto. I realized here, as many times afterwards, the significance of the words of the satirist:—

"The King of France went up the hill,
And then went down again."

I returned home, where (having dismissed my help before starting for New-York) I found my house and my shop empty and silent. Desolation brooded over the scene.

"I felt like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

Or, like Richard III., I felt that "I never could endure an inglorious peace." It was like a sickening calm succeeding a rough sea.

CHAPTER VI.

Soon after my return from New-York, as before related, when desolation brooded over my earthly habitation, and when grim despair would have paralyzed the energies of a less elastic disposition, I entered upon another project, which, like every former undertaking, seemed to promise a fortune. I resolved to build a large tavern in the village of Frankfort, having a strong desire to build up the place, which was then in its infancy; and it was the opinion of many knowing ones of my neighbours that another public house would be supported, there already being one, as before stated, in the village.

Having resolved to commence it, and knowing that I had not sufficient capital to complete it, I made an agreement with Adam I. Campbell, a resident of the place, for him to advance money and goods to assist me in the completion of it, at the same time placing all my property in his hands as an indemnity against any loss; expecting, when it should be completed, to raise money on it by mortgage whereby to pay Mr. Campbell and redeem my property; and thus Mr. C. would turn many of his goods into money, at the same time that I should establish my public house, and add much to the business and beauty of the place. In spite of the impediments of a rainy autumn, in less than three months I erected a large brick edifice, together with a large barn and shed, besides one or two other dwelling-houses, and had them all completed. But instead of its costing about $1,200, as had been estimated, it cost more than $2,000. Failing to mortgage it, I also failed to recover it from Mr. C.'s hands; and he, having stopped payments after advancing about half its cost, and leaving me to shoulder the rest of the debt without anything to pay with, still holds on to the property to the present day.

At this time I think my debts in the village did not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars, besides this debt to Mr. Campbell; and these were owing to honest and industrious mechanics, and it is greatly to be regretted that some of them remain unpaid to the present time. But I was compelled, by one of

my principal debts in the city of New-York, to "take the benefit of the act" to prevent a merciless *ca. sa.*, as the lawyers call it, from consigning me to the walls of a debtor's prison, or restricting my residence within the "limits," among a set of lazy loafers—an unpleasant alternative, it is true, for an honest man, but one which a man of my habits of life, who loved action and his personal liberty as I did, could not hesitate to choose. Yet I resolved, before taking the benefit of the act, to make one more effort to pay my debts without being reduced to that humiliating necessity. I went to Herkimer and united with Mr. William Small in making up a large quantity of cow-bells. He was to find the materials and I to do the work.

I worked faithfully during that winter, and turned out a large quantity of fine bells, while all the stock and bells, meantime, were in the hands of Mr. S., with a private understanding between us that I should have all the profits arising from the sale of them, to pay my honest liabilities, he standing between me and my merciless creditor. But it finally turned out much like the fable of the two travellers, who found an oyster, and submitted the question of title to an ingenious lawyer, they being unable to settle the point between themselves; the lawyer, you remember, took out his jack-knife, opened the oyster, swallowed the meat himself, and gave each disputant a shell for his share, which was doubtless very satisfactory to both. So it happened with the debtor.

and creditor in this case, as well in regard to the brick house, as the bell contract; they could both have said, in reference to the matter, "blessed be nothing;" and had I been called upon to give up the ghost just then, I could have said, like Job, that I came naked into the world, and naked I should go out. I was compelled, painful as it was, after all my toil and anxiety, to avoid such a result, to take the benefit of the act. I therefore filed my bond, advertised in the newspapers for three months, and prepared to set sail for the Lackawaxen Canal, in Pennsylvania, where I should be earning some money, and at the same time be as far removed as possible from the taunts and sneers and curses of a certain class of public-spirited gentlemen, who are generally seen sitting in tavern-porches, and who drink rum, smoke cigars, and swear lustily, and to show their philanthropy and abhorrence of dishonesty, are usually engaged in descanting upon the demerits, and making slanderous observations of their industrious neighbours; and if one of these has been so unfortunate as to fail in business, no matter how upright and honest may have been the whole tenor of his course, these tavern-haunting gossips will be heard loudly lamenting how much *they* have suffered by such failure, and pleading the same in excuse for the non-payment of their tailor, board, and tavern bills.

It has ever been one of the greatest mysteries to me, how so many of the above-mentioned characters pass so easily through life, generally well dressed

and fat, while they scarcely make an effort above that of whittling a shingle, or picking their teeth, that have fed on other people's earnings; and at the same time the industrious and deserving, by incessant toil and frugality, can scarcely get a comfortable living. But then I am satisfied that the well-clad loafer is more justly an object of pity than of envy; the beggar in rags is a gentleman compared with the beggar in fine cloth, for the latter combines in himself the knave with the mendicant—a most unworthy compound—a composition, however, usually met with in your bar-room brawlers and village gossips.

But in my case was fulfilled the old adage—"Fools build houses, and wise men live in them;" for of all my acquaintance, I know of no individual who could go through the United States and show more houses of his own construction, and shops, steam-mills and water-mills, besides rail-roads, canals, lumbering, &c., than myself; and now, after all, at the meridian of life, I have not so much as a shingle to whittle, of which I can claim the fee simple. But in all these circumstances, I have realized that

> "Hope swells eternal in the human breast;
> Man never is, but always to be blest."

At the time of which I was speaking, a fine speculation was presented at the South to engage myself on the public works; but the ways and means for transporting myself to the new land of promise

were to be devised; and to effect this, I was reduced to the mortifying necessity of disposing of all that remained to me of the wreck of my fortune—how greatly to the humbling of my military pride! My martial equipments I sold to Edward Davis, Esq., one of my lieutenants. This recalls to my mind another one of my feats of folly. I had just returned from sitting as one of the board of Court Martial of the regiment, as my masons laid the last cap-stone of the brick house, and it was agreed by them that I should stand erect on the top battlement in full uniform, and take a bottle of liquor in hand, drink a toast, give three cheers, and throw the bottle, which was very readily complied with. While I thus stood, plumed like a peacock, had any one told me that in a few days I should be obliged to sell the very clothes that were then upon my back, and the epaulets that graced my shoulders, to bear my expenses in travelling out of sight of the very building I had toiled so hard to erect, and which I was then honouring with a toast, I can hardly say whether it would have "raised my dander," or moved me to laughter at his presumption! But, ah me! how little do we know what a day may bring forth! Military pride, manly ambition, even the glory itself of this world, all, all are the sport and playthings of fortune.

All things being packed up for my departure, I bade adieu to all my friends and buildings, and very soon found myself engaged in superintending

labourers on the Lackawaxen, at thirty dollars a month and board, for Littlejohn & Bellinger. It was in a wilderness country. Here I continued till the time arrived for my return to Frankfort, to attend to my insolvency matters. But here fate had prepared another sore disappointment and grievous misfortune for me, just before I was ready to return to Frankfort. I was suddenly seized with an acute inflammation of the eyes, by which, with the maltreatment of a quack doctor, I entirely lost my right eye within two days from the time I was first taken, and I have never seen out of it from that day to this: the coatings of the eye broke, and the humours ran out. I came back, however, enduring severe pain, arranged my business, and recovered my health a little. I hastened to the South again, and in less than two months had under contract more than twenty thousand dollars worth of work on the Juniata Canal, in the southern part of Pennsylvania, with little else than my face to recommend me at that time. I had three locks to build; my credit was about as good as any other man's for all I had need of, and I was soon under full headway, with bright prospects of clearing about three thousand dollars; and what made it more cheering, I was hoping to be able to pay all my honest debts in this country.

By untiring application I built one lock, the first on the line, and never did I perform a piece of work more faithfully and honestly than I did that lock. But, says the reader, I hope bad luck did not attend

you here, too? But I am sorry to tell you, that when hope was the highest, and my prospects the brightest, fate here again crossed my path. I took the contract under De Witt Clinton, jr., son of Governor Clinton, who was chief engineer, and a particular friend of mine. The lock was partly built up under his supervision; but the canal commissioners and he disagreed, and he left the line. There was replaced in his stead a little, contemptible, petty tyrant, who had once or twice rubbed his back against the rocks at West Point. Soon there commenced a civil, or rather an uncivil war between the contractors and canal commissioners. The only weapon used, however, both offensive and defensive, was the tongue, that unruly member, which is full of poison. About one-half of the contractors were New-York men; and there were envy and jealousy awakened in the breasts of the Pennsylvanians against Clinton and his principal assistant, Wm. H. Morell, who was also a New-Yorker, or Yankee, as we were called, charging them with being partial to their own countrymen, both in bestowing work and in granting indulgences; and this was one of the reasons that Clinton and Morell left the canal.

As is common in such cases, each party took up for their friends, and here is the only charge I bring against myself in the whole transaction, which was the cause of the sad disaster which followed; and that is, that I took so conspicuous a part in behalf and support of Clinton and Morell against the canal

commissioners, who I knew were men too noble and high-minded to be justly subject to such charges as were brought against them. But there is no resisting successfully public clamour, or what is called public opinion; law, equity, innocence, all are insufficient for this, when the multitude cry, "Crucify him! crucify him!" So it happened with Clinton and his friends: he was obliged to give way, as before stated, to this small tyrant, chosen by the commissioners as a cat's paw in their hands, to punish the friends of Mr. Clinton with.

During the period of this warfare, I had finished the lock in question from bottom to top, both neat and strong, and was then entitled to receive therefor $2,700. But instead of my receiving that, as was my due, there was pronounced an edict by this petty tyrant, like that pronounced against the temple and walls of Jerusalem, that not one stone should be left upon another. He must see the bottom course of it, giving as a reason that he was determined to see all the important work on the line reared up under his immediate eye. This inflicted a wound upon my prosperity, which was never fully healed. A contract with the Commonwealth had been drawn up in the most aristocratic form, binding the contractor to strict obedience to the will of the engineer having charge of the work; so that any omission or neglect on the part of the contractor, whether real or imaginary, subjected his contract to forfeiture, according to the caprice of this lordling

chief, whose word was the end of the law, though not in righteousness; and one-fifth of all the money estimated on the job was forfeited besides, which was denominated a retain percentage. This is retained by the State as a guaranty for the performance of the undertaking. For instance, should a contractor do a thousand dollars' worth of work every month, he is paid but eight hundred dollars for it; so if a man had a contract of fifty thousand dollars, when the job is completed, the State retains in its hands ten thousand of it, which is used as a rod to hold over him until the final completion of his engagement, to compel him to yield to the requirements of the State, for this is always subject to forfeiture.

I am more particular on this subject than I would otherwise be, for the reason that so many wonders are made that contractors do not become wealthy in doing so much business, and handling so much money; and, if possible, to relieve myself from the odium I have been subjected to by a great many of my friends and acquaintances, who are so apt to judge and condemn without knowing anything of the merits of the case. So you see I was reduced to this dilemma—either to pull down my lock and build it over; or to walk off and leave my job, and my workmen and creditors unpaid. But you know it is said, "What can't be cured must be endured," so I pulled down the lock; but before it was rebuilt, a reaction took place in consequence of this and

many like flagrant assumptions of power, and the pigmy tyrant and his sycophantic assistant were fairly scouted from the country by the same public, and an honourable man took his place by the name of James Ferguson, under whom I finished my work; and with much difficulty I made out to pay my debts, and I found myself in a safe position at the bottom of the hill. In this contract I realized how true is the proverb of the wise man: "He that meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

Here I might tell the reader of an adventure I had at a place called Tuckahoe, at the headwaters of the Juniata, among the Alleghany mountains, where I had gathered up about eighty rafts of timber preparatory to launching, after the river should have cleared of ice in the spring; and how there came an unusual deluge and swept my lumber down the stream and lodged it together, mixed up with other rubbish; and what difficulty I had in getting it down to the place of destination. But let us pass on to something of greater moment, and more interesting. And I would have my kind reader mark as we pass, the sore disappointments that are concealed in almost every glittering prize of which ambition is in pursuit. He shall see that it is almost true that

> "Each pleasure has its poison too,
> And every sweet its snare."

Although I now found myself, as I had often before

been, at the foot of the hill, out of money, and out of the good graces of the canal commissioners, in consequence of my zeal in the cause of my friend Clinton, yet they were forced to acknowledge me to be a good contractor, and that not one man in twenty would have borne up under my embarrassments without fainting, or would have attempted to finish the work as I had done. But I drew up a petition to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, asking remuneration for the wrongs and loss I had sustained from the flagitious act of Alexander Twining, the chief engineer. I rigged up in a first-rate suit of clothes, went to Harrisburgh, took lodgings at the first hotel in town, and, as it happened, one of the Canal Commissioners was my chum, and, by-the-way, a very clever, social man. It was not long before I was reinstated in the good graces of the whole Board; and when our hearts became well mellowed by the softening influence of champagne, all were brought on a level together, when all dignities and titles were laid under the table: not that the dignitaries themselves were laid under the table, but their dignities only! In this state of the case I chose, rather as an accident, to introduce my claim, and in such an unguarded moment you know almost any man may be brought to terms. It was when Artaxerxes was well filled with wine that Nehemiah pressed his claim, and received a grant, not only of permission, but money also, to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem. I got my first bill through both branches

of the Legislature. But it was reduced nearly one-half the amount I was entitled to by a portion of the members who were inaccessible, and whose governing principle of action was, "Keep what you get, and get what you can." But still it was a profitable winter to me, in many respects; I not only listened to the debates of both houses, but made the acquaintance of the governor and many of the principal men of the State and nation, to whom I should not otherwise have had access. Here I learned much of human nature; and from what I saw here, and from my general acquaintance with all grades of mankind, from a penny whistle up to a German flute, I am constrained to conclude that Sam Slick's opinion of society may generally be relied on as correct. Sam says he found society very much like pickled pork—the bottom pieces a little rusty, the tip-top pieces somewhat tainted; but the best and sweetest of the pork is generally found in the middle layers of the barrel. This is, of course, but a general rule, both as to the pork and as to society, and is subject to exceptions.

In the winter of 1831 the Legislature of Pennsylvania granted a loan of upwards of two millions of dollars for the extension of rail-roads and canals in the State, and there was soon thrown into the market a large quantity of work. The first was a rail-road to cross the Alleghany Mountains—the most gigantic work of the kind in the United States—a distance of thirty-six miles, commencing at

Hollidaysburgh, at the head of the Juniata Canal, on the eastern side of the mountains, and ending on the west side of the village of Johnstown—thus connecting the line of canals from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. The aggregate cost of this rail-road, including materials, on an average, was forty-four thousand dollars per mile. The time for letting contracts was at hand, and the time for me to make another rush for fortune. Well knowing that I had but little capital to begin with, I proposed, nevertheless, for a large quantity of work, believing that I had the entire confidence and friendship of the canal commissioners, who had the allotment of the work; and they proved their friendship by giving me nine miles of the above road to construct, and in addition to this, upwards of one million feet of white-oak timber, to deliver for the use of the Commonwealth. Here was a golden prospect for me. I could take my pencil, and figure out a fortune of ten or fifteen thousand dollars, clear gain, to be realized at the completion of this job, and not a cloud of doubt overshadowed the prospect. Well, says the reader, I hope we shall see the end of this job without the interference of that old arch-foe, Bad Luck. I thank you, my kind friend, for your good wishes; but you will learn, as you pass with me through the job, as we have so many times seen, how true it is that

> "Disappointment lurks in many a prize,
> As bees in flowers, and stings us with success."

And here my disappointment came from a source

unlooked for by the most sagacious. Misfortune, like death, comes to us in many ways and many forms, and often when we least anticipate its presence, and finds us in the very act of crying peace and safety. It is now a mystery to me how I could have put so much work into active motion at once, without any capital to speak of, and rising, as I did, immediately from the wreck of former undertakings, like a phœnix from the ashes of its sire; for I had not, at this time, to begin all this work, a capital exceeding $300—a work embracing the pulling down of mountains, the filling up of valleys, humbling the stately forests around me, building mills, stores, houses, &c., necessary to commence so important a job. I was connected in business with no one; but in less than two months from the time I took the contract, I had a deed of a farm costing about $3,000, built a saw-mill on it, and had five new mills running night and day; had twelve yoke of oxen, and several teams of horses of my own, all actively engaged in forwarding timber to the mills, and a large number of men in the woods engaged in preparing the timber: very soon I had a large store erected and filled with goods. I then erected a number of shops for blacksmiths, wagon-makers, tailors, &c., and had them in active operation. My next move was to build several shanties, furnish them with men, tools, and provisions, and within three months from the date of my contract all the above was accomplished by a stranger in a strange

country, with a capital not exceeding $300! and where but a few days before was nothing but a gloomy wilderness waste, all was now life and business. This may indeed seem something like bragging, but yet it is only a plain, literal representation of fact. It really may be surprising to my reader—it is so to myself—that I could command, under such circumstances, such unbounded confidence and credit. Having my troops thus orderly arranged, and the whole machinery in harmonious operation, we moved steadily and profitably on without one jarring discord, receiving an estimate every month more than enough to pay all expenses over and above the one-fifth retained by the State, until the whole job was about half finished.

The day being appointed to receive the monthly estimate, all the contractors gathered together as usual to receive their money from the superintendent; but, to their astonishment, they were told by him that there was no money in the locker. Here my old foe, my constant attendant thus far, grown to an enormous size and most formidable in appearance, bolted once more unexpectedly into my path, and really hideous were now the features of Bad Luck. It is said that it is better to be born to good luck than to a great fortune; but I seemed to have been born to neither. Indeed, it would seem that I was a legitimate heir to Bad Luck, and that he was about to lavish on me all his inheritance; but not so in reality, for even in this hour of trouble I might

have had the consolation of the benevolent old woman, who thanked God that her neighbours had lost their cows as well as she hers; and strange as it may appear, it is notorious how misery often seeks misery, as a companion consolatory in her distresses. Mankind are very apt to record blessings on the sand, but misfortunes on tables of marble. But to judge justly, we should weigh our troubles in one scale and our blessings in the other, and I think we shall have vastly more cause for gratitude than grief. We should

> "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
> But trust him for his grace;
> Behind a frowning providence
> He hides a smiling face."

I ask pardon for straying so far from the direct line of my narration. Let us return to the top of the Alleghanies, where we were told by the superintendent that we must return home without an estimate, there to meet one hundred and fifty labourers and as many farmers with their wives, each presenting his bill and pressing his claim for payment, telling the contractor that he was in the hands of the sheriff or constable, and would be thrust into jail unless he could receive his due, to meet his liabilities; and then to meet here and there the wife of an Irishman, saying that she had "not so much as a *pataty* in the house for two days;" and almost every one presenting a diversified claim—the poor contractor, meantime, being forced to put

them off as best he might know how by assuring and convincing them against their will that better times were just at hand, while one-half would get drunk on the spur of the disappointment and have a row, and the rest would curse their employer for trying to cheat them out of their wages.

Now a merchant or a banker may fail for $50,000, and have less trouble and occasion less noise about it than a contracter or any other man who owes $500 in little bills scattered through community and who fails to meet them promptly; and there is as much difference in the anguish experienced in these two positions, as there would be in being blown to atoms at the mouth of a cannon, or being devoured by a swarm of musquitoes.

But, says the reader, what is the reason you did not get your estimate? Hereon hangs a chain of circumstances pregnant with momentous results. From the effect let us trace the cause. The superintendent tells the contractor that there is no money in his hands, giving as a reason that there is none in the State treasury; go to the State treasurer, and he would tell you that Pennsylvania, with all her boasted wealth and internal resources, could not borrow a dollar on the State credit—assigning as the reason that a war had been proclaimed by General Jackson, then President of the United States, and his adherents against the United States Bank, and that that moneyed monster had shut its huge jaws upon all moneyed operations throughout the Union

—the Bank yielding as its apology for the widespread dismay and ruin it was thus occasioning throughout the nation that the general had withdrawn from its voracious maw the United States deposits, and that he and Biddle were already in battle array against each other, the one a candidate for a reelection to the presidency, the other doing desperate battle for a rechartar of the Bank for twenty years—the final issue to be determined the next year at the ballot-box. President Jackson had declared to the people in his messages his determined and uncompromising hostility to that institution, setting forth its dangerous corruptions and controlling power, and thus bringing the issue definitely before the people for their determination—either to approve or condemn the general's views and doings—and upon the result of the election, it was well understood, was suspended the fate of the Bank. And in the council of war held by the commander-in-chief of the bank party, Nick Biddle, and his subordinates, it was doubtless resolved that coercive measures should be resorted to, by which their power should be felt by the people on whom devolved the decision of the strife, and thus to demonstrate that the Bank had the power as well as the disposition either to rule or ruin the country. Therefore every country bank, as well as every cotton, iron, or other manufacturing establishment, indebted to the Bank, it was decreed, should be required forthwith to pay all their dues, unless the Bank should

be rechartered. Consequently almost every country bank was soon forced to suspend specie-payments, to cease to discount, and to gather in their debts as soon as possible—all trembling in fear of the exasperated monster. In regard to Pennsylvania, it was most likely resolved in the same council that her business enterprises should be reduced to starvation, well knowing that her citizens were nearly two to one in favour of Jackson. She was most especially to be "held in durance vile,"—and so it proved; for she was not able to borrow a single dollar till after the election to pay off her thousands of suffering contractors and labourers; consequently the man that had the most business on hand was the greatest sufferer.

But I was like a teamster that gets stalled with his load in the deep mud-hole, where he finds it easier to haul it through by main force than to back out; so I applied all my energies, and forced my job through on my own credit and the credit of my friends, who nobly stood by me in this trying time. About the time the work was completed the money came, but not quite enough to meet every demand; for after the money had failed my business commanded *me*, and I had to do as I could and not as I would. Many pressed their claims so eagerly, that my farm and houses were at length sold by the sheriff at a great sacrifice, although they were bought in by a friend at something less than $9,000. I will not detain the reader by detailing the miseries

that pervaded the whole line to a greater or less extent. Suffice it to say, that perplexities multiplied on every hand.

But, as I was about remarking, my estimate fell short about $3,000 of paying my debts; and here I found myself again in my old position down at the foot of the hill, with a burden of debt of about three thousand dollars upon my back—a woful load to attempt to climb with. And here again I beset the Pennsylvania Legislature by petition for a claim, well backed up, of ten thousand dollars. I spent the following winter in importuning the legislature. I succeeded in obtaining on my lumber bill about $2,700—the other and principal part of my bill was postponed to the next session. Here I made a great mistake in the disposition I made of that money. Instead of squaring up all my debts and quitting the place, I undertook to redeem my favourite place, which had been sacrificed under a forced sale: this I did, hoping to receive the other portion of my claim now in the hands of the legislature. So I got the place back into my hands, with the understanding with my creditors that their debts should be secured by the farm. I now built in this place a large and splendid tavern, and fitted it up with every needful accommodation; I arranged also a capacious and beautiful garden, with swings and various other things to amuse and attract company. I was soon doing a smacking business, and daily breakfasted from fifty to a hundred passengers, who were cross-

ing the mountains in the cars. I had now made quite a spirited and business-like village at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, four miles west of Holidaysburgh, Huntington County, Pa., on which was conferred my name, and it was called Henrysburgh, and of which I was the postmaster.

But a mighty change came over the political face of the legislature, which soon cast a corresponding change "over the spirit of my dreams." The Jackson, or democratic ranks, which had not been broken in that State for twenty years, were now divided among themselves, not as to principle, but as to a candidate for governor. Taking advantage of this distraction in the democratic party, the whigs and anti-masons united and elected Joseph Ritner, on anti-masonic principles. The Board of Canal Commissioners, who were my friends, and who doubtless would have assisted me in obtaining my claim, were turned out, to give place to another Board, of whom I could expect anything in the world but favours; and the same was true of the legislature. Indeed, the State was, at this time, so involved, that it was difficult to realise an undisputed account. So I lost my principal bill, and, consequently, was obliged, after all, to assign everything I had for the use of my creditors. I was now once more entirely freed from the encumbrance of money and business, and I cast one long, lingering look upon my favourite place, and sought for a fortune elsewhere, not in the least discouraged, promising myself great success in

my next undertaking. In view of all this panting of ambition, unsuccessful panting after wealth and greatness, who would not acknowledge that—

> "He that holds fast the golden mean,
> And walks contentedly between
> The little and the great,
> Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
> Nor cares that haunt the rich man's door,
> Corrupting all his state."

CHAPTER VII.

The reader was informed, in the last chapter, that the democratic ranks, for the first time in twenty years, had been broken and routed, and that the whigs and anti-masons held the power, having at their head an *automaton* governor and a majority in the House of Assembly; but the democrats had a majority of two in the Senate, on which the democracy relied as a guardian of their cherished rights. It has been said that every man has his price set upon himself, and, that being offered, he is bought. Whether this is so or not, I will not take it upon myself to say; but of this I am sure, that there is too much of that spirit amongst politicians, if not amongst others, that prompted Judas to say to the Jews: "What will you give me and I will deliver him unto you?" As soon as this legislature had become fairly organized, a bill was matured for a

charter of a bank, to be called the United States Bank of Pennsylvania, with a capital of thirty-five millions—the very same institution, in reality, that had so furiously contended with General Jackson, and that had been twice so significantly condemned by the people, in the triumphant reëlection of the old hero, and in the elevation to the Presidency of Van Buren, who was pledged to the same hostility against the Bank, and that had been still more emphatically condemned, if possible, by Pennsylvania herself. Notwithstanding these repeated expressions of popular will, the hydra-headed monster was again careering in the field, taking a very different course from what it had under its former charter from the United States. Instead of applying the screws to coerce obedience, a very opposite motive principle was brought to bear by the Bank upon the men of influence: the question probably was, How much will you ask as a consideration for voting for the bill, offering a bonus of two millions for the use of public works? The supposed enemies of the bill were asked: What do your constituents want? We want a railroad, a turnpike, a bridge in our county —and I want it to accommodate my furnace, mill, or store, &c. By arrangements like these, wherein the cupidity of men instead of their patriotism was consulted, the proposed charter was hurried through both branches of the legislature, and signed by the governor, before the people had an opportunity to remonstrate. And, in order to sprinkle every indi-

vidual, rich and poor, with golden dew, one hundred thousand dollars a year, for twenty years, was to be contributed by the Bank as a part of the bonus to the State for school purposes; and thus was old Pennsylvania gulled. Who, alas! is able to estimate the force of a golden engine with a motive power of thirty-five millions of dollars? It is able to crush everything but revolutionary virtue—subdue everything but the invincible integrity of true patriotism, such as was exemplified in the whole public career of Old Hickory. Now this two million bonus was not given directly to the State, although it was so supposed by the mass of the people; but the Bank was to subscribe for stock of all these trifling railroads, to run, if possible, to the very door of every friend of the Bank. Hence started up numerous railroad corporations, the Bank being the principal subscriber for stock.

This brought a world of work into market for contractors: and here again fortune spread her golden prospects before me, and invited me to embark once more in an enterprise for wealth, with which invitation I readily complied, having about one hundred and fifty dollars in money and a good suit of clothes; and I will assure my reader, if good clothes are ever necessary to recommend a man, it is when he is at the foot of the hill and out at the pocket. To be poor is bad enough in all conscience; but to be poor, and to look poor at the same time, makes a bad matter considerably worse. If a man

is only known to be rich amongst his neighbours or in the community where he lives, any kind of rags will look well—nay, they will almost be regarded as ornaments upon him; and thus many rich men are prouder in rags than in fine clothes. But clothes do much to give a man position and credit among men; as Dr. Young has said:—

> "Fools indeed drop the man in their account,
> And vote the mantle into majesty."

Amongst other railroads, there was one laid out running from Harrisburgh to Hagerstown, in Maryland, a distance of seventy miles, through what is known as the Cumberland Valley, lying between the north and south mountain. This valley contains the richest limestone-land in the United States, under a high state of cultivation. Here the northern man, as he passes through this beautiful valley, feasting his eyes on those splendid and magnificent farms that lie on either side, cultivated with taste and decorated with stately and neatly-finished brick or stone barns, is filled with admiration.

There were two distinct companies incorporated to construct this road, one called the Cumberland, and the other the Franklin Railroad Company—the latter crossing over into Maryland. I contracted with the Franklin Company to furnish all the timber required on that road, and to make a part of the track. Here I again found myself in business to my heart's content. I put in operation twenty or thirty

saw-mills, bought a tract of land, and built a steam saw-mill thereon—and everything was now moving on gaily, and success seemed certain. But bad luck, to the man proscribed by fate, as death to the devotee of pleasure,

> "Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
> Pursues him close through every lane of life,
> Nor misses once the track."

So here, as heretofore, I was confronted by my old familiar foe. What is wrong now, do you ask? Why, nothing more than that the huge monster had again shut his destroying jaws—Biddle's "Great Regulator," the United States Bank of Pennsylvania, had suspended specie payments, and every country bank followed suit, and refused to discount—the gold of the country was cankered and the paper moth-eaten—the currency of the country was worse than mildewed and corrupted—every business man, and every little, contemptible, irresponsible corporation was forced to issue "skin-plasters," or they did the same for gain, and thus the poor contractor on the public works was doomed to embarrassments and miseries like those of the former panic, when the deposits were removed.

But to dispose of a long story as briefly as may be, it shall suffice to say that I finished the contract through all these troubles, sued the corporation for the balance due to me; and we have at this very day a judgment against them, on the record of the Hagerstown court, for thirty-three hundred dollars.

At the time judgment was obtained, the "Great Regulator" had smashed—her bills worth only four cents on the dollar; and I do not know that I could get this day ten dollars for the above judgment. At the same time that I had the Franklin contract, I had also a contract with the Tide-Water Canal Company, to furnish locust timber for forty-five miles of said canal, and I performed it, and made money in the operation. But this company, immediately after, failed, and was not able to redeem its scrip, which had flooded the country, and of which my father-in-law allowed $1,000 to die in his hands. Mr. Biddle's bank was a large stockholder in this canal.

During this period, or rather previous to it, I furnished a large quantity of locust timber for the city of Philadelphia and that neighbourhood. But I will not trouble the reader with any of my small, commonplace business operations.

About these days there was another letting of work, by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, bordering on the Potomac river. The letting was in the city of Washington. My reputation as a thorough-going contractor was known to that company,—that when I began a job there was no backing out till it was finished. I could, therefore, compete for work with any contractor in the United States; and there was allotted to me, by this company, about forty thousand dollars worth of work. I suppose I have already wearied the patience of my kind

reader, in leading him through the labyrinth of my troubles and reverses—and you have probably already said, Deliver me from the life of a contractor. I shall, therefore, be as brief as possible. Suffice it to say, that this contract was finished in due time and in good order, and the final estimate was ready to be drawn. My partner, who then lived at the south, resolved to cheat me out of my share. I anticipated his wicked designs, and attached the estimate, which was $5,800, payable in canal scrip, which was then nearly at par. This hung the money up in the hands of the Commissioner, so that neither could receive it without mutual consent, or till the decision of the Court of Chancery. I proposed to him, at the same time, to leave it out to any three men to settle for us, and we to abide the result. But he, in league with his lawyer and the Canal Commissioner that held the money, chose to fight it out. Although contrary to the order of court, they divided a portion of the money among themselves, to gamble and shave with, and to war with me until the court should decide in my favour, as they could have no reason to doubt would be the case, for the case was so palpable and plain. Here was probably as unholy a trio of infidel blacklegs as were ever leagued together—having my own money in their hands to war against me with in my weakness and embarrassment. I filed my bill in the case, and he his answer, diametrically opposite to each other, and yet each making solemn oath to the

truth of the facts set forth in his bill and answer—whereas one or the other must be false in the sight of God and man, and, consequently, one or the other of us committed deliberate, wilful, and corrupt perjury, and, according to the laws of the land, was a fit candidate for the penitentiary. So here was character, as well as money, at stake. But, after contending three years, the suit was at length decided by the Court of Errors, at Annapolis, in my favour.

Now, reader, I have said that either the author or his antagonist swore false, and that wilfully and corruptly. You will never know which it was—you need not know which it was—until that great day, when all things shall be revealed, and passed upon by the Judge of all the earth, who will surely judge right. Earthly tribunals may, indeed, be properly enough styled courts of error, for they often give erroneous judgments, and the innocent suffer. But it is a matter of joy to my heart, that we are not to be judged at the last by the feeble and foggy understanding of an earthly judge, and that all false witnesses will be silent there. Men may go through the world "unwhipped of justice," but, behold, at the last all shall have their reward. All the other troubles and anguish of my whole life, from my cradle to the moment of writing this narrative, (and I think I have had my share,) taken together, would be but as the dust in the balance compared with what I endured in this sad affair—of all the other wounds ever inflicted upon me, there was none

so sore as this. Like David, I was wounded in the house of my friends. Had an enemy done this, I could have borne it—but it was one that had eaten of my bread; it was one—but then the ties of consanguinity are frailer than the spider's web to one who can violate the sacred obligations of hospitality without remorse—in whose unmanly bosom every sentiment of gratitude is extinct.

This was a contest of three years' duration. During this time the canal money, which was the kind of money attached, was depreciated down to seventeen cents on a dollar. This I consigned for the benefit of my creditors, a fraction of the $18,000 rotten debts which I gave to pay $8,250 that I owed. When he came on to the job he was not worth one hundred dollars, but is now, I presume, worth four thousand, while I am as I am. Nevertheless I am happy and content. I envy him not, nor would I injure him; I pray that he may repent, if he has not repented of the great wrong, and that God may forgive him,—I have, from my heart. Gladly would I have passed over this incident in silence, on account of associations and peculiar circumstances, but I have undertaken to write a history of my life, and I cannot pass over an event so important, which had so great an influence upon my feelings and fortune, without giving it a place in as few words as possible. And this is the last contract of this nature that I shall speak of but one, and that I shall defer to the latter part of this work,

in order to introduce in their proper place my spiritual life and temporal blindness.

And now, my dear reader, before resuming the direct thread of my narrative, let us take a retrospect of the ground over which we have travelled. We see that from the time I entered upon the full tide of my business life, fate seemed to prescribe the path for me to pursue, with the settled determination that I should not obtain the great object of my panting ambition—wealth and independence; for we have seen that none of my important contracts have ended well, although no mortal eye could have perceived the end from the beginning, and although no material fault of mine seemed to characterize the execution of them—Bad Luck seemed to play a conspicuous part in them all. I think you cannot say but that I have tried hard enough, and ways enough to have obtained a fortune, if it had been for me,—that is, if superabundance of this world's goods may be regarded a fortune. Almost any man may look back over his past life and see many mistakes that he has made, but that he was too short-sighted to perceive before he committed them. The truth is, we know not, the wisest of us, what a day may bring forth. My first contract ended in a blaze from a dormant spark in a coal brand that lay hid from human observation. Many of my other enterprises were frustrated by my frequent loss of eye-sight, and my consequent heavy expenses—a most grievous misfortune, it seemed at

the time. The pulling down of my lock was a direful blow to my prosperity, which could not have been anticipated. But the principal cause of my failures and calamities in business, was the rotten currency produced indirectly by the Bank of the United States. No one could have anticipated that she, with her boasted capital of thirty-five millions, could have failed to redeem her pledges; for, while she was considered to be corrupt, both friends and foes regarded her solvent. How little did I dream of losing, in the manner I did, such a vast amount on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. All these things were unseen and unexpected. But then we must not forget the uncertainty of all human calculations; and so it was, and so let it be. I sincerely hope that my aspiring young readers will have discovered how dangerous it is to attempt to climb ambition's ladder, the rounds of which are many of them frailer than a spider's web, and will precipitate the aspirant headlong to the earth, in a moment when success seems most certain. Ambition for earthly wealth, power or renown, is beneath man's true dignity.

"And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought and exquisite design,
(Fine network of the brain!) to catch a fly!

The momentary buzz of vain renown!
A name! a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner still) instead of grasping air,
For sordid lucre plunge we in the mire!
Drudge, sweat, through every shame, for every gain,
For vile contaminating trash—throw up
Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man,
And deify the dirt matured to gold?
Ambition, Avarice, the two demons these
Which goad through every slough our human herd,
Hard travelled from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop! how steep they climb!
These demons burn mankind—and once possess
The young man's bosom, they turn out the skies."

Before closing this chapter, I have a single important piece of business to speak of, which I was not permitted to introduce in its proper place, on account of a press of much grosser operations which demanded our attention. It may have been supposed, from the lugubrious aspect of my business undertakings, that all my contracts were doomed to be disastrous; and it may have seemed that railroads, and canals, and lumbering, and building houses and mills engrossed my whole attention, and left no room for gentler matters. But not so, my friends. That rich Cumberland Valley, which I have told you contained those wide-spreading and luxuriant farms, studded with magnificent brick and stone dwellings and barns, contained also, I did not tell you how many or how lovely young ladies, that were enough to move the heart of any man, and especially of a "lady's man," (as I have been described,) to tenderness, and to compete with rail-

roads and canals for a share of his attention. You have already seen, in the earlier part of my history, that I was not in the least tinctured with a monkish indifference to those gentle creatures whom Byron would call "the precious porcelain of human clay." Nay, truly I could say, with Hudibras, when railroads and canals, and steam saw-mills, and lumbering, were making me as busy as a general at the head of his army, and even when fortune was lowering upon me her bitterest frowns:

> "Quoth he, 'To bid me not to love,
> Is to forbid my pulse to move,
> My beard to grow, my ears to stick up,
> Or when I'm in a fit to hiccup.'"

It was in the midst of my engagements on the Franklin Railroad, in 1837, that I became acquainted with Miss Susan C. Brown, of one of the most ancient families of Franklin County, Pa. Her father was then living on the farm of his nativity, located in this lovely Cumberland Valley, which had been taken up in a state of nature by his grandfather, a hundred and fourteen years before, and it continued in the family down to the time of her father's death, which occurred about three years ago. Nearly twenty years had now passed, since my first adventure in the courting line, in the enjoyment of what is called "single blessedness." I had often heard it said that matches were made in heaven; but from many domestic exhibitions I had witnessed in the course of my life, I had concluded

that many matches were made in that other place. The fact is, matrimony is much like Jeremiah's figs, —it is either passing sweet, or too sour to be endured. But, nevertheless, I soon found my heart right seriously involved with the daughter of Mr. Brown, and fully resolved to forswear a life of celibacy, for she seemed the one by Heaven designed to make me happy. The preliminaries and negotiation of contract (which it is needless to say more of than that they were done up in the most business-like manner, accompanied with all the palpitation of heart and refusal of the tongue to perform its office, which usually characterize this sort of negotiations, where true sentiment is involved,) occupied a space of time of about six months, when at length the treaty of alliance was signed, sealed and delivered, and duly ratified on the morning of the 5th of June, 1838, in Mr. Brown's large stone mansion, in the presence of a large number of friends. We immediately came to the north to visit my friends, and soon returned to the south, where we continued till about a year and a half since, which will hereafter be spoken of. Though my other engagements were most of them disastrous in the end, this, I thank God, has been fortunate. Fortune may have frowned upon my worldly prospects, but Heaven blessed me with a wife. Surely,

"Man's fate and favours are a theme in heaven."

Here I have a little bank of affection and love, that

has never ceased to discount in the hour of affliction and woe. Indeed, in the time of the darkest trials, there are no panics and suspending of specie-payments, but it is then that my drafts, if possible, are most readily and liberally honoured. Such a corporation as this I am bound to support while life shall last. Woman! thy affections are exhaustless! the chain of thy love adversity but renders stronger —death itself cannot sever it! Thou art a ministering angel, in mercy sent to cheer our pathway through the gloom of life.

Here ended my courtships and flirtations with the ladies, and here let us end this chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

In introducing my spiritual life and experience, it becomes necessary to speak of one more and the last contract I had on the public works. This ended in my temporal blindness, and the beginning of some of the special providences of God which brought me from nature's darkness to his most marvellous light. Gladly would I have placed all the affairs of my contracts, and temporal transactions, in the previous part of this work; but as it is so blended with my spiritual life, I am obliged to make use of this contract as a link uniting my temporal and spiritual experience. Glad shall I be

when my mind is relieved from gathering up the incidents and accidents that happened to me on public works, and when it may dwell uninterruptedly on serious subjects. And may the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, teach me in all things, and bring all things to my remembrance whatsoever he hath spoken unto me. (John xiv, 26.)

I was just now drifted ashore again on a mere floating-plank, having lost, by the Franklin Railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, between five and six thousand dollars. Here, then, being offered in market, by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for contract, one hundred miles of road, or six million feet of timber, to be delivered on the northern limits of Virginia, I at once contracted with them to furnish forty miles of said road, commencing at the United States Arsenal and running westward. This amounted to about two millions and a half feet. Soon after I also contracted with the same company to furnish two hundred thousand tree nails, or wooden pins, one foot long and eight square. I agreed to take scrip, issued on a loan from the city of Baltimore, which was then the circulating medium of that country. It was a rare thing in those days to see a bank note, and with much difficulty the citizens procured specie sufficient to pay their postage, which was, however, rigidly demanded by the Postmaster-General. I had also agreed to do this great work in the short space of eight months. The reader will here perceive

that amongst all my imperfections, and the many wrecks I endured, I maintained my character as an enterprising contractor and an honest man. The reader will also pardon me for fishing out this one compliment, inasmuch as I have said so many hard things against myself—for I will assure him that every scrub cannot procure a contract of such magnitude, and especially without much capital.

It is an old saying, that a man's character, like his shadow, will always be present with him, and often in advance, prefiguring the man, especially if there is anything mean about him. But I presume I have often found a greater share of confidence with the public than I was entitled to; and it is now a wonder to me how I should be able to set so much work into immediate operation with means so limited. But I entered into this, as heretofore, in the full belief that there was a fortune of money at the end of the job, which, according to contract, would be reached in a few months. Accordingly, I set many mills in operation, within the three different States, for the purpose of sawing timber. I then proceeded to Morgan County, Virginia, a mountainous and almost solitary region, bought a large quantity of well-timbered land, and proceeded to build a steam saw-mill on it. There was not a school-house, or a place of public worship within ten miles of it, except one church in Maryland, and only here and there could be seen a miserable log cabin. But, solitary as it was, in the short space of

five weeks I had one of the most splendid steam saw-mills I ever saw, with three sets of saws in active operation, and far exceeding the steam mills I built in Maryland. In addition to this, I had put up a dwelling-house, shanties, stables, etc.; and where, but a few days before, was the solitary retreat of the deer and other wild animals, now was heard, both night and day, the puffing of a steam-engine, and the teeth of the greedy saws, devouring and dividing the stately old oak that for centuries had been unmolested. Although this appeared as a magic scene, sprung up in a day, I will assure my reader that it was not brought about without untiring industry, and not without many difficulties, which I need not here relate.

It was now late one Saturday evening, in the month of August, 1841, that my mill had been faithfully tried during the day, and had given great satisfaction to all that witnessed its operation.

> Now the birds had all gone to their rest,
> The deer and the owl and the bear,
> And the men, with repose to be blest,
> Did all to their shanty repair.

But my heart was filled with delight as I conversed with my principal machinist, General Crosby, of New-York, who expected to leave the Monday after for home, having finished his work. I think I addressed him in nearly these words: "Now, general, I have this mill in the most successful operation, my family are safely housed, and everything is going on

just to suit me." Vessels were coming in from Port Deposit, landing timber at D. C., preparatory for the reception by the canal boats to carry it to its destination. All other mills, and everything around me seemed ready, like the ships of Solomon, to bring treasure into my pocket. And truly it was no vain picture. Though, in taking a retrospect of the past, many shipwrecks and disappointed hopes were brought to my mind, yet all seemed now prosperous. But I could not see the invisible hand of Providence, that was then already attaching wings to my glowing prospects. To all human appearance an independent fortune was almost within my grasp. Four months, at most, would bring me into the possession of it.

> "On each condition disappointments wait,
> Enter the hut and force the guarded gate."

But before we retired to rest, it was resolved that on the morrow we should take a ride, not to the house of worship, but to the fashionable scene of banqueting and revelry at Berkley Mineral Springs. These springs, the Saratoga of Virginia, were at the distance of about eleven miles. The holy Sabbath morning came, and all preparations were made to cut as respectable a swell as possible. While breakfast was getting ready, I washed off my carriage and gave directions to have a pair of well-mated horses harnessed in order for the occasion.

Perhaps, in this part of my journal, it would be well to acquaint the reader with some of my moral

and religious notions, that had followed me through life, while doing the work of a Gentile. I think I must have been about thirteen years old when my mother was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after, several of my kinsmen and neighbours were happily converted to God, and united with the same Church. There was also a reformation, or an excitement, among the little boys and girls, and I was in the number. Many of us were serious, and instead of playing at noon at school, we would retire to the forest or to a barn and hold a prayer-meeting. At meetings, I would weep and be melted into tenderness. I was very particular every night and morning, as I went to fodder the cattle, to kneel down on the hay-mow and pray. I pursued this course about two months. About this time some of my cousins of my age came from a distance to see us. Accordingly there was a party made by Mrs. James Campbell, of Litchfield, for the little boys and girls. It was to be at her house on a certain evening. I was among the number that met there, and was so delighted with the society that I neglected to kneel that night in prayer. The next morning I had still less disposition to bend the knee; and from that time I do not think I offered up a single prayer to God until I was forty years old, except in case of a thunder-storm. But at such times, no sooner had the thunder ceased than prayer was laid aside, and all serious thoughts and promises vanished with the clouds. I

do not think that I had any religion or any change of heart at that time, but I was serious and convicted of sin. These impressions were written upon my heart while it was yet tender, but afterwards gradually wore off—measurably at least. In after years I frequently attended quarterly meetings and camp-meetings, where I witnessed mighty displays of the power of God. I saw many stout-hearted sinners brought prostrate to the earth. I had no doubt then, neither have I ever entertained any since, that it was the power of God manifested in them. I always believed in the reality of religion, and in the necessity of a change of heart from nature to grace. I had also a historical faith in the great scheme of human redemption and salvation through Jesus Christ. In short, I was a Methodist in theory, though very far from being one in practice. I always pretended to regard the Sabbath, and seldom did any business on that holy day.

I advocated Methodist doctrine when I had anything to say about it. My knowledge of the Bible was very limited, as I but seldom read it. I had committed to memory a few disconnected passages of Scripture, merely for purposes of argument, but could not tell where any of them were recorded. I was always pleased to see Christians walk uprightly, and hated to see any one backslide. My principal reading was the politics of the day. When about sixteen years old, I heard Lorenzo Dow preach at a camp-meeting, from Eccl. xi, 9; and the text

was stamped on my mind, never to be forgotten. It was on Sunday afternoon that Dow presented himself on the stand, and, after looking around upon the congregation, exclaimed with an audible voice, "There are about seven thousand persons within this camp circle, besides rag-tag and bob-tail that are on the outside." This eccentric remark made him the centre of all the eyes on the ground at once. He then read a part of his text: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes." He then proceeded to tell the young people to let their heart cheer them. If they preferred gambling, horse-racing, getting drunk, to coming into the altar and worshipping God, they should go on, if this conduct cheered their hearts, and walk in the sight of their own eyes. "Certainly you have Scripture to support you." And to the young women he said, "If your heart is cheered more in the ball-room than in the prayer-meeting, go on—let it cheer you. Or, if you love the vanities of the world more than religion, my text tells you to walk in the sight of your own eyes." So he proceeded, till all eyes and ears were fixed upon him. I was delighted with him, as well as all the wicked that had gathered around. "Ah!" said I, "this is the kind of preaching to suit me; and the best of all is, that he has got Scripture to prove it. There is no harm for the youth to indulge in all these things." While

the old professors looked strange at him, all the wicked were delighted.

Here he stopped short, took up a chair that was on the stand, dashed it down two or three times on the board before him, and then set it in its place again. Candlesticks, preachers' hats, &c., were knocked off on the ground or floor. Then he called out, at the top of his voice, two or three times, "Hark!" Then there was a breathless silence in the audience, to hear what was coming. "Now," says he, "comes the remainder of my text: 'But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.'" I had little thought that he was raising me up, through the first part of his discourse, in order to give me the greater fall. But for all these follies, he poured out the judgments of God upon the wicked unsparingly, until some cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" I, with some others, left the ground, thinking more favourably of the first part of his discourse than the latter. However, I had not quite as good an opinion of my own heart and conduct as I had when I went there. Often afterward, in the midst of revelry, these words were thundered home to my conscience—"Remember that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." And I often had times appointed in my own mind when I would set out to serve the Lord; but there was always a year's work, at least, to do previous to the commencement. But at all events, I meant to begin as soon as I got married

and settled; and after I got married, my wife and I agreed that the next year, at camp-meeting, we would set out together. As that period arrived, we found so many difficulties in the way, that we readily resolved to put it off until the next. O! the deceitfulness of sin!

Reader, I have now brought to your notice some of the moral features of my life. I have also travelled with you through the follies of my youth, as well as through many of my business transactions in riper years. I have led you along, down to that holy Sabbath day which I was preparing to desecrate. That day will be remembered by me in eternity. It was a day like that on which Saul of Tarsus was arrested, and turned from his career of wickedness, while on the road to Damascus. But it would seem that disappointments and misfortunes only served to strengthen me, and nerve my arm for more business and a greater fortune. I was like the lion that crouches in order to take a more desperate leap for his prey. The reader will bring back his thoughts to the Saturday night when I was exulting at the success of my business, contemplating the great fortune of which I was almost in reach, and resolving to go with my friend and family to Berkley Springs. There we expected to join with the giddy and the gay, planters and their sons and daughters, for the purpose of drinking juleps, banqueting, promenading, &c. Accordingly, about nine o'clock on Sunday morning the horses were harnessed, and all

was ready. My family consisted of my wife and two children. My eldest, Frances Clarissa, was about two years and three months old, a beautiful and interesting child. She seemed to me one of the handsomest children I ever saw. I suppose, however, that a great many parents would honestly contend for the same prize. My youngest child was four months old.

All being ready, we mounted the carriage, and were rapidly on our way to the Springs. We had not, however, proceeded more than two miles, before I was suddenly taken sick, with a severe pain in my head, attended with cold chills, so that I was obliged to turn about and return home. This was the very spot, where the Lord in his goodness and mercy arrested me in my mad career, and powerfully urged me, by his Spirit, to turn and seek his face and favour. Bless his holy name forever! But I was like the man that Bunyan describes with the muck-rake. While the interpreter was taking one of the pilgrims through the king's palace and gardens, he saw a man there having a muck-rake in his hand, while a celestial crown was held over his head by an invisible hand—but he was so intent or engaged in raking together a few straws and sticks that he could not look up, or spare a hand to receive it. The pilgrim inquired of him, what that picture represented? The interpreter told him that that represented a man of this world. So intent was he upon the vanities that perish with their

using, that he had not even a thought or a desire after celestial things. "O," says the pilgrim, "deliver me from the muck-rake." "Amen," replied the interpreter. That prayer has got rusty, for it seems not to have been used much for many years. But God in wisdom, and in his own way, turned my eyes and thoughts from earth to heaven. After returning home, I lay down upon a bed in much distress. The family all partook of their supper, and my little daughter among the rest. I think I never saw her more playful and interesting than she was that day. After supper, she sat down in her little chair and reclined her head a little. Her mother, supposing her asleep, went and raised up her head, and, to our astonishment, death had already laid hold on her with an unyielding grasp. Her sparkling black eyes had already become set in their sockets, presenting a vacant glare. Every effort in our power was made to bring her relief, but she struggled a few moments with the grim monster, and the spirit of my little Fanny was released from its cumbrous clay. The bird had flown from its cage to paradise, to return no more until the morning of the resurrection. She died in the lap of a neighbouring old woman, who came in during that solemn hour. I have often chided parents, and more especially fathers, for displaying so much weakness at the death and burial of a young child; but all the good reasons I had assigned for them to cast away their sorrow, seemed

to have but little influence on my mind. I received but little balm from such considerations. As soon as the vital spark had fled, I fell upon my knees, bending over her lifeless corpse, praying loudly to God that he would give me back my child, which seemed so rudely and suddenly snatched from the arms and embraces of her parents. I had not grace at this time to lay my Isaac or Benjamin, or even my little Fanny, on the altar that sanctifieth the gift. I could not say, with patient Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." O no! I was foolishly weak; but reason, resuming her seat, informed me that I must prepare her for the grave. So she whom, but a little while before, fancy had pictured out a beautiful young lady of eighteen, the pride and joy of her parents, was now laid on her cooling board, soon to become food for worms. There was a very good old preacher by the name of Gardner, who had held meeting about a mile from there that day: he was engaged to preach the funeral sermon the next day. All business was suspended, and the preacher came and delivered his discourse. The procession was formed by my workmen and neighbours, and she was committed to the grave on a lonely hill, a short distance from the mill. O how many times, when reason would give her up, affection would claim her right, and bring her back again! But we returned home with sorrowful hearts, like Mary weeping at the sepulchre.

The wheels of our business were set in motion again, although the whole country seemed as lonesome to me as a grave-yard. Christ said, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." John xiii, 7. This was said to saints, but, alas! I was not a saint. I knew nothing of the comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, to sustain me in the hour of affliction. I think the first night after the funeral, before I retired to bed, I bent the knee, and uttered something like promises that I would then begin to lead a new life and seek religion. But I fear my heart did not desire to do what I promised with my lips. My prayer was like the ships of Jehoshaphat, that never reached the mines, being scattered in their passage; for while I was praying, my engine was puffing, my mills rattling, and, like the man with a muck-rake, I was still desiring to gather up more straws—and my old counsellor was at my elbow, whispering in my ear, that above all times in my life, this was the most inauspicious period to set out to serve the Lord. He then brought to my mind, that six thousand dollars worth of business must be accomplished in a month, or at least two hundred dollars worth a day, in order to complete my contract in time. The grand adversary thus very plausibly showing me that I would find no time to attend to the ordinances of God, I finally agreed with him, that it was best to put it off until the job was completed. So I got up from my knees, mourning about the loss of my

child, and contemplating the great fortune I was soon to realize. If the devil had suggested to me the idea of never trying to get religion, I should not have listened to him a moment; but he understands his subjects better than they do themselves, and can always adapt himself to suit their case.

The next day my business called me to the village of Martinsburg, a distance of almost seventeen miles, the county seat of Berkley. The shock I received from the sudden death of my child seemed to have banished the pain and sickness with which I was attacked while on my way to the Springs on Sunday morning; but now I was seized with great pain in my right leg, so that I could not ride on horseback. My young brother-in-law, therefore, took me down in a carriage. After hobbling about and finishing my business, we started for home about sunset. But I was suddenly taken with such exquisite pain, that I was obliged to turn about before I got out of the village, and return back to the hotel. There I remained for about one month,—being afflicted with exquisite pain in my leg, attended with chills and fever, until I was reduced to a mere skeleton, and my life by some despaired of. There is one singular providence that I would not pass over without making some remarks; whether it be a mere accident or a special providence a hereafter may determine. You recollect I told you that on the night of the death of my child, I got upon my knees to pray before I retired to bed; but it

turned out, that instead of making a covenant with God to seek his face then, I made an agreement with Satan to wait until after the contract was finished; and as I was about to rise from my knees, I hit the edge of my knee-pan upon the head of a nail that was raised up in the floor, which, although not worth noticing at the moment, was the principal cause of my long sickness in Martinsburg, by which I came very near losing my leg, if not my life. And I can now look back and see the force of that passage of Scripture, and can apply it in truth to my case, from that day till now: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him." Deut. xxxii, 11, 12. It is said by naturalists that the eagle builds her nest on the highest and most secluded cliff. She builds the foundation of her nest with sharp thorns, lining it with a very soft material; and when the young are sufficiently feathered, in the opinion of the mother, to sail out from their nest, but they, not having confidence in their own wing, continue lazily in their soft nest, then, in the language of Scripture, she stirreth up her nest, by taking all the soft lining from under her tender young and scattering it to the winds, and thus leaving them their choice to fly or die on a bed of thorns. The decision is soon made to venture out, while the parent eagle fluttereth over them, while she spreads her broad

wings, seemingly standing on the thin air, watching with the greatest care the uncertain movement of her young; and when the strength of their wings is almost spent, fainting between despair and hope, with the velocity of lightning she darts beneath them and bears them up on her strong pinions. When they have thus rested and gathered strength, another trial is made of the wing; and so on, until they become perfect eagles in strength.

So it was with your humble author. A fanciful imagination had pictured to me the soft bed of affluence and ease, and I was determined to have it before I set out to serve the Lord. But, glory to his holy name! he now began to stir up my nest, but in a gradual manner. He had already taken away my idol child, to attract my attention and my affections upwards. The parent, whose only child has crossed the briny deep, will often think of the departed one, and long to be with it. So my thoughts were drawn after my beloved little girl. I was now laid also upon that bed of sickness, and began to feel the thorns pricking me. My wife was immediately sent for, and she, with the hand of love and affection, endeavoured to smooth and soften my pillow. But it was in vain; my bed was thorny. Not only did the stings of an awakened conscience, but also pain of body, and the trouble of worldly business afflict and perplex me. Now all my cherished hopes of a great fortune began to attach to themselves wings, and, as in the disasters of Job,

one servant quickly followed another, bringing news of some sad misfortune and disappointment. It seemed the very elements had turned against me; for the stream that supplied my engine with water was now nearly dry. This was a circumstance unknown before by the oldest citizens. A constant stream of only the size of a quarter of an inch would have supplied it night and day. During the month that I lay sick at Martinsburg, I made many promises to the Lord that I would set out to serve him; but the adversary of my soul was constantly engaged in striving to prevent me—telling me, Not now. The cares of business and pain of body all seemed to unite against me to crowd out and choke every good desire. O! my dear reader, let me here solemnly and emphatically warn you, and in the name of God beseech you, to set out this moment to seek the Lord, with full purpose of heart, before the evil day draws near when you shall be laid upon a bed of languishing! You will then have enough to grapple with, without drinking the wormwood and the gall. "Seek the Lord while he may be found," and your bed of death shall

> "Be soft as downy pillows are,
> While on his breast you lean your head,
> And breathe your life out sweetly there."

Having partially recovered, so that I could hobble across the room on a pair of crutches, I was carried back to the mill, which I found motionless, and everything around wore a gloomy aspect. The ex-

cessive drought throughout the country had stopped nearly all my water-mills. Something was necessary to be done, to bring up the rear in my business, and secure, if possible, the back money which was already earned, and in the hands of the company, but which was subject to forfeiture unless the job was completed. It was certain ruin to stop there, and it could be nothing worse to endeavour to finish. My promises to God were as if written on the snow. I clenched the muck-rake to gather up some of the scattered straws. I resolved to go to Baltimore, although I looked more like a candidate for the grave-yard than for any other business.

However, I met the company, and they agreed to join with me in supplying the residue of timber, promising to pay me for all I would supply, be it more or less. That night I stayed in Baltimore, and put up at Beltshoover's large hotel, a place where I had usually stopped. I was shown by the servant to my lodging-room. There I spent a most solemn night; and though I was not in very great pain, yet it seemed that none but death was to be my companion in the night. When I went to bed, I got the servant to fasten the bell of my room over my head, so that I could reach up my arm and ring it if I should have occasion, or rather the wire of my bell that passed from my room, through various walls of the house, into a lower room where the servant watched. Pulling that wire would ring a bell having the number of my room, and so di-

rect the servant to the right place. But, thank God! I survived the dead, though I believe I prayed in rather more earnest that night than I ever had before; but I fear I prayed more for the preservation of my life than for the pardon of my sins.

I now returned home again, being determined that even the elements should not prevail against me in stopping my mills. So I rigged a team and hauled about twenty hogsheads of water daily, for about six weeks. This, in addition to what I received by sinking a well, enabled me to keep my engine in motion, praying and expecting every day that the heavens would give us rain. Although, in this way, my water cost me five dollars a day, yet it was wisdom to obtain it so, under our circumstances. So the company and myself, by bringing a large quantity of timber from North Carolina, and every other place where we could procure it, at almost any price, completed the contract early the next spring. I think it was in October that I set the mill in operation, driving everything I could before me. I had now regained my health, with the exception that my right leg was shrunk and withered, from the upper joint of my thigh down to my ankle. So I halted on my thigh, like Jacob, when he wrestled at the ford of Jabbok with the angel. Gen. xxxii. I was still listening to the advice of the adversary of my soul, "Wait till a more convenient season, to give your heart unto God." O! how

true it is, that the Lord is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. 2 Pet. iii, 9.

Christmas had now arrived, and I was able to lay aside one of my crutches and again to mount my horse. Having business with Colonel Colston, who had also been engaged in furnishing timber for the company, I went to see him. And perhaps it would not be uninteresting or out of place here, to give my northern reader a little account of my visit, and a short description of this distinguished family. The colonel was an heir of at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and was one of the Virginia "bloods," as he was termed. He was a noble-looking, free-hearted man, and, in short, he possessed every qualification of a gentleman. He had been a member of Congress several years. He lived in a large and ancient brick mansion, situated about a mile south of the Potomac river. Around this he owned about fifteen hundred acres of elegant limestone land, divided into several farms. The canal company had thrown a heavy dam across the river near him, where he had erected, about five years previous, a flouring-mill and saw-mill. These, having cost about thirty-five thousand dollars, burned down the first week, the fire also consuming a large amount of wheat with them. At the time of my visit, he had just completed another similar mill on the same ground. This being Christmas-day, and the birthday of the colonel, they had been accustomed,

for many years, to observe it as a family festival. I had often visited him before, and on that occasion he pressed me to dine with him, and remain all night. About four o'clock the rich banqueting table was spread, covered with the luxuries of life and the dainties of the season. His family consisted of a wife and five children, a family tutor, a young lady, who was a relative, and an old mother of about eighty, a relic of the Washington family. She was an own sister to Chief Justice Marshall, and a near connexion of General Washington. After dinner, talking and mincing perhaps an hour and a half, bottles of very rich wine were produced, and a glass for each; and while drinking, sentiments or toasts were freely exchanged, in which the old lady and the colonel participated. This was a respectable family, and could boast of noble ancestors. Before we arose from the table, the colonel related his experience for the last previous ten years, which was as follows:—

He said that he was that day fifty-five years old. When he was forty-five he resolved to let go public offices and build the mill, as I have heretofore stated; get out of debt, and so arrange his property as to have no other care but to receive the revenue of the rents that it yielded him. The balance of his life, from fifty years old, he had resolved to dedicate to God, and enjoy the comfort of his family. "But alas!" said he, "how vain are all human calculations! From the very period I had set to be re-

lieved from the anxieties, cares, and troubles of this world, the reverse was my lot. For," continued he, "I have had more trouble and pecuniary embarrassments during the last five years, than all the rest of my life put together." And I suppose it was true; for the constable and the sheriff were daily at his elbows, teasing him for money. The burning of his mill, the fall of property, and the depreciation of currency, had so embarrassed his possessions, and left him as poor a man as the humble guest he was then entertaining.

And here I learned a salutary lesson, viz., that it is not all gold that glitters, and that those are not always the richest that live in the greatest houses or own the largest farms. O, how mistaken is the judgment of this world concerning the things that make for our peace! I can now truly say with the poet, "Give me Jesus—give me Jesus—and you may have all the world besides." The evening passed away pleasantly.

The next day was the Sabbath, and the colonel being an Episcopalian, all bowed the knee around the family altar while he read a prayer, concluding with the "Lord's prayer," in which all the family joined. His negro slaves, of both sexes, were all set free from Christmas till New-Year. This is a custom throughout Virginia and Maryland. It is their annual jubilee. Those who are not religiously inclined, generally pass their time in frolicking, dancing, getting married, &c. And so I left them,

in the full belief that the negroes enjoyed the greatest happiness, and the greatest slave on the plantation was the noble and generous-hearted colonel himself; that is, of the two great evils of slavery for the time being, the colonel was the most harassed. An honest man to be in debt without any thing to pay, is, as it has been said, like a cat being in hell without claws. I know how to pity him. These were fetters, however, that his own ambitious hand had placed upon his own freedom; but not so with the poor negroes; they were doomed to wear their chains perhaps until death should sign their release. It is a rare thing that the slave finds so kind a master as Colonel C. Something like the family in which Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe found a birthplace until the extravagance of Mr. Shelby, the sure forerunner of poverty, turned Uncle Tom out of his paradise, and he was doomed to run the gauntlet of hell, with one or two exceptions, until death signed his release. This picture of slavery, in all its phases, has been so perfectly portrayed before the eye of the public by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, that I will not daub the painting with my unskilful brush, but my soul says Amen to her sentiment. So I soon found myself with my family at Kinderhook mills. So much for that visit.

I think about this time I was almost as far from God as I ever was. Having regained my health, I was determined, in spite of everything, to make some money out of the job. When stern Justice

said, "Cut him down; why cumbereth he the ground? Has he not been called, from time to time, both by general and special providences, to turn and seek the Lord? Has he not mocked God with vain promises? Has he not, for more than thirty years, trampled under foot the prayers and tears of a pious mother, whose constant anxiety was that her only child might become a Christian? Has he not sinned against light and knowledge continually? Why not number him with all the nations that forget God?"—While this was the cry of Justice, Mercy cried, "O, spare him a little longer!" Glory to God! It was because Jesus had not left the mercy-seat—had not yet ceased pleading my cause, showing his bleeding hands and side to the Father, praying that another effort might be made for my salvation—that I am now the spared monument of his amazing mercy! The Father, looking upon his Anointed, granted the petition, and glory be to his holy name, "whose mercy endureth forever."

And now the last blessed and effectual effort was, to drop a dark curtain before me and totally exclude me from the sight of all sublunary and transitory things. My sight began then, very gradually, to leave me, and that without the least pain. The next Sabbath, being New-Year, I drove in my carriage to Hedgesville, a distance of about eleven miles, and heard the Rev. John A. Collins preach, at a quarterly meeting. He was the last

man I ever saw in a pulpit. My desires were somewhat awakened, under his preaching, to seek the Lord; and before I returned home, I purchased a large family Bible. I opened it, and by looking very close, was able to read one verse, and that, I think, was the last I ever read. I drove my horse within a mile of home, but my sight failed so fast, that my wife was unwilling to ride so any farther. But she not being acquainted with driving herself, we took the horses from the carriage and went home without it. This was the last time I ever attempted to drive.

Soon after this, I had occasion to go to Baltimore. One of my workmen put a horse before my buggy to take me to Martinsburg, where I intended to take a stage. On the way, and about half the distance, we were under the necessity of fording a large creek. As we arrived at the shore, the driver said he thought the creek had risen about two feet. I concluded that if it had not risen more than that, we should be able to ford it with safety. I could now see just well enough to discover the shape of the horse between me and the sun. So we plunged into the creek, but it had risen four or five feet instead of two, and we soon found ourselves in eight or ten feet water, and that running wild as a torrent. The horse, being checked, was unable to swim, and strangling, turned a perfect somerset; and as he came up with his head towards the buggy, he came very near pulling us under. We were now all float-

ing down the stream, and it was death to jump out, as no man could stand the torrent, so that all hopes of life seemed, for a time, to be cut off. O, how horror and despair rushed upon my guilty soul at that perilous and solemn moment! I cried aloud for mercy, and as a kind Providence had so ordered it, a man, on a very large horse, came to our rescue; my horse, in the meantime, having come in contact with some obstruction in the river, nobly held all at anchor.

The man on the large horse came in to our relief, and set us safely on *terra-firma*, while the horse was got loose from the buggy and swam ashore, leaving the buggy there. "Well," says the reader, "did you not fall on your face and give thanks to that invisible Hand that snatched you from a watery grave, and as a brand from a burning hell?" With shame and confusion of face, I must tell you, that my proud heart would not suffer me to bow the knee, even under those solemn circumstances. Had no one been present but myself, I should probably have got down on my knees and expressed my deep-felt gratitude to my Deliverer. I owed my deliverance to the mercy of God. But, like Napoleon, unacquainted with retreat, I went up the creek about five miles, and crossed it on a bridge, and made my way to Baltimore. My principal business was to obtain relief for my eyes. I visited several eminent physicians, but obtained no relief, and but little encouragement from them. But hope still

lingered in my heart, cheering me with the belief that I should eventually obtain my sight, and so I returned home again.

About this time the money of the company, issued from the city loan, which I was bound to take in payment for my timber, depreciated one-half in value. There was at this time, too, probably two millions of dollars of it in circulation, so that it was difficult to pay a debt of one dollar with two. As continental times had come again throughout the country, my prospects for making money on that job received a fatal stab. My only hope now was, that the company would give me my retain percentage, which at that time was considerable. The man of whom I bought the land, refusing to take the railroad money, closed up his mortgage, and forced all to sheriff sale; and as there was no one who had current money to buy, the mills, land and all, brought only one thousand dollars. Here was a tremendous sacrifice. I now had nothing else to do but to pay off my men, gather up my family and goods, and return to Pennsylvania. I intended to spend the summer in search of a physician that would be able to restore to me my sight.

This was in the spring of 1842. I intended also to settle up my business in the three States as fast as possible. I had at this time probably unsettled business with various corporations and individuals, to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars, and most of it in a perplexed and embarrassed situation.

The railroad company unmercifully refused to give me my retain percentage, unless compelled by a course of law. This they very well knew I was unprepared to do. For an individual to contend in law with corporations, is like approaching a hornet's nest, and is generally vain, however just the claim may be. And I here give it as my opinion, that in general, at least, they are a curse to the country; that they are without character or responsibility. Taking this general view of my business, in connexion with my infirmity, I resolved to give to my creditors a schedule of all my debts and credits the world over, and let them make the best of them they could for themselves. My debts amounted to a little over eight thousand dollars, and the amount due me about eighteen thousand, leaving a balance in my favour, if all could be collected, of about ten thousand dollars. This is probably about the way I stand as to this world's affairs. The greater part of what is due me, being in the hands of rotten corporations, I fear there will not be half enough collected, even to pay up my debts.

> "How vain are all things here below,
> How false and yet how fair!
> Each pleasure hath its poison too,
> And every sweet a snare."

Dear reader, have you any treasure in heaven? Do you feel daily an earnest of that blood-bought inheritance? Have you the Spirit bearing witness with your spirit that you are adopted into the family

of God? Pause one moment, and ask yourself this solemn and important question. If the answer is in the negative, I care not how many acres you call your own, or how many honours of this world you enjoy, unless you "can read your title clear" to that heavenly inheritance, let me tell you that you are a poor man, blind and naked.

By this time I was totally eclipsed, having counselled with some of the most eminent physicians, without any encouragement or prospect of the recovery of my sight.

CHAPTER IX.

I THINK it was in the month of May that I spent a Sabbath in Martinsburg, and at the place where I attended meeting there was quite a revival of religion among the Methodists and Lutherans. The text in the morning was, "Awake, thou sleeper." Every word seemed to be directed to me, and awakened the sleeping energies of my soul. I returned to the hotel where before I had passed through that month of severe illness, entered the same chamber, and there in my solitude made a solemn covenant with Almighty God that I would, from that moment, set out to seek his face and favour; and that if I died without mercy or pardon, death should find me in the pursuit of it. I was

now in good earnest, and think that, for the first time in my life, I was fully resolved to get religion. I shall remember that vow in eternity. I felt as if it were almost presumptuous to seek the favour of that God whose mercies I had abused ever since I had reached the years of accountability. There was also to be a meeting in the evening, and an invitation was to be given for mourners to present themselves at the altar of prayer. Now I had gained the victory over the devil on the start, and he knew well that my mind was irrevocably made up to seek the Lord, and I heard no more suggestions to procrastinate the day of repentance, neither would I listen to any. I was now as fully bent, and in as good earnest to obtain a heavenly treasure, as I ever was before after earthly treasures. He therefore took a new device, which was, as I discovered after I was converted, to set me to earning heaven by my prayers and tears. He endeavoured to make me believe that I knew all about the plan of salvation, and that better than one-half the preachers could tell me, and that I had talent sufficient to make a first-rate prayer for a new beginner. When evening came, I went to the meeting, with the plan already made up in my mind how to proceed. I intended to go to work in great earnest, expecting, when I had prayed to a certain extent, to come out shouting and happy. Accordingly, when the preaching was over and mourners were invited forward, I was the first to lead the way, and several

others followed. I got down on my knees and began to pray with all my might. I felt that I was on dangerous ground. The avenger of blood seemed at my heels. I wept, mourned, and begged for life, eternal life. The minister came and spoke to me, but I did not listen to what he said, supposing I knew quite as much about the way of salvation as he did.

The meeting closed about ten o'clock, and an appointment was given out for a prayer-meeting at the same place, about sunrise the next morning. I returned home to my room, and prayed and wrestled much during the night. The next morning, like weeping Mary, I was among the first at the church. As meeting opened, I began to pray audibly and fervently, but returned to the hotel, feeling the load of my sins growing heavier.

My dear reader, whoever you are, let us pause here a moment, and consider the work you are reading. It is not a sermon; not a production clothed in the habiliments of literature, but it is the history and experience of a poor sinner, brought by the mercy of God to see his danger and seek salvation. In the preface of this work, I exhorted you to eschew the evil and embrace the good, if perchance you should find any in such a life of errors. And in setting forth to my various readers both wisdom and folly, I am aware that I subject myself to the sneers and ridicule of the proud and scornful wisdomite of this world. And to the cold, dead

Pharisee and formalist, that part which has most of Christ in it will doubtless be a stumbling-block, and will, perhaps, appear weakness and folly. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." 1 Cor. xiii, 11. I have set forth the follies and vanities of my youth, as well as the mistakes of my riper years; and so, in my Christian experience, you will find I have made many crooked paths, like a lone wanderer in a dark night, seeking for a lost home. When the sun has risen and dispelled the darkness of the night, he can then look back and see what a zig-zag course he has pursued, and that, perhaps, near some precipice or deep cavern, where he might have been dashed to pieces, or found a watery grave. How will such a one rejoice, when he considers the hairbreadth escapes he has made! How will he rejoice when he finds himself resting safely in the bosom of those he loves. Truly says the wise man, "The light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." If a transition from a state of darkness to a state of light be so desirable and important—if it made blind Bartimeus leap for joy, when he beheld the light of the natural sun, displaying the beauties of this world; would not that soul have infinitely greater reason to leap for joy, to have the sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings, and to have the rays of divine knowledge beaming forth from the Father of lights, into the sinner's dark un-

derstanding! Although I never expect, like Bartimeus, to behold the beauties of nature, or the face of mortal man, even that of my own dear wife and children, yet I can say, like one of old, "one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

But let us now return to the hotel, where we returned from the morning prayer-meeting. I now ate my breakfast, well knowing the whisperings and remarks that were made about me by my associates, who knew not God, and desired not the knowledge of his ways. I then got ready and made my way to Pennsylvania, apprehensive of what reception I should meet with among some of my former acquaintances, if I made much ado about religion; not, perhaps, that they would speak reproachfully of religion, provided it met their notions of consistency and propriety. But I had an adversary to face, one that will never cease to tempt and allure from the path of rectitude and safety. I have often compared his devices and allurements to the whippowil, in his management with him who is a stranger to his wiles. If, in your strolls through the mountains or hills, you approach her nest, you will see her all at once, a few feet before you, begin to pitch heels over head, as if a wing and a leg had been broken by a fowler. If you follow her in her lofty tumblings, for a considerable distance at a time, thinking, at every step, you would seize her, thus she would lead you on, until she had drawn you sufficiently far

from her nest, when she would suddenly spread her wing and sail off, leaving you to laugh at your own folly. Having learned her devices, you would not be deluded by her again; neither could the grand adversary so easily take me the second time, by the same wiles. He was well aware that he could not induce me to give up the race.

At a certain time, when Bonaparte invaded Russia, after he and his army had crossed a large river, he ordered every bridge, boat, or floating plank to be swept off, to prevent a retreat of himself or his men. It was therefore death or victory with them. So it was with me. I had swept off every bridge and plank, upon which the devil had so often and so very generously taken me back into his own dominions. But thanks be to our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave me this great victory of decision! To be thus decided, is half the battle. As the whippowil allured me from her nest, so the enemy of my soul endeavoured to turn my eye of faith from the cross of Christ, and set me to work on the very same principle upon which I went to work to do a heavy contract. He told me, that the harder I laboured the sooner I should *earn* salvation. Instead of making me feel it to be a cross, heavy to be borne, and as being very humiliating, he began to set the springs of spiritual pride in motion, and whispered to me, the first night, that I could pray a great deal better than any of the mourners that came out with me. That night

also the bar-keeper, one of his agents, said that he had told one of his comrades that I knew much more about getting religion than those that were talking to me. To that my own proud heart willingly assented. And the next day, going home, I had another very active agent of his to drive for me. And, moreover, I think I rather courted some compliments from him, relative to the performances of the evening and morning previous. I prayed audibly, in his presence, before I went to bed. "Captain," said he, "you made a first-rate prayer last night." He also seemed to admire the earnestness I manifested. I then joined with him, rather ridiculing the ignorance of some people in trying to get religion, and so I went on till conviction had nearly left me. However, I could not be persuaded by men or devils that I had religion, until I knew for myself that I enjoyed it. I tarried at home for about ten days, did a certain amount of praying both night and day, and attended class-meeting in Greencastle. I believe there, for the first time, I made my determination known to them, and requested their prayers.

About this time I had business that called me to the city of Washington. I went there with my brother-in-law, from Indiana. We took lodgings at a boarding-house on Pennsylvania Avenue. In the morning, after breakfast, while my friend went out for two or three hours on business, I lay down upon my bed, after offering up a prayer to God. I

fell asleep and saw a vision, or had a dream, as follows: I thought I had come to my sight. I looked around the room, which seemed filled with a very bright and unnatural halo of light. The first thing I did, or thought I did, was to raise my hand before my eyes to prove whether it was a dream, or whether I had really been brought to my sight. I thought I saw my hand plainly; but to put it beyond doubt that it was not a dream, I thought I looked around the room again, and it appeared to be filled with heavenly light. I discovered the carpet, chairs, and other furniture in the room, and was fully convinced that I was in the city of Washington, and had been brought to my sight. But that I might have still further proof, I thought I went and raised up the front window of my room, cast my eye to one end of the avenue, and then to the other, and saw the capitol, while the negroes, carriages, and all, were passing lively before me, so that every doubt was put to flight. I did not seem to feel much joy or gratification in beholding the things of time and sense, for my whole soul was absorbed in the desire for spiritual light. I thought I then knelt down in the middle of the floor, and fervently prayed to God that this temporal sight might be the harbinger of spiritual light. While in this devotional exercise I awoke, and found myself in temporal and spiritual blindness and darkness.

Then I think I began for the first time to have a

taste of the joys of the upper world; but it was a mere taste in comparison to the rich feasts of which I have been made the happy partaker since. I believed then as I do now, that it was a crumb from my Master's table, which served to increase my faith, and encourage my soul on its pilgrimage to Canaan.

Before I left the city I called on Dr. Buel, a celebrated physician of that place, who gave me little or no encouragement of ever receiving my sight. So I returned home again to Pennsylvania, and then for three or four months I was almost constantly travelling from place to place, trying to settle up my business. This perplexed my mind much, and crowded out many ardent desires for heaven. I had dealings with those who made this world their god, and abundance of money their heaven. But thanks be to God! who bore up my head above the deep waters and dashing waves.

My business now led me to the city of Baltimore. I had for my guide a very wild but pleasant young man, about twenty years of age, a son of Dr. Boggs. He had just emerged from college, and his head scarcely entertained one serious thought; but, God be praised! he has since been sprinkled unto pardon and sanctification by the atoning blood of Jesus, and has become a Methodist preacher. We remained in Baltimore I think about ten days, during which time I was engaged in the daytime in settling with the railroad company; and as there were

fourteen or fifteen large Methodist churches, if I mistake not, in the city of Baltimore, I had no difficulty, at any time, to find some kind of a Methodist meeting. I went one night to a love-feast, in a part of the city called Old Town. I was waited on by a young boy, a son of the widow with whom we boarded—for a Methodist meeting would have been a purgatory at that time to my friend Boggs. At the love-feast there were present probably two hundred members. I heard one and another in quick succession give in their testimony, telling exactly the day and the hour when God for Christ's sake forgave all their sins: some of them dating their experience back more than fifty years—others from that down to a very few days previous—most of them telling how happy they then felt, and expressing the lively hope they had of ere long enjoying that rest that remains for the people of God. I now began to feel the need of a Saviour more than I had ever before done, and I arose and told them that I had a different story to tell them from any I had heard that evening—I could not say that I ever had my sins forgiven—for I then felt them intolerable to bear, and desired all their prayers for me. It was not long before a brother came to me and invited me to come and kneel down at the altar, and the brethren would pray for me, saying that perhaps God would receive me into his kingdom that night; so I soon found myself kneeling at the altar, where the most fervent prayers

were put up to the sinner's Friend. But alas! I was not yet brought out of myself, or from self-righteousness. I arose from my knees and went home, with a sorrowful countenance. I told the brethren I felt no relief, but that I believed God would before long pardon my sins—still resting under that dangerous delusion, that it would require a great many more prayers, and a flood more of tears, and more penance, before such a sinner, as I felt myself to be, would be entitled to an interest in Christ. I was building a tower like that of Babel, whose top should reach to heaven.

The next Saturday night I went to —— street Church to a prayer-meeting. I had been there before, and my case had been made known to them. The brethren prayed over me and for me, but seemingly to no effect. The next day was to be communion, and I went home with the preacher that night, with whom I had had some acquaintance a few years before in Pennsylvania. Morning came, and I went to church with him. I wept and mourned during preaching; I felt that I was an awful sinner; and when the brethren were invited to commune, one came to me and invited me also. I was at first almost horror-stricken at the idea of such a sinner, as I felt myself, partaking of those holy symbols, and I refused; but being overpersuaded by old professors, I concluded that they must know the way better than I, and so I yielded, asking God to lay not the sin to my charge, if it was a sin.

Thus for the first time I partook, with a trembling hand and a fearful heart, of the supper of our Lord. O, what an advantage the adversary of my soul took on this occasion to tempt and try me!—telling me that if I had prayed long enough, as I was doing, I might have been blessed, but now I had eaten and drunk damnation to my soul! I went home to my boarding-house, awfully fearing it was true, while the word *reprobate* rung like a death-knell in my ears.

I was now labouring under despair, mingled with a very faint hope. I arose about midnight, felt round the room and found the Bible, and took it in my hands, solemnly and fervently praying God that he would show me some relief on the pages, that I might then open and have read to me in the morning. I then opened the Bible and laid a mark in it, and in the morning I requested my friend Boggs to read to me the chapter I had laid the mark on as the Bible lay open. To my astonishment he read the eleventh chapter of first Corinthians, which treated on the very subject that caused additional distress to my soul—feeling that I had eaten and drunk unworthily, not discerning the Lord's body. Whether it was a mere matter of accident, or a special providence, I am unable to say; but I do not know that I received any comfort in reading the chapter, not having a spiritual discernment of what I read. If I received any strength from it, it was from the singular circumstance of turning to that particular passage.

I was now in horrible doubt. I went to prayer-meeting Monday night and tried to pray, but I was as cold and unfeeling as a heathen philosopher. The impression was now pretty well established on my mind that I had either sinned away the day of grace, or (as I was now rather inclined to Calvinistic principles) that I was quite likely a reprobate; all feeling or desire to seek religion or utter a prayer seemed to be fled, and I seemed like Ephraim, left to myself: this was truly a horrible state of mind. Thus I remained till the next day in the afternoon. Nature being exhausted I lay down upon my bed and fell asleep, and again I saw a vision, or dreamed that I could see, and looking around the room it seemed to be filled with unusual light of the same appearance that I saw at Washington. I then held the same soliloquy, doubting whether it was a dream or in truth a restoration of my sight; but to remove all doubt on the subject, I brought my hand before my eyes and thought I could see it. The thought then recurred to me of my dream or disappointment at Washington, and to be doubly sure I looked around the room again, which appeared to be full of bright glory, discovering the furniture to my view in every particular. The idea then arose in my mind that I was in Baltimore, and to satisfy myself more fully of the fact, I thought I raised my front window. There I viewed the stores, and the rail-road cars moving on—satisfied myself of what street I was on, and at the same time it occurred to

me that this identical circumstance was presented to me in a dream at Washington. But now all doubts were removed. I believed that I was awake, and that I was really restored to sight. I again knelt down in the middle of the floor, as I thought, without any seeming joy at being restored to sight, and prayed most fervently that this might be a token that God had not left me entirely, and that the Sun of righteousness might yet arise upon me to go down no more forever. In this attitude of devotion I opened my eyelids on total darkness; but I know that I received another crumb from the table of the Lord; I felt a degree of heavenly joy in my soul, and fully believed that it was a token from the Lord that I had not entirely sinned away the day of grace. I was now able to exercise considerable faith, and for once had got the victory over the accuser of the brethren that had been charging me with desecrating the holy sacrament, and with being a reprobate, &c.

I was now ready to return to Pennsylvania. Soon after my return home I went to a quarterly meeting that was held in Waynesburg, Franklin County. Saturday evening there was a love-feast held in the church. I had been praying for more conviction—that God would send his arrows into my soul, that I might feel the stings of an awakened conscience, and be shown the very worst of my deceitful and corrupt heart. I had been in the love-feast but a little while when I felt as much pain as

soul and body both could endure. The devil whispered to me that it was the cholera morbus—but it was a new disease to me. A mourner's bench was presented, and I came forward with some others. I groaned and begged for mercy, while hot and bitter tears were following each other in quick succession down my cheeks. Others around me were converted and went off shouting, some perhaps the first night they came forward. As for me, I had been weeping between the porch and the altar for many long weeks. I went home under deeper conviction perhaps than ever, rather believing that I had received an answer to my prayer that the Lord would send me deeper conviction.

About this time there was an idea came into my head that I had better go to some other Church than the Methodist—that I was perhaps too much prejudiced in favour of that Church; and my prayer was then, "Lord, send me relief anywhere or in any manner—only remove this grievous load of sin." So I thought I would make a trial at the Presbyterian Church awhile. Everything was there done up with decency and in order, which is well-pleasing in the sight of the Lord. Ceremonies are very good, and doubtless orthodox; but Christians sometimes differ in their notions of decency and order in spiritual things. No doubt there was a great difference of opinion on this subject amongst the multitude that were gathered together on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost came upon them like a mighty

rushing wind—for so is every one that is born of the Spirit, John iii, 8—when there were three thousand converted in one day. A certain portion of the assembly—Jews—professors of religion too, pronounced it disorderly, and indecent, charging the converts with being drunk; and no doubt these had that appearance to them that were without spiritual discernment. We see something of it in these later days—some that are born into the kingdom, even at the age of fifty years, will leap and jump like the pilgrim that Bunyan describes: after he had passed through the wicket-gate and began to climb the hill, and while he stood and gazed upon the cross, beholding the heavenly victim that hung bleeding for him, his burden rolled off into the sepulchre, to be remembered no more against him; he then took three leaps towards the celestial city, and went on his way rejoicing. Some, when they are converted, are laid prostrate on the floor; others are laughing, and have a new song put into their mouths, and shout Glory! glory! and it is as natural for a young convert to give God the glory as it is for a new-born babe to desire the breast. I mean now that man that God has spoken peace to—not like the man that Mr. Whitefield speaks of as meeting him in the street in London, who staggered up to him and addressed him very affectionately after this manner: "Brother Whitefield, I am glad to see you, for you are the very man that converted my soul at such a meeting." "Ah," says Whitefield,

you look like some of my work! If God had converted you, you would not now be staggering under the influence of rum." Alas! I awfully fear that many have had peace spoken to them by their preacher when God has not spoken the life-giving word, and are rocked to sleep in the Church in a state of carnal security. May God awaken the sleeping reader ere he sleeps the sleep of eternal death! Yes; no doubt many of the Jews were highly displeased at the order of things when three thousand new bottles were filled with new wine from the kingdom at once. Every man that is in Christ Jesus is a new creature; and who will say that it was out of order or indecent, although one-half of that number had staggered and fallen, and the other half had been shouting glory in every language? Do you think, reader, that God was not pleased with his own work on that occasion? That was my notion of decency and order then, and it has been confirmed by experience since. I am willing to let God work in his own "mysterious way, his wonders to perform." I would not wish to be understood that there are none born into the kingdom without all these outward demonstrations. O no! some he approaches in the still small voice, and they are melted into tenderness, and love, and joy, and peace. But to return to the chain of my own experience.

I found no relief in the Presbyterian Church, but began to feel less conviction, and was told more than

once, by professors of religion, that I had really got religion—assigning, as the reason for the opinion, that I did not feel the weight of guilt and sin as I had a few days previous, saying that the difficulty with me was that I would not acknowledge it. I thank God for early impressions, and for having been reared by one that believed in that religion that is attended with joy in the Holy Ghost, and that is manifested with power from on high. Is not this a rock on which thousands have split? When the Holy Ghost has ceased for a time to reprove them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, (which is not religion, but only a trial of their faith,) they settle down under this sickening calm. But all their arguments to convince me that I had got religion were but as chaff to me. I wanted to feel some of the joy and happiness that I had heard my old mother so often speak of and seemingly manifest, as well as many other Christian witnesses, and of that Comforter that the Bible speaks so much of.

About this time I was in Greencastle, Pa., at a hotel where I had frequently boarded. In the afternoon I retired to my room to obtain sleep. After falling asleep, I dreamed I saw the same vision precisely which I had seen before in Washington and in Baltimore. I dreamed I saw that same glorious and unnatural light filling the room, and, strange as it may appear, I thought I had been brought to my sight; and, to prove the fact, I again brought my hand before my face, and again held

the same soliloquy, recalling to my mind the two former dreams as clearly and as distinctly as if I had really been awake. But to put the case beyond all doubt, I looked minutely at the particular kind of calico of which the bed-quilt was made, as well as at the furniture and the room, believing fully that I was in Greencastle; and to be still more sure, if possible, I raised the window, as in the other places, and beheld the boys playing in the streets, and recognised them. I then knelt, as I thought that I had been brought to sight, and, while praying fervently for spiritual light, my eyes opened again, as before, on darkness. I had another crumb from my Master's table, and felt some of the joys of the upper world.

I now began to look forward to a camp-meeting that was appointed to take place on the fifth of August, by the Methodists, about two miles and a half from my father-in-law's: here I hoped to find relief. Having witnessed the power of God at camp-meetings in my early days, and having heard so many witnesses date their conversion and happy deliverance from the dominion of the power of darkness at such meetings, I had at this time faith to believe that God would bless me there. Accordingly, I went at the beginning of the meeting. The first two days were very rainy, and the Methodists did not seem to get fairly into the stream. The third day came, and I began to feel that time was precious and swiftly passing away, and that unless I

got relief at that camp-meeting, I should be irretrievably lost.

At evening, before the horn sounded for preaching, there was a prayer-meeting in one of the tents, where some were shouting glory, others mourning as the dove and chattering as the swallow, while many voices, male and female, were mingled in fervent prayer for the mourning souls. I was knelt at the bench, wrestling for eternal life. Now the horn sounds for preaching. A suggestion came to me that there was too much excitement there for me, and I had heard Christians tell of getting religion alone under some tree in the woods; so I took the little boy that was my guide, and directed him to lead me a considerable distance down into the woods. Now, it was a rainy, dark, and dismal night; and when we arrived at a place a considerable distance from the camp-ground, where I supposed I should be unmolested by the footsteps of any human being, and where the eye of God only was upon me, there I resolved to wrestle, like Jacob, until he should bless me. It was with some difficulty that I could persuade my little boy to go away and leave me in that dark and lonesome spot; but, as he left me, I charged him to say nothing to any one where I was.

I then knelt at the foot of a tree, the cold rain pattering upon me, and chilling me to the vitals. My tongue seemed to be almost silent and lifeless; I could scarcely utter a word that could be construed

into a prayer; and, instead of its being a retired and quiet spot, it seemed that all the devils about the camp-ground were sent that way to disturb me—cursing, swearing, and blackguarding, and occasionally throwing sticks at me, but none came up to harm me. So I remained in this doleful situation until after preaching, when my little boy came and led me back to the camp. It being so rainy, I think they had no prayer-meeting after preaching, and I went home that night without feeling any relief.

The next day and evening there was preaching; after the sermon closed, at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, mourners were invited to come forward. Now, I had got Calvinistic reprobation nearly disposed of, and my prayer before I went out to the bench was, that God, by some display of his power, would convince me that he had not left me to myself. I went forward deliberately, but with awful solemnity, and knelt down, feeling that I was hanging by a slender thread over the gulf of dark despair. O! how indescribable were my feelings at that time! But I had not been there more than two or three minutes before a sudden trembling, or a spasm, seized me, and I was laid prostrate on my back, as you would lay over an infant. The brethren would often tell me to exercise faith, and to believe the promises of God, which I thought I had a full belief of, and I have since discovered that I had; but it was not a saving belief—it was a mere historical faith.

While I lay thus upon my back the devil introduced to me Unitarianism, and upon that I undertook to exercise my faith. I would direct my mind to the Saviour kneeling in the garden—follow him to Pilate's hall—then to the top of Calvary—view him nailed to the cross—thence to the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea—witness his resurrection and ascension to the skies, and, just as he was about to enter the upper regions, there would seem to be something like a meteor flash over the sky at the place where he entered. At this juncture of the case I would be thrown into spasms, dreadfully convulsed and cramped. Now, the great trouble with me was to get the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost united in one. I would get my eye upon the Saviour in one place, God sitting upon his throne as an earthly potentate, and the Holy Ghost as something so intangible, so to speak, that I could not get them fixed together so as to make them but one God. In this position I lay in silent but sensible invocation for perhaps two hours, being fully resolved if there was any such thing as my exercising faith that I would do it that night. The devil made me believe I had hit on the right plan, and that I was perfectly orthodox, and that if I could only manage to unite the Trinity into one tangible form, I should gain my desired object. So soon as I was relieved from the convulsions of my body, I would begin with the Saviour at Gethsemane, and follow him step by step until his ascension into heaven; then that same flash would vividly

display itself, and that instant I would be thrown into cramp convulsions. Thus I was buffeted with Arianism, until the brethren took me into the tent perfectly sensible of my situation, being convinced that now some other plan must be tried, and that it was in vain for me to attempt to unite the mysterious Three in One.

So, retiring to bed nearly worn out with exhaustion, I fell asleep. The next day I went home and tried to gather up a little rest, determined to make another effort that night for heaven. Between sundown and dark I mounted my horse, with my little boy on behind me, to make my way to meeting. It thundered and lightened very hard on our way thither. Just before we turned down to the camp I saw a flash of lightning as plainly as ever I saw one in my life. You will not forget, reader, that your author was all this time totally blind. I spoke to my boy and asked him if that was not an extraordinary flash of lightning? He replied, "Did you see it?" I told him I did. He then asked me if I saw that one that had flashed that moment with equal glare. I told him I did not. Now, this strengthened my faith. I believed it to be ominous of something good; so I entered the camp with a pretty good hope that I should soon be blessed. It being very rainy, there was no mourner's bench set out. I went into a prayer-meeting in a tent adjoining the one where I lodged. I tried to pray, and seemed to have more liberty in prayer than

usual; and before I left the tent, at twelve o'clock, I began to feel the day-star rising in my soul. I went into my lodging, which was literally filled, with the exception of a space large enough for me to lie down between a hardened old sinner and one of the brethren. I committed my soul to God in prayer, and laid down, feeling a little lighter than I did the night before when I laid down.

All, I believe, were asleep, with the exception of an elderly maiden sister, by the name of Catharine Acre; she was bowed down with the rickets from her youth; her moral as well as her physical features had ever been to me as a root out of dry ground, for, like every other sinner, I saw no beauty in deep, fervent piety, no more than I did in her hunchback. I had been for months previous travelling through Virginia, Washington City, Baltimore, and other places, running after great preachers, and found no relief. Little did I think that I was to be converted under a sermon of less than five minutes in length from aunt Kitty; but I do believe that God kept her awake that night to preach to me, for it is written: "He has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wisdom of the wise, and things that are base and despised hath God chosen to bring to naught things that are;" giving for a reason, "that no flesh or minister should glory in his presence."

She then began to talk about the simplicity of saving faith, and what an easy thing it was to lay

hold of the Saviour, if we could but come down as a little child in asking a parent for bread. I then began to review some of the dealings of the Lord with me. I began back at the Sabbath that he turned me back when on my way to Berkley Springs, and then his taking my idol child the same day—then my month's sickness in Martinsburg—the scattering of my property to the four winds—my rescue from a watery grave—my three singular visions at Washington, Baltimore, and Greencastle, and the flash of lightning I had seen the night before. All these convinced me that God was with me in all these things. I then took a review of the many ways I had tried to exercise faith, and said, Now, Lord, I know of no way that I have not tried, and, like Peter when he was sinking in the deep, I cried: "Lord, thou must save, or I perish forever!" At that moment the blessed Redeemer appeared unto me the one altogether lovely—that moment God, for Christ's sake, forgave all my sins.

"Hail, my blessed Jesus,
  Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
  Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

"O, what mercy flows from heaven,
  O, what joy and happiness!
Love I much?—I 've much forgiven—
  I 'm a miracle of grace.

"Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
  Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
  Till my Saviour pass'd that way.

"Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace.

"Shout, ye bright angelic choir;
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
While astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

"That bless'd moment I receiv'd him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace."

CHAPTER X.

Here, reader, you behold a sinner for the first time in his life, after crossing the line of accountability to God, safely within the gates of the city of refuge, and for the first time feeling that blood applied to his soul which speaketh better things than that of Abel. This was the new birth. Here were some fruits from the tree of life; here were grapes and pomegranates from the holy land; and here was a full and experimental proof that the kingdom of grace is not of meats and drinks—of outward forms and ceremonies—but that the fundamental and soul-cheering principles of the true religion of Jesus Christ are righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. I was now prepared to say, with the psalmist: "Come unto me, all ye that fear the Lord, and

I will tell you what he hath done for my soul: as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he separated my sins from me." I needed not mortal man to come and say to me, "Brother Henry, you have got religion if you will only believe it." O no! Glory be to God, I knew it for myself, for I had the witness within me, for the first time, that my Redeemer lived; and because he lived, I should live with him, for Jesus said to his disciples, "In that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, you in me, and I in you." Christ was then formed within, the hope of glory.

Now I had been able, through faith, to spring the bolt that had barred out the sinner's Friend, when he was saying, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man will hear my voice and open unto me, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." Yes, dear reader, I was then entertaining the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. O what a heavenly honour for a poor fallen rebel! He that had been as a root out of dry ground to me, without form or comeliness, now appeared most divinely fair and beautiful.

I had prescribed many ways, during the hours of my conviction, in which I should be brought out, but all my plans and notions proved futile and illusive. The moment that I received the pledge of love, pardon and peace, I broke out into an involuntary laughter that might have been heard all over the camp-ground, which continued, perhaps,

for five minutes; and, as soon as I could articulate a word, I shouted, for the first time in my life, "Glory to God"—for my soul was full of glory and of God.

By this time our tent was surrounded with a cloud of living witnesses that had been waked up—not by the groanings and cries of the poor blind man—but by shouts and a new song of praise unto Him that had given the victory. About this time sister Keagy, whose tent I was in, came and sat down by my head and sung a heavenly anthem, seemingly with an angelic voice; fancy then pictured her to me as a heavenly messenger, clothed in white raiment; and her appearance is equally vivid to my mind's eye at the present time, and no doubt will so continue till I meet brother and sister Keagy the other side of Jordan, when faith will be swallowed up in sight, and hope in full fruition lost—

"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
Where anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

Perhaps, in this most important period of my whole life, it may be well to pause for a moment and review the dangerous road over which we have just travelled. And you will allow me to exhort you, my dear reader, to enter in at this strait gate, otherwise you cannot go down to your grave in peace; unless you are blessed and holy in this life, you can have no part in the first resurrection, as I understand the Scriptures. I do not mean this

book to be in the least tinctured with sectarianism; but, as our Saviour said to Nicodemus, "We speak that which we do know, and testify that which we have seen." John iii, 11. Alas! how willing will many of my readers be to believe that part of my book which recounts the follies and wickedness of the days of my youth, as well as the business mistakes of my riper years, while what relates to divine and holy things will be disbelieved or rejected by the unconverted.

But you know you have the privilege of receiving or rejecting any portion of these pages you please. The prophet Isaiah saith, "Who has believed our report, and unto whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?" Every soundly converted Christian must believe the report. Yes, you may bring a thousand men and women together into one assembly, who have been truly sprinkled unto pardon and sanctification by the blood of Jesus, and who are now travelling on the King's highway of holiness, and let them give in their testimony, and there will be found none conflicting, and there will be no denial of this heaven-born principle, notwithstanding Providence may have had a way peculiar to each individual in bringing him through the strait gate: some may have come in leaping and shouting, others may have been melted as wax before the sun. But you will hear them all agree in this one important point, that they know they have entered through the door into the sheepfold.

Although they may belong to different denominations, yet they have one shepherd, and they know his voice. Yes, there may be twenty different denominations, each having its own peculiar notions of Church government—speaking as many different tongues, if you please, as were heard on the day of Pentecost—still there will be found harmony of sentiment as to the new birth—they all speak the language of Canaan. I defy the critic, the sceptic, or the infidel, to tell from the testimony they give what denomination they belong to. Yes, glory be to God! some of every nation and kindred, of all sorts and ages, shall stand in that blessed assembly at the last. Dear reader, what are your prospects? —should this lamp of life be blown out at your next breath, would you be left in the dark, or would a convoy of bright angels waft your disembodied spirit to realms of endless bliss, to join the blood-washed throng? Pause, reflect, examine your hope—see if you can read your title clear to that inheritance that is incorruptible and full of glory.

As it is the great object of this work that the reader may profit even by my loss, not only in temporal but in spiritual things, it were well to review some features of my spiritual life thus far. In looking back upon my wanderings from the time I made a solemn league and covenant with God to seek his face till I should find mercy, I find it was five months before I entered in at the strait

gate, and my track was meandering and difficult, like the wandering of the Israelites forty years in the wilderness. But there is a nearer and less difficult way to come to Christ. He was just as ready to receive me into his kingdom the first day of my conviction of sin, had I come to him with full purpose of heart, as he was at the end of my five months' mourning and sorrow. When the children of Israel had been bitten by fiery serpents, Moses was ordered to make a serpent of brass and set it upon a pole, with a promise that whenever a person was bitten, if he looked upon the serpent of brass, he should be healed. This remedy was too simple to be believed—and much people of Israel died—while they were ransacking Arabia from the Red Sea to Jordan for some other antidote for the pangs of the poisonous serpent—gazing at the same time with sorrow upon their putrefying wounds; but every one that did look was healed, however desperate might have been his case. So it was with me: instead of looking at the great Antitype that was lifted up on the cross, with the promise from God that whosoever believed on him should not perish, but have everlasting life, I was gazing on my mountain of sins—on everything but him who was lifted up for the healing of the nations. But, glory be to his name! I was not left to die in the wilderness. There was yet balm in Gilead—

> "When all the doctors' opiates fail,
> This grand specific will prevail."

I was as ignorant of the true and living way as the poor old negro, who, like myself, inquiring what he should do to be saved, was told that he must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling; and accordingly he went to work on his own hook, praying and labouring, weeping and mourning for many long months, till nature was nearly exhausted, when he was constrained to cry out in sore lamentation, "O, good Lord and Massa! I have been working all the ways I know of to obtain salvation, but have been growing worse and worse—and if dar be any help in de world for poor nigger, you 'll have to do it!" And that moment poor Cato shouted, Glory!

This is the true saving faith—when we are brought out of ourselves, and when we make a full surrender of all we have and all we are into the hands of Christ.

> "But drops of grief can ne'er repay
> The debt of love I owe;
> Here, Lord, I give myself away,
> 'T is all that I can do."

Yes, here was the great mistake with me—I was filled too much with my own wisdom and my own works—asking God to convert me for my prayers and tears. If these would gain heaven, it would supersede the necessity of a Saviour: therefore it is of faith and not of works, that it may be of grace. But true repentance and prayers of faith are the

means appointed by our Heavenly Father to obtain the blessings he designs to give.

Now, reader, please go back with me to that happy morning, which was the 10th of August, 1842, and just before the break of day, when I was visited by the day-spring from on high, and when the sun of righteousness dispelled all darkness and doubt and fear from my soul. Here you see my mourning turned into laughter—my sorrowing into shouting—and my bitter tears into tears of delight. He that is in Christ is a new creature. Yes, I felt that old things were done away, and all things had become new. Probably I enjoyed the same feeling of triumph that made David feel as if he could run through a troop and leap over a wall. I had in my mind's eye a perfect view of the encampment—and I had faith to believe that I could walk right upon the preacher's stand alone, and, like Paul on Mars' Hill, preach Jesus and the resurrection. But, like Peter walking on the water, my faith might have failed me. It was to me like the vision of Balaam, when he said, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" The morning sun arose, dispelling darkness from the earth, shining upon the evil and the good, and lightening the pathway of the rich and poor, the white and black; but Providence in mercy had dropped the sable curtain between me and the lovely face of nature—I had looked for the last time on the sun, the moon and the stars—for

the last time had my eyes beheld my dear mother, my loving wife and tender children, till the morning of the resurrection, when Jesus shall come again, with legions of angels, to gather up his jewels. "They shall be mine in that day, saith the Lord." Although he had shut out this vain world forever from my sight, yet, glory be to his holy name, he had now opened to my view an infinitely brighter and happier world, where Jesus bid me come—and whoever will may come.

As I arose in the morning and was washing my face and hands, sister S—— approached me with the morning salutation, and said, "Well, captain, you are washing?" "Yes," I replied, "glory to God, I am washed:" and I felt what I said, that I was washed from my sins in the laver of regeneration—my feet, my hands, my head and my heart; and that moment faith brought a fresh supply of heavenly joy into my soul, which caused me to break out into loud and hearty laughter. She then remarked that her aunt, who slept with her a few tents distant, was quite distressed when she heard me laugh so heartily a few hours previous, saying that poor Captain Henry had become a maniac and lost his mind. "Yes," said I, "I have lost the old carnal mind, and received in the place of it the mind that was in Christ Jesus." This good aunt, like Nicodemus, had come by night, not to inquire what she should do to be saved, for she sat in one of the high seats of the synagogue when at home,

but perhaps to gratify her curiosity with Methodist delusion. Nor was her remark intended as sarcasm, for she was a friend of mine, and a well-wisher of religion; but, like the Jews, she had never seen it after that fashion before.

At eight o'clock that morning there was to be a prayer-meeting in the sheepfold. I was looking to that as a rich gospel feast. The horn soon sounded, and they gathered around the altar, and I with them, full of joy and peace.

> "I did not believe that I ever should grieve,
> That I ever should suffer again."

O! how mistaken are young soldiers when they first enlist under Prince Immanuel—when they have just laid off their rags of sin, and clothed themselves from head to foot with the armour of righteousness—aye, while they are exulting with heavenly courage, the war-bugle may summon them to the battle where the veteran's nerve will be required. So it was with me. As I knelt during the first prayer, the archfiend made a dreadful assault—I trembled like the aspen leaf. O! what horror and darkness brooded over my soul, when he suggested to me that I had no religion—that my joys and laughter were ridiculous in the extreme—and that I had not only been gulled myself, but had deceived all the brethren. Probably I had never done anything in my life that made me feel half so mean or ashamed as the ridiculous farce he made me believe I had been acting. My awful distress of mind was

attended with spasms of body, until I requested to be led out of the prayer-circle into the tent. Yes, gladly would I have been led into a deep cavern of the earth, where no human eye could have seen me. O! how little I knew of his devices! Even in this state of the case I remembered my covenant at the hotel in Virginia, and asked God to renew it again; and if I had not got religion, I was bound to have it, or die in the attempt. I then went home, a distance of two or three miles, and went into my closet, and when I had shut the door I wrestled again for eternal life, and, glory be to God! I found relief—light again broke into my soul, and I returned to the camp rejoicing. Here was the first battle, and the first victory. Thank God, the devil could not get me, by all his wiles, basely to desert the army of the Lord. This was the last night of the camp-meeting. All was calm, and sunshine, and joy in my soul. The next morning they all met at the altar, and had a parting address from brother Tarring, a preacher and a disciple whom Jesus loved.

I then joined the class on probation, and there was not a doubt then in my mind, nor has there been since, that my name was recorded in the Church triumphant in the Lamb's book of life. May the Lord give me grace, wisdom, patience and strength to triumph over every temptation and every obstacle in this life, that when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and the books are

opened, my name may be found legibly inscribed in the Lamb's book of life. While brother Tarring was addressing the converts, he said: "You think you are now about as happy as you can be; but, if you are faithful, you have received but a drop of divine grace in comparison to the ocean of love that awaits you." I thought that brother T. must certainly be mistaken, for I felt that I was already in the ocean. But even three years and a half experience has proved that I had but a crumb in comparison to the large slice of the bread of life which I have since had.

I now returned home to my father-in-law's, fully in the faith that when I should tell them the story of what Jesus had done for me, and how happy I felt in his love, they must certainly one and all rejoice with me, and that I could state the case and plan of redemption so clearly that they could not refrain from embracing the Saviour at once—they that had not already found him. I spoke with holy boldness and in full assurance of faith, but it was as an idle tale—which caused my heart to bleed. The very first thought that came into my mind, after I had received the pledge of love, was a prayer that my wife might be converted—and my second desire was to fly to my dear mother, to tell her that her only child had found Jesus—that her prayers and tears of more than thirty years for the conversion of my poor soul had at length been answered; and from that time onward I continued to hold up

my companion, in the arms of faith, to the throne of mercy, until the 12th of November, 1843, when she was brought into the kingdom and shouted "Glory!"—it being a little over a year from the time I was converted. Immediately after I returned from the camp-meeting, I wrote to my mother the following letter:—

GREENCASTLE, *Aug.* 13*th*, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received your affectionate letter of the 3d of July, which brought tears of joy from your afflicted children. O! mother, I am ungrateful, when I say I am afflicted, for it seems I am now the happiest man living. Last Wednesday morning, about one o'clock, at a camp-meeting near this place, after I had retired to my bed, my blessed Jesus pardoned all my sins, and spoke peace to my troubled soul; and, glory be to God, he has filled my heart with the fulness of joy. O, mother! nothing short of the pen of an angel could describe my feelings. O that I could be with you, and shout hallelujah to my blessed Jesus! I can now see his divine hand and his wonder-workings with me for one year past, and I can now sweetly kiss the rod of my affliction. I have been seeking the Lord for about four months, under a heavy load of sin, and have been borne along in a most singular manner, and with strange dreams and visions; however, a week would not be sufficient to write what I have to say to you, and I must hold it in reserve

until I come home, which I hope will be as early as October.

Father Brown has advertised his property for sale. I will send you a bill of the sale. I have been very actively engaged during the summer in trying to close up my business with the various corporations, and I expect I shall be obliged to have a lawsuit with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, which will bring me back to this country for a season. I can now sing,

"O tell me no more of this world's vain store."

But duty and circumstances compel me to deal with an unfriendly world. Thank God, this is not my abiding place; I seek a city out of sight. Susan is trying to seek religion—her health is not very good this summer. Her little babe is now tolerably well. We are both anxious to come home; Susan sends her best love to you and father, and all the rest of our friends in that country. Many of your acquaintances in this country inquire about you, and wish to be remembered in my letter to you.

Dear mother, you were the first one I thought of after my happy emancipation, and I wished you had been with me—we would have shouted together. I have a small boy that writes for me, and waits on me. We are living at home. Father Brown and Mrs. Work send their love to you; the old man is feeble. Write me, mother, soon. Give my best love to father and all the rest of my friends. I now

close these glad-tidings, dear to your heart, knowing that you will still pray for me as you have done—that if we meet no more in this world, we are bound to meet on Canaan's happy shore. May God grant it. Amen.

Your affectionate son,

G. W. HENRY.

P. S. I have almost forgotten to tell you that I am entirely blind, and most likely always shall be. My health and spirits are good.

The next week there was a Methodist camp-meeting in Maryland, about ten miles from my home. I went at the beginning of the feast; there were about five hundred white members, and nearly the same number of coloured, and I think about eighty tents, forming an entire circle, with the preachers' stand in the middle; the coloured people's tents forming a half-circle by themselves; there was a sort of pole fence that divided the grounds of the blacks and the whites at preaching hours. Each would congregate at the same time by themselves in front of the stand—occasionally a coloured preacher would address them; the whites would sometimes mingle with the blacks at their prayer-meetings; the blacks were the life of the camp-meeting. Nine out of ten of them would have a melodious voice for singing; and it seems the more they sing, the better they get. You might hear them singing, praying, and shouting, at a great dis-

tance from the camp-ground; and I think they enjoy, as a body taken together, quite as much religion as the whites in that part of Maryland, and in the northern part of Virginia. Probably one-third of them are free, it being an agricultural part of the country; and it would be impossible for a stranger to discover which were free, or which were bond, either in State or in Church, for they are generally taught to know their place, which is prescribed to them by the white population, whether it be right or wrong.

But to return to the camp-meeting. There was a good feeling generally pervading the encampment; as for me, I was wading in that stream of glory that the prophet Ezekiel waded in till he found it so deep that he swam. The meeting grew better and better, and the last night I was bathing and swimming in the ocean of love. It was a Pentecost to me and many others. There was little or no sleeping in the camp that night. About three o'clock in the morning the negroes formed a procession of about five hundred, and marched around within the circle, singing a farewell hymn, while they were joined in song (not in procession) by the whites, which made the welkin ring. Then they formed a different circle, and gave each a parting hand, accompanied by many with weeping and shouting; then each struck his tent at break of day, and moved homeward; and they received a promise from their masters that they should have another jubilee the next year of the

same kind, on condition of good behaviour; and this, with another jubilee during the holidays of Christmas, serves to sweeten their bitter cup for the whole year.

And to me was that night fulfilled that promise of the Lord spoken by Malachi the prophet, third chapter tenth verse: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Brother Young preached on the subject of the day of Pentecost. At the close of his discourse, the Holy Ghost, as a mighty rushing wind, came into my soul. I arose from my seat and gave two or three jumps, and then my strength failed me, and I was literally laid upon the ground; and felt to say, like the immortal Fletcher on such occasions, "Lord, stay thy hand!" for it seemed that the windows of heaven, according to prophecy, were opened upon my soul, so that there was not room in the earthen vessel to receive it. I then learned the secret of the language of the apostle, "When I am weak, then am I strong;" which before had seemed to me paradoxical. And I was not alone at this gospel-feast; many old saints reeled and fell under the power of God, whilst the cry and the groan were heard from the sinner, "Lord, have mercy on my soul!" Brother Young leaped from the stand as a giant exhilarated with wine, and went through the congregation shouting

and exhorting, and the holy fire seemed to run amongst the stubble with a perfect blaze.

I had sometimes been tempted, during the week, at some scenes enacted by both sexes when their cup was running over with heavenly rapture, that seemed to me rather frantic, although I did not doubt their honesty or ecstasy of feeling, but thought that their outward manifestations seemed to be according to no rules of etiquette, yet I had very charitably passed it by as a weakness; but I was effectually cured of my gross mistake, as to the movings of the Spirit on the hearts of the children of the kingdom. Dear reader, whether you be old or young, grave or jovial, do not forget that it is your privilege to think what you please, or to make any remarks that may seem to you proper, about your humble servant, or his simple narration: you have a right to believe (if it so seems to you) that this is all fanaticism, and a perfect humbug; but always keep this one thing in your mind, that these outward exhibitions, such as shouting, jumping, laughing, and falling, proceed either from the throne of God and the Lamb, or from the prince and power of darkness. We read of but two spirits in the world, and they are diametrically opposite to each other; but I would give you this timely warning, that if it shall prove in eternity that they proceed from the Spirit of God, it will be with confusion of face that you will then learn that you have been fighting against God, and perhaps ridiculing his

cause; and that the King shall say unto you, "Depart, ye cursed! for inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I have more than once been told by my charitable neighbours, that they believed that professors of religion often worked themselves up into a delusion. Glory to God, it is a happy delusion—something I never experienced till the 10th of August, 1842, about one o'clock in the morning—and I have often found it more abundant since that time, and now, while dictating these pages, my heart is all in a flame of this happy feeling which my so charitable neighbours call a delusion of an enthusiastic brain—and, thank God, I know it is Christ formed within me the hope of glory. Suppose, kind reader, whoever you may be that thinks this a delusion of the imagination produced by artificial means, that you go into some secluded spot, and try if you can work yourself up into this delusion—see if you can start forth a flood of tears, as rivers of delight—see if you can cause all your physical strength to depart, while all the faculties of your mind remain to you serene and unclouded—prove it to be a delusion by demonstration like this, and then may you well be satisfied with the truth of your notions—but not till then. Perhaps there is not one of my readers that has relished the pleasures of this world more than I have, or has drunk deeper of them; but I count them all as husks and chaff, in comparison to what I call the religion of Jesus Christ.

"I sought for bliss in glittering toys,
I ranged the luring streams of vice,
But never knew substantial joys
Until I heard my Saviour's voice."

I agree with the apostle that religion is not a cunningly devised fable. But then, as you know that you have a license to think of these things as you like, please come back with me to the camp-meeting, for I have more of these things to tell you that look so foolish to you, before I get through with what I have to say, although but a few will be told in comparison to what I may relate to you if we shall be permitted to shout together in that eternal world of joy to the praise and glory of Him that hath loved us—but let us return to where the author was left lying upon the ground. After I had lain there a few minutes physical strength returned to me, while my soul was full of glory and of God. "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." John xiv, 23. Yes, reader, on that very condition we may carry about with us the Father and Son, and every sanctified believer that walks in the Spirit enjoys that sacred privilege; and it is just as much my privilege and yours to walk with God, and have the daily testimony that we please him, as it was the privilege of Enoch. Your unbelieving heart will deny this, whilst at the very next breath you will very correctly, perhaps, charge some of your neighbours

with being full of the devil. Christ has no communion with Belial, neither has the temple of God any agreement with idols.

> "The dearest idol I have known,
> Whate'er that idol be,
> Help me to tear it from thy throne,
> And worship only thee."

I do not think, after I felt the slaying power that night, that I uttered a prayer to God for more of the Spirit, for I was already filled to overflowing. But even at this joyful period Satan was busy with his suggestions. His great fear was that I should wound the cause of religion by such outward demonstrations, and such loud shouting. I rather fell in with his notion, thinking I was acting too much the negro for a white man. But my case was like that of one whom Bunyan describes in his Pilgrim's Progress—where the interpreter took one of the pilgrims into a room and showed him a fire burning against a wall, with the devil casting on water, but the more water he threw on the higher and hotter grew the flame. The pilgrim inquired of the interpreter the meaning of that figure. He then took him around behind the wall, and showed him a man with a vessel of oil in his hand—and as the devil threw water on the fire this person poured on the oil, which served to increase the flame. Then said Christian to the interpreter, "What means this?" "This," answered the interpreter, "is Christ, who continually with the oil of his grace maintains

the flame of love in the heart, by means of which, notwithstanding what the devil can do, the souls of his people are gracious still." This was the promise made to Paul, when he thrice prayed for the thorn to be removed from his flesh, "My grace is sufficient for you"—and this grace was not given to Paul only, but it is given to every humble cross-bearing follower of the Lord Jesus.

> "When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,
> The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
> For I will stand by thee thy troubles to bless,
> And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
>
> "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
> My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply,
> The flames shall not hurt thee—I only design
> Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

So, as the devil undertook to quench that flame of angelic fire that was burning on the altar of my heart, Christ poured in the oil of his grace:

> "Then my soul mounted higher
> In a chariot of fire,
> Nor did envy Elijah his seat."

Nevertheless, fearing that I might not walk, or talk, or shout according to the prescribed notions of some of the Pharisees or lukewarm brethren, I requested to be led into the preachers' tent about one o'clock in the morning, when I thought I might settle down into a clear sunshine of joy and peace. All the preachers had left the tent but old father Monroe, a superannuated preacher, who had also re-

tired from that throng that were too full of heavenly rapture to sleep. Here I lay down, but not to sleep. I was like the inflated balloon, which, tied to the earth by a single cord till the aëronaut mounts his car and cuts the cord, then ascends heavenward far above all sublunary things; so was my soul filled with the heavenly atmosphere of God's love, and had the silken thread then been severed, would have soared away and found an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Soon after I had lain down brother Young came, filled with the Spirit to overflowing, and lay down with me. This was like putting two firebrands together. Brother Young was a sober, steady and sedate preacher. We had both retired for the same object—to keep from shouting aloud to the praise of God—but in this we were overruled, and I do not know that I was ever so mechanically shaken at any other time, although by unseen hands, as I was then for about three minutes, so that the row of bunks fell down. The shaking, I think, I could not have helped had it been to save my life. In this state of the case, as we leaped from the bunk, old father Monroe being disconcerted by his fall, cried out, "Turn them out!" which was, however, pronounced in love, his only desire being that we might have more room to give vent to the overflowings of the Spirit; yet the devil took advantage of it, and began to throw cold water, suggesting to me that in all the revellings of my frolicksome

life I was never ordered out of doors before, and "Turn him out!" was continually sounding in my ears as gratingly as possible, till I left the camp-ground, which I did the next morning at nine o'clock.

But, thank God, the oil of his grace was sufficient to keep the fire burning; and, blessed be his name, the devil has never been able to quench that hallowed flame which glows in my heart, even now, while I dictate to the writer the scenes of that happy night.

I beg pardon of the reader (if pardon be needed) for keeping him so long at this camp-meeting. Perhaps my feelings are something like Peter's when on the mount of transfiguration, when our Saviour removed the veil of his human nature for a moment and showed his disciples that glory that shall hereafter be revealed to those that die in the Lord: Peter wanted to build there three tabernacles, for he said it was good for him to be there. But it was not for Peter to remain always on the mount, nor was it for your author always to remain at the camp-meeting. So we will bid our brethren and sisters farewell—night finds us at home again.

CHAPTER XI.

At this time there was another camp-meeting held within about two miles and a half of home, by a sect called the "United Brethren in Christ." They are quite numerous in Pennsylvania and Ohio: they are called by some the "Dutch Methodists"—they are generally an humble, devoted, and pious people. The next morning after breakfast I moved towards that encampment, and, like the prophet, I felt "the fire shut up in my bones," and it took but a gentle breeze from Canaan to fan it into a flame. This was a morning of the love-feast; and long before I reached the camp-ground the heavenly music fell upon my ear, and I longed to be there. I hastened my horse and was soon on the outside of the camp. It seemed to me my boy was an unusual length of time in fastening the horse, while I could, seemingly, like blind Bartimeus, or the lame man that was healed, have leaped and praised the Lord. But I soon found an entrance into the sheepfold, and began to

—— "tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I had found."

I was so filled with holy rapture, and had so much to tell of the goodness of God, that I should probably have taken up nearly all the time that was allotted for the love-feast, had not one of the preachers, in the kindest manner, requested me to give

way for other witnesses. The devil again began to throw cold water, by telling me I had degraded myself and my connexions—that I talked very simple for a man of my age and pretensions. I have no doubt but that what I said sounded foolish to the wise of this world, for I was a mere babe in Christ. Before going to the meeting I had resolved in my own mind to be rather reserved, it not being my own Church; but that was all forgotten at the first joyful sound borne on the wings of the morning to my ears from the camp. Falling in again with the suggestions of his Satanic majesty, who professed such a guardian care for the Church, and especially for one of the lambs of the flock that had so lately deserted from his dark dominions, I was determined to take my seat during the rest of the exercises out in the congregation, and be decent, trusting to the charity of my brethren and friends to overlook what had passed. In the afternoon the horn sounded for preaching, and I seated myself back in the congregation; but, as the preacher began to hold up the blessed Jesus to my view, salvation's well began to spring up in my soul. I began to feel like shouting glory, and more like leaping for joy, than sitting orderly on my bench. "It came in floods, I could not contain;" I therefore got down on my knees and stopped my mouth as much as possible with my handkerchief till I began to feel distressed in body and in mind, so that I was quite exhausted. When the meeting broke up I was laid on the bench

with the same convulsions and cramps that I had the night before I was converted, and was taken home in a very different state of feeling from what I entered upon the camp-ground on that morning. I was sensible I had grieved the Spirit, and had yielded to the temptations of the devil. But I found relief that night at the throne of grace, where I promised God I would ever praise him according to the dictation of his Holy Spirit.

I now had to leave the camp of Israel to deal with a cold-hearted world, where God is not known, and where money is prized higher than heaven. I have already informed the reader of the immense amount of unsettled business I had with various corporations in different States. Here I learned a lesson that convinced me of the total depravity of the human heart; for in all my life I never had more black-hearted villany practised on me than here, in my poverty and infirmities, while trying to settle up my business; the most unmanly advantages were taken of me, as well by individuals as by corporations, which, most emphatically, "have no souls."

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless millions mourn."

Still, amidst all these trials I found many green spots in the desert. O, what a blessed gospel, that sheds its heavenly dew on every branch that abideth in the true vine!

"Though troubles assail us,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail us,
And foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide."

In all the changeful and trying affairs of life, (and it is said that these afflictions shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,) we have the full assurances of his promise to comfort us; and what is better, we may have his Spirit to cheer us and make us rejoice in enduring our trials; and when God's children are filled with his love, they will soon find each other out without much formality of introduction. They all drink from the same fountain—they should always carry with them the visible marks of the Lord Jesus. I once heard a story of two converted heathen, of different nations, who had been taught the way of salvation in different languages. They happened to meet while travelling with caravans over a desert, and, while watering their camels, they discovered in each other some of these visible marks of Christian brotherhood; but the great difficulty was to communicate each other's ideas, as they did not understand each other's language. They both knelt on the sand, in the attitude of imploring the throne of grace, when, it recurring to one of them that his missionary had told him that the word *hallelujah* was transmitted in every language alike, he shouted "Hallelujah!" which was responded by his converted brother, like

an echo; and the other, remembering that his missionary had told him that the word *amen* was transmitted alike in all languages, exclaimed, "Amen!" "Amen!" rejoined the other—and thus they shouted "Hallelujah" and "Amen," to the praise of Him who shall have "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession."

O, my brethren, open your eyes, and look forward to that day to which Enoch, the first of all the prophets, and John, the last of all the apostles, direct our faith; when the great Shepherd shall gather together, in one fold, some of all nations and of all ages: and then shall all speak one language, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

"Sweet glories rush upon my sight,
  And charm my wondering eyes;
The regions of immortal light,
  The beauties of the skies!

"All hail! ye fair celestial shores,
  Ye lands of endless day;
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
  And drives my griefs away.

"Short is the passage—short the space
  Between my home and me;
There! there behold the radiant place—
  How near the mansions be!

"Immortal wonders! boundless things
  In those dear worlds appear!
Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
  And in those glories share."

CHAPTER XII.

My father-in-law being at this time brought upon his bed of death, prevented our contemplated visit to the north; and my wife and I remained with him during a painful sickness, until the 26th of December, which day closed his earthly career, he being about seventy years of age. Long shall I remember that solemn and impressive scene when the family were weeping around his death-couch, although I could not see. The death-rattle—the faint flickering of the expiring breath—the fluttering of the spirit to free itself from its earthly entanglements, half desirous, half reluctant to leave its dilapidated tenement of clay and soar away to its native skies—the impressions which these made can never be effaced from my memory. But

"Why start at Death? where is he? Death arrived
Is past; not come, or gone, he's never here,
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man
Receives, not suffers, Death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one."

And to continue Dr. Young's heaven-inspired reflections on this subject, I beg leave to add, and would impress it on my reader's mind, that—

"Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Thro' chinks, styled organs, dim life peeps at light;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.
Death has feign'd evils nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven,
By tyrant Life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd?
By Death enlarged, ennobled, deified?
Death but entombs the body, Life the soul.
"'Is Death then guiltless? how he marks his way
With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
Art, genius, fortune, elevated power;
With various lustres these light up the world,
Which Death puts out and darkens human race.'
"I grant, Lorenzo, this indictment just;
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles these; more barbarous Life the man.
Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite, divine!
Death has no dread but what frail Life imparts:
Nor Life true joy but what kind Death improves.
No bliss to boast, till Death can give
Far greater, Life's a debtor to the grave;
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day!
"Lorenzo, blush at fondness for a life
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater for the sense, and serve at boards
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper-hand.
Luxurious feasts! a soul, a soul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemired!
Lorenzo, blush at terror for a death
Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
Where nectar sparkle, angels minister,
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown
And eternise the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more? O Death! the palm is thine,

"Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age and disease: Disease, though long my guest,
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Lust and Ambition, Wrath and Avarice,
Dragged at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O Death, is thine.
Our day of dissolution!—name it right,
'T is our great pay-day! 't is our harvest, rich
And ripe. What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scars us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and Death's deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-tax'd Nature pays
For mighty gain; the gain of each a life!
But O! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies compared; Life lives beyond the grave.

"And feel I, Death, no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
With every noble thought and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns!
Death, that absolves my birth, a curse without it!
Rich Death, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's source and subject still subsist unhurt;
One in my soul, and one in her great sire,
Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
Yes, and from winds and waves, and central night,
Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
(To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres,)

And live entire, Death is the crown of life;
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain:
Were death denied, to live would not be life:
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!
Spring from our fetters, fasten in the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight;
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost,
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I die?—when shall I live forever?"

The night of my father-in-law's death I bowed for the first time at the family-altar, which, by the help of the Lord, has ever since been kept up within my household, when at all practicable. Here followed some trials and temptations of a worldly nature, which I now see I was not able to bear with that Christian fortitude and meekness that became a child of grace. When I was a child, says the apostle, I acted as a child. I had not grace "that beareth all things, and endureth all things;" but, thanks be to God, he never has laid upon me any temptation but what he gave grace to deliver me, and has thus far delivered me out of them all.

The reader will recollect that I said the first prayer I offered up after my conversion was that my wife might speedily be brought into the ark of safety. I believe she soon (as she says herself) resolved to get religion, but intended to obtain it in the most genteel manner, and make no noise about it. Soon after the death of her father, she condescended (she thought it a condescension) to go

to class-meeting with me. The next Sabbath she was still more willing to go, and began to think, by this time, that it was not the worst place in the world. Soon after, there was a protracted meeting in Greencastle, and she was persuaded to kneel at the mourners' bench; but it was done with a world of precision, her face concealed by her handkerchief, as if very much ashamed of what she was doing, while not so much as a whisper of prayer could be heard to escape her lips. This ceremony she performed several times, claiming pardon for her sins (if she had any,) and religion because she had condescended to perform those so very humiliating ceremonies. The protracted meeting being brought to a close, she joined the Methodist Church on probation, went to class-meeting regularly, had a well-set speech made up, which was delivered in as genteel a manner as need be. I was now more troubled about her soul than ever. There was a good old preacher that used to say that the devil had two cradles which he rocked his children to sleep in—the big cradle was the world, and his little one the Church, while he sung the lullaby of "Peace, peace," when God has not spoken peace. I feared this was her condition, and frequently told her she had not one spark of religion, which was rather offensive to her, for I doubt not she honestly thought she had religion; and she would reply that she thought she had as much as I; and truly, if religion consisted of outward forms and ceremonies, she had. I pray-

ed and wrestled with God to convict her of her sins, and bring her out of that horrid pit of cold formality. I seemed to have almost if not quite as much anxiety for the salvation of her soul as my own. In this dangerous position she remained about six months.

I knew the very same Saviour yet lived who heard the prayer of the importunate Canaanitish woman, who plead in behalf of her unregenerated daughter, and that he lived to answer prayer. I discovered that she began to feel the sting of an awakened conscience; the strong man that had kept his place in peace was now being bound by the hand of Omnipotence. She was now willing to bow the knee and cry aloud for mercy; she felt that she was a great sinner, and needed a Saviour; she then sought him with her whole heart, and, glory be to God, she found him to the joy and comfort of her soul, when shouts of glory, that filled the old church, told to all around that she had learned the new song; there was joy on earth, and joy in heaven, for a sinner was converted. We cannot say that we have walked like Zachariah and Elizabeth, blameless in all the ordinances of the Lord, but we have been happy in the love, and have been trying continually to grow in grace and in the knowledge of God. Previous to her conversion, she would return home from class-meeting much amused at having heard the brethren talk of their many trials and sore temptations, to which she was a stranger.

This was to my mind one strong evidence that she was unconverted; for, "They that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

I have been thus particular in writing this portion of the experience of my wife, which I learned not only from observation but also from her own mouth, that the reader may profit by it. Perhaps he may already be rocked to sleep in one or the other of these cradles of carnal security; if so, I pray God to awaken him from this dangerous lethargy. O, how disappointed will that soul be that shall be thrust down to hell, whose hopes were as high as heaven! It is not all that say, Lord, Lord, that shall enter into the kingdom, but they only that do the will of my Father which is in heaven. "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not professed in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works; then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Dear reader, remember that these are the words of the blessed Saviour, and they shall stand when this world is no more. He refers to that great day when the righteous shall be separated from the wicked, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats. Shall you or I hear that terrible sentence from the Judge, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?" Dear reader, permit me to exhort you to pause—reflect—think on these words—remember

they are from the mouth of God; let me also warn you against presuming ever to hear "Come, thou blessed of my Father," spoken to you in that great day, without solemn repentance before God for your sins, and an entire change of heart unto holiness before you go down to your grave. An unholy soul would be a fearful intruder among the blood-washed assembly. I care not how orthodox your opinions, or what the name of your Church; there shall in no wise enter into that city anything that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they that are written in the Lamb's book of life, and they only shall be there.

My wife being now safely in the kingdom of grace, I held up in the arms of faith a young girl, an orphan, whom Providence had brought into my family, illiterate and poor; but, thank God, if there are promises more specially belonging to one class of mortals than another, it is to the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind; they may in Christ a hearty welcome find. I endeavoured to point out to her the way of salvation as plainly as possible, telling her that Christ was an especial guardian to the orphan. In about six months she was converted, after a severe struggle of conviction. Soon after, as her mourning was turned into joy, and I heard her shout "Glory to God!" these words of Scripture, which heretofore had been a mystery to me, were now made plain; when our Saviour turned his eyes towards heaven, he said, "Father,

I thank thee that these things are not committed to the wise and prudent, but they are revealed unto babes." Yes, if the gospel had been confided to a few of the literary of this world, the poor untaught orphan would very likely never know the way of life; but, thank God, the sage, the philosopher, and the prince, are here placed on a level with the little child; "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." My family were now all in the ark of safety—my little Fanny was in heaven—the rest, through sovereign grace, prepared to follow. Thank God for his mercy and his truth!

"Religion! thou the soul of happiness.
And groaning Calvary, of thee, there shine
The noblest truths; there strongest motives sting;
There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There nothing but compulsion is forborne.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun.
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflamed? his tenderness on fire?
Like soft, smooth oil, out-blazing other fires?
Can prayers, can praise avert it? Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise,
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meanest, even to me;
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!"

CHAPTER XIII.

It was in the fall of 1843 that we made our contemplated trip to the North. Here I met my dear mother for the first time after losing my temporal vision and receiving spiritual sight; and a happier embrace had never a mother and a son. Like Simeon of old she might have said, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," "for my son was dead and is alive again—was lost and is found." Who can fathom a mother's love for her child—a love spontaneous, boundless, divine!

After killing the fatted calf and making merry with my brethren and sisters of this country for a while, we prepared to return to the South. About this time I had a very agreeable dream, which I will venture to relate, with no other apology to the unbelieving reader who may be disposed to turn up his philosophic nose at the mention of a dream, than, that it is simply a dream, signifying something or nothing, and he is at liberty to attach as much (and no more) significance to it as he may feel disposed; barely reminding him at the same time of the dreams and visions so frequently spoken of in the Bible. God often visited the patriarchs of old in dreams and visions of the night; and man is the same now as then, and God is unchangeable. I dreamed I was in the Masonic Hall, in the village

of Frankfort, where the Methodists hold their meetings. I thought I was engaged in a little prayer-circle. I looked out-doors and beheld a general wreck of matter; the Hall, with other things, demolished about me. I thought I began to rise, being clothed in a long white robe; and as I gradually ascended my soul became full of glory, and I shouted aloud, which awakened my wife. I was at this time, as it appeared to me, about one hundred feet above the earth, still ascending, when she broke the gentle spell that bound me, and realized to me that I was still an inhabitant of the earth. Although it turned out to be a dream, I do not know that I was ever much happier in my life than when I awoke. You will recollect the dreams I had while striving to enter into the kingdom of grace, which I have related to you. I did not dream myself into the kingdom—I was wide awake and clothed in my right mind when I entered; so I expect to be in the morning of the resurrection, when the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, and with the sound of the trump and the voice of the archangel, when he shall come to gather up his jewels, when he shall bring up his saints from the beds of dust and darkness, then shall the ransomed of the Lord drop their death-shrouds, and rise in the image of their Saviour, shouting glory! as they are caught up to meet him in the air—a bright army that will not be a dream, but a sublime and glorious reality.

This dream was about the time that much was said about the second coming of Christ, which, no doubt, was the occasion of my dream. Many virgins arose that year and trimmed their lamps, and were prepared at midnight, at cock-crowing, or at noon-day, to go forth with joy to meet their Lord. But, alas! how changed are the times, even in the short space of three years. Where thousands were then saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," we now hear, by word or action, "The Lord delayeth his coming." At the time when Millerism, as it was called, was all the rage, I neither believed nor disbelieved Mr. Miller's theory, nor troubled myself much about it; but I will say it was a means of my preparing more oil for my journey, and of trimming my lamp. I love to dwell on the doctrine of the resurrection. Very probably the first thing I shall ever see will be my Lord coming in the clouds in great glory, and all his holy angels with him. The promise is, that every eye shall see him. He is the very same Physician that opened the eyes of blind Bartimeus, and caused him to shout and leap for joy. If the opening of the eyes of the blind on this vain and transitory world should cause so much joy, how infinitely more rapturous shall be that glorified body that shall be permitted to gaze on the Redeemer in his native glory, with all the honours of heaven upon him! Then to turn and gaze upon that blood-washed throng of unnumbered millions, how glorious the scene! There shall be

no night there, for the Lord God shall give them light, and they shall reign forever and ever. Dear reader, by the grace of God, even at this moment, as for the last six months past, I can in my heart respond to the last words in the Bible, "Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus;" blessed is that servant that is found watching when his Lord cometh. O Lord, arouse to-day the sleeping, foolish virgins.

"Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

"See, his mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.

"At his presence Nature shakes;
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax;
What will then become of thee?

"Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?

"Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gates of death.

"Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys."

We were now ready to return to the South, by the way of New-York and Philadelphia. The reader has already been informed of my property, as to this world's goods. I could, with simple honesty, have said, in the language of Shakspeare, "He that steals my purse, steals trash;" and, as it is a part of my creed that faith and works should go together in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, I could not with confidence look up to God and ask him to feed and clothe my little family without an effort on my part to obtain a livelihood for them. I had resolved in my own mind to learn to make brushes, in spite of the opposition of many of my friends, who did not believe I could ever learn the art; but my courage, which hitherto had been most valiant when at the foot of the hill, was not in the least abated by temporal blindness. The thoughts of being dependent on the cold charities of a selfish world I was unable to endure. Consequently I remained one day with my family, in Philadelphia, and went to the Blind Institute of that city, and requested some instruction in the art of brush-making, telling them I could not remain more than one day to learn the trade, in consequence of the expenses of keeping my family there. They replied that they would, with pleasure, give me all the instruction they could in that time, but that it generally took three years to become accomplished in that trade. I soon found myself at the bench trying to make a coarse brush. Here was a trial of faith and patience.

I worked about seven hours and made two coarse brushes. I bought tools and a lot of stock, and packed them up. I was full of hope, promising myself the greatest success in the business of brush-making. But I must tell you something of this benevolent institution.

It lies in the upper part of the city, near Fairmount Water-works. It is a large, beautiful, and well-arranged edifice, with a spacious park and gravel-walks, where the blind promenade. It has generally from eighty to a hundred blind students, who there acquire a knowledge of the rudiments of English literature, and there learn to play on almost every kind of musical instrument, by means of embossed notes, which they read with their fingers, by the sense of feeling. The male pupils, when out of school, are occupied in making brushes, weaving, making boots and shoes, &c. The females are engaged at making variegated bead-work of every kind. It happened to be the night of their annual lyceum that I was there. It was not to be public, but I was invited to stay. A while before sundown, several of the graduates of that and of other like institutions came in from their various occupations in the city, in order to participate in the entertainments. From the time tea was over till they met in the assembly-room, their attention was occupied in social conversation on the general topics of the day, in promenading, music, singing, reading, &c.; all seeming to be as familiar with things foreign and

domestic as if enjoying their organs of vision. At the hour appointed for the meeting of the lyceum there were about one hundred blind persons seated in the assembly-room. I believe every person in the room was blind, and I do not know whether there was any light in the room or not. Their president called the meeting to order, when the secretary read the proceedings of the last former meeting. They then considered and passed upon some resolutions, all done in the most regular parliamentary order. An address was delivered by Mr. Berry, a graduate of that institution, which was very appropriate, and spoken in an elegant manner; after which I made some remarks, with a heart overflowing with gratitude at seeing, or rather perceiving, so many of my blind companions made so comfortable, and furnished with such excellent facilities for cultivating their minds, and for becoming masters of the useful arts, by which to procure a livelihood. I think a majority of them had embraced religion. As I was about to leave, they gathered around me to bid me farewell, with as much sympathy and cordial fellow-feeling as could be manifested by a band of brothers and sisters, who were about to give the parting hand to one of their own number. All were there comparatively happy; but, alas! not one knew what lay in his pathway to the lonesome grave—how many sunless days and starless nights. Who can sympathize with the blind but the blind? Who can properly value the facili-

ties which God bestows till deprived of them? Who can duly estimate the value of time but he to whom time is no more?

"On all important time, through every age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urged, the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
'I 've lost a day'—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown:
Of Rome? say, rather lord of human race!
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: so reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile;
Who crushes time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored."

Think of this, ye rich worldlings, who are robbing God of his tithes and offerings. You will never gather together enough of this world's goods to buy an hour, or purchase a wedding-garment for the supper of the Lamb. May the Lord give you wisdom to lay up treasures in heaven, by properly improving on the gifts which God has bestowed, that when earth, with all its specious wealth, shall have passed away, you may have an inheritance with the saints in light.

At twelve o'clock that night I was seated in the cars, for Greencastle, with my little family and my apparatus and stock for brush-making, and that night we were welcomed home by the kindly greet-

ing of many good neighbours, about one hundred and sixty miles from Philadelphia, and just one mile from Greencastle village, Franklin County.

You remember we have just returned from the North. After adjusting our little household affairs we resumed housekeeping. I fitted me up a brush-making bench, and went to work at my new trade, fully testing my faith, courage, and patience. In a few weeks I could turn out a brush elegant enough to dust the pontifical cloak of his holiness the Pope. I can now make twenty-five brushes in less time and with much less trouble than it took to make my first two at the Blind Institute; so that by brush-making and broom-making, through the blessing of a kind Providence, I have been able to keep my little barrel and cruse from being entirely empty, although I have seldom had beforehand more than five dollars worth of provisions at a time. But then, you know we are required to ask, day by day, for our daily bread. Yet I am often rebuked for my distrust of Providence by these words of our Saviour, "O, ye of little faith!" There is one text of Scripture to be found in Isaiah xlii, 16, which I claim as peculiarly my own, both as regards temporal and spiritual things, for I have often realized, in both these, the precious promises which it contains: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; these things will I do unto them,

and not forsake them." Yea, glory to his holy name! he will never forsake them that love him.

"E'en down to old age my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

"The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

I have proved the Lord thus far, and found him as good as his word; and I am willing to trust all things in his hands for all future time. O, Lord, help me to fight a good fight and to keep the faith, that I may exclaim, even in death, like pious Edwards, "Trust the Lord!" "When thy heart and flesh fail thee I will be thy portion, saith the Lord of hosts." Yea, we may trust him still farther; he has promised to watch over our dust until the morning of the resurrection.

"Roll on, roll on, ye wheels of time,
And give the joyful day."

No difference whether we fall on the land or the sea; still, like the family of Abraham, we like to be buried with our fathers and friends. I took up the remains of my little daughter from the lonesome hills of Virginia, and bore them, as the sons of Jacob bore their brother Joseph, to the land of her fathers, and laid her in the family burying-ground in Pennsylvania.

"There sweet be her rest, till He bid her arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies."

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH religion, or rather the hankering and thirsting after it, in many places and among most denominations of Christians is languishing, yet I think, in all meekness and humility, and, notwithstanding my waywardness, through the mercy of God I have constantly grown in grace and in the knowledge of God: every month and year has been found better than its predecessor, and my faith has never been stronger nor my prospect brighter for the promised land than at present, while dictating this little narrative. Says the apostle, "When I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." As earthly parents pass over many imperfections and follies in the little child which they would by no means tolerate in one of mature age and judgment, so my Heavenly Father has borne with numerous of my imperfections and blessed me abundantly, which he would not by any means do now that I have received more light and knowledge. When I entered into the spiritual kingdom I carried with me, like Peter, many errors and prejudices of earlier life, which I have reason to thank God are now far removed through the instrumentality of holy preaching which was confirmed by the word of revelation.

While doing the work of the Gentiles I occasionally heard enforced the doctrine of perfect love, Christian perfection, entire sanctification, and holiness of heart. These were rather chimerical and extravagant doctrines to me, and I ventured to chime with others in ridiculing such ideas; with all my cherished respect for religion I did not believe that such a state of grace was attainable by mortals in this world. I therefore, for the first year after my conversion, like too many professors of religion, instead of trying how holy and how close with God it was possible for me to walk, it was probably a question in my mind how much sin the Lord would countenance in his professed disciples. I was decidedly a latitudinarian in my construction of the requirements of Scripture. Now, if a man has not faith to believe a certain object attainable, he will be very unlikely to put forth an adequate effort to possess it. But God has promised to make darkness light before us, and crooked things staight; and, blessed be his holy name, he has thus far on my pilgrimage redeemed his promises to the spirit and letter—yea, far exceeding my expectation.

I had now been coasting for about a year along the shores of justification, amidst rocks and sandbars. I had no desire to bury my talent in the earth, neither did I feel it indispensably necessary to put it out to usury, supposing, rather, that the Lord would be satisfied if I should return to him when he came to reckon with me the talent he had

bestowed. But in his abundant mercy he winked at this ignorance, until I was taught that there were better, higher, nobler attainments in my spiritual career which I might secure. About this time, while sitting under the droppings of the sanctuary, the doctrine of holiness of heart and entire sanctification was preached by one of God's holy ambassadors, by means of which the Holy Ghost awakened the sleeping energies of my soul to the all-important subject. I followed the preacher to his lodgings to give him battle on that subject. I brought forward as many arguments as I could think of against him in order to bring out the whole truth in support of the doctrine, which he successfully maintained by the word of God. There also appeared about that time an article in the Christian Advocate on the subject of holiness, well fortified by Scripture. It was read to me one afternoon at the house of brother Keagy, while on an afternoon visit in company with several of our sisters in the Lord; among the number were two old mothers in Israel—mother Cornman and mother Culbertson—who were then able to unite their testimony with the beloved disciples that "in Him there is no darkness at all," and that it is our privilege to "walk in the light as He is in the light, and have fellowship one with another," and that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." I now fully resolved to "leave the things that are behind and press forward to the mark for the prize of our high

calling of God in Christ Jesus," and to "leave the first principles of the doctrine of Christ and go on to perfection," as Christ has bidden all his followers; and, before breaking up our party, we knelt at the throne of grace in humble prayer for the blessing of perfect love to God, and for Scriptural holiness; and that was the time and place that I began to apply the oars of prayer and faith to launch my little bark from the shores of justification into the deep waters of the ocean of love.

CHAPTER XV.

It was now in the summer of 1844. Some of my brethren had at different times asked me if I thought I had not a call to exhort. I was quite astonished at such an idea, and looked upon it as presumptuous in them to suggest or think of such a thing, for I was sensible not only of my physical blindness, but of my ignorance of the Scriptures; in addition to that I was very poor, and felt unable to hire any one to read to me, knowing at the same time that it would require nearly or quite all of my wife's time to take care of her household affairs. But from the very time that I began to launch out into the deep, my mind began to be loaded with the conviction that God had something for me to do in the great harvest-field, while my inquiry was

like Paul's when he was converted, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I went to the elder brethren with my case, who at once gave me license to exhort. A door seemed to be open at once for me to enter the field. My first attempt was in the Methodist church at Greencastle. There was quite a large congregation gathered on Sabbath evening to witness how the blind man would succeed in his first attempt at this new undertaking. The cross bore heavier and heavier as the appointed time drew near. I had attempted to arrange something in my mind to say, but, as I arose to speak, my *notes* that I had attempted to write on the tablet of my memory were not to be found; so I had to trust to the Spirit to teach me what to say. I talked away, hacked and hemmed for about half an hour, and the meeting was concluded. The adversary of my soul you may be sure was on the alert to tempt and try me; but I had by this time become somewhat acquainted with his devices and wiles, and I was fully resolved to do the will of the Lord according to the wisdom and strength given me.

The next move I made was to go into the country with old father Hawbecker, a good, humble, devoted German preacher, who preached sometimes in Dutch and at other times in broken English, and I exhorted the congregations in English. The people in those neighbourhoods generally understood both languages. I found that every time I occupied I became more familiar with the use of

the sword of the Spirit, and the people gave good attention, and seemed to be interested, if not edified; and the best of all, the Lord was with me, and that to bless. I soon began to make preparations to go to the North; but there was a camp-meeting to take place on the 6th of September in Franklin County, also one in Maryland near by. Dear reader, you would not expect that such a lover of camp-meetings as I could turn his back on two such great and heavenly spiritual feasts; for I do really think that a Holy Ghost camp-meeting, where the brethren and sisters flock in from the East and West, the North and South, and sit together in heavenly places as the children of a King, to drink freely of the "wine on the lees well refined," and to partake of "fat things full of marrow,"—such a place I think is more like heaven than any other on earth. The saints retire to their beds after feasting through the day full of glory and of God, and fall asleep amidst shouts and heavenly anthems from a few souls that are too happy to retire or to sleep. Like the psalmist, they "delight to do the law of the Lord, and in his law do meditate day and night." When at the break of day they are aroused from their celestial dreams and visions by the sound of the trumpet that calls them to duty, the silence of the morning is broken by the song of praise and voice of prayer to the God of Israel from the family altars; and perhaps before those that commenced the morning oblation arise from their knees the voice of prayer

and singing may be heard from every tent in the grove. O, what a happy day will that be when every house becomes a house of prayer, and every heart a fit temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in! —when neighbour shall not have to say to neighbour, Know you the Lord? for all shall know him from the least to the greatest! But it is not like heaven after all: for there is no night there; they need no candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever. Rev. xxii, 5. No, no! glory be to God, that will be a congregation that will never break up.

I had now lived in those two meetings ten or twelve days. I shall never forget that morning of tears and of joy of the breaking up of the last one, which was in Pennsylvania. The night previous was one of the outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord: many souls were born into the kingdom, and were shouting glory. I had been about as happy during the whole time of the meeting as I could be and live on earth. About eight o'clock in the morning the processions were formed in circles; probably they would number five hundred. The circles were so formed that each brother and sister could give the parting hand as they moved past each other. To me it was solemn, yet glorious beyond the reach of my feeble power of description: for that very day I was to leave for the North; I was to be separated from so many of my heavenly Father's children,

probably to meet no more till the resurrection morn.

"Blest be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

"Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

"Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

"Then let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And Christians part no more!"

The 27th of September, 1844, we returned to this country, the theatre of my youthful days; and on the 27th of November we were blessed with a fine boy. No parent's heart was ever filled with more joy and gratitude to Him that giveth and taketh away, than was mine, hoping if we should both be spared, in a few years, by the blessing of God, he would be eyes and a staff to his blind father. O that God may give me grace, wisdom, and patience to rear him in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as a Samuel, or Timothy; that when I am old he may rise up and call me blessed; at the same time may I be able to keep him on that altar that sanctifieth the gift.

Not long after returning home I was invited by the brethren to preach or exhort in the meeting-house near Crain's Corners, in Litchfield; to stand before not a few of the companions of my boyhood who were familiar with the follies and indiscretions of my youth. It was a very cold day, and a small assembly convened in that large church, the females gathered around one stove, and the males around the other, on the right and left of the pulpit. Had I conferred with flesh and blood, I should probably have shrunk from that duty; but, thank God, although weak and imperfect, I do not think I ever shrunk from a known duty since he called me to labour in his vineyard: but I think if I was ever left to myself, and to the buffetings of Satan, it was when I was trying to preach at that time. The devil would whisper in my ears that I was nothing but *George Henry* that used to perform so many antics in that neighbourhood, and that all the congregation knew it, while to my imagination there was piled up before me a large stack of boards which I seemed to be addressing. This I will assure you was up-hill work. But I worried out about half an hour, and requested one of the brethren to close the meeting by prayer. I was then humble enough in feeling to crawl down through a hole in the floor, had there been one, to hide from human observation. Our Saviour very truly remarks, that a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. But I soon through grace got the victory

over the devil, and pronounced him a liar; for, notwithstanding I bore the same name as in former times, still I was not the same man. "He that is in Christ is a new creature; old things are done away, and all things are become new." So I got the devil behind me, and pressed forward for the crown.

Doors were opened in one place and another, and I occupied as an exhorter till the spring of 1845, when I obtained license to preach. I now sustained another severe attack from the enemy. I had an opportunity to preach on Frankfort Hill the next Sabbath after receiving authority to preach; and if I ever groaned under trials and temptations, it was during the Friday and Saturday previous to my first attempt under a preacher's license. The sorest trial of all was, that I imagined that my wife was opposed to my preaching, and every mole-hill was magnified to a mountain. Saturday night, as I retired for the night, I endeavoured to unbosom myself to the Lord, and asked him to let me know by a dream that night whether he had called me to preach his gospel, or whether I was going forth unbidden. I presume I had not been asleep more than five minutes, before I dreamed as follows:—I thought I went with a basket in pursuit of some fresh meat for my family. I soon came to one of the pleasantest-looking men I ever saw, dressing a lamb. I told him I wanted some meat; and he then lay before me the right shoulder of a beef,

richly variegated with fat and lean. He told me to take it up, which I obeyed, and undertook to carry it away: it seemed to bear down on me with great weight. I attempted several times to lay it down, but could not. After I had removed it a distance, this same man that I saw dressing the lamb came and took it from me, his countenance appearing heavenly, and he smiled upon me as he relieved me of the burden. I then awoke with a degree of joy, and felt as much relieved as if it had been a literal transaction. The interpretation was then brought to my mind, referring back to the law of types and shadows: Levit. viii, 25. Here you see the right shoulder was given to the priests for a wave-offering, and placed upon their hands until Moses (who was the type of Christ) took it from them. So, by the grace of God, I am resolved to bear this wave-offering until Christ shall say, It is enough, and permit me to exchange it for a crown of glory that fadeth not away. This dream, in addition to the dictation of the Spirit, confirmed me and encouraged me to go forth as an ambassador of the Lord Jesus; and I have endeavoured to preach almost every Sabbath since, and sometimes two or three times a day; and thus far I have proved him faithful to fulfil the last promise to his disciples before his ascension, when he commanded them to go forth and preach his gospel—"Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." And blessed be God, I do not recollect of ever entering the sacred desk without

special manifestation of his presence. He has always filled my mouth with something to say: my greatest difficulty has been that I am disposed to say too much, and that I do not know when to stop, seeming to be insensible of the fleetness of time. An old preacher, who is able to show himself a workman, would doubtless edify and instruct a congregation more in half an hour than I would in double that time. So much for my preaching, and so much for my dreaming.

CHAPTER XVI.

READER, at this point I found myself again under solemn conviction, strange as it may appear; and this was the work of the Holy Ghost. While an humble local preacher, a hard-working farmer was simplifying the way of holiness; he was made the agent in the hands of God of rousing up my redeemed powers and brightening my spiritual eye, and giving me a panting after greater riches.

I have heard that among the early gold-diggers in California, three men, while walking on the bank of a river, saw at a little distance a golden strand of yellow dust that had been washed out of the rock near by. They saw at once that they had stumbled upon an almost inexhaustible treasure; but to prevent any jealousy in the distribution of it, they

agreed that each man should have all that he could embrace, by falling down and stretching out both his hands. They then advanced and fell upon the golden sand, and each man spanned to his utmost and marked his portion. Do you not think, reader, you would have made a long arm on that golden opportunity? So I felt. My eyes were opened, and I saw in the distance the inexhaustible treasure, the gold that perisheth not, enough not only to enrich me but the whole world. I saw and I believed; but as I began to move towards it I met the universal foe, more formidable than the host of Pharaoh, the Red Sea, or the Alpine mountain. It was the same enemy that, with his single arm, beat back six hundred thousand men of war, and caused their bones to bleach on the desert of Arabia, so that they never entered into the promised land.

But, says the reader, pray tell us the name of this mighty potentate. I will let the apostle answer: "They entered not in because of unbelief." Remember, reader, we have now our eye upon the rich treasure that lieth in the distance—a treasure far superior to anything that the richest mines of earth can produce. It is nothing less than to be sanctified wholly—soul, body, and spirit. We are not now seeking for the pardon of our sins, but to be made perfect in the love of God. We are now leaving the milk, and calling on the Father for strong meat.

Our petition is definite, and we expect a definite answer, that is, the very thing we ask for; for we saw in the distance the Spirit raising up a standard, upon which was written in golden characters the command, peremptory and unqualified, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." At this juncture of the case, temptations came in like a flood. Like the sacrifice spread out by Abraham, I found my offering set upon by strange birds, which sought to pick it away. But Abraham's faith failed not. Although a horror of great darkness fell upon him, yet he with vigilance watched and warded off the foul birds until the time of the evening sacrifice, when, in God's own time, he sent down the smoking furnace and the burning lamp. Thus was I called upon to contend with the emissaries sent by the enemy of all righteousness to drive me from my purpose. The first that victorious faith drove away was a modest little devil, who whispered that to expect such a high state of grace might do for now and then a D. D. in God's Lebanon; but that it was presumption for a poor man, who had been recently quarried out of Egypt's horrible pit, to think of such a thing. The next messenger of Satan sent to buffet me came clothed in the form of an angel of light, telling me that I was unworthy to receive so great a blessing.

I was like a little yellow bird I remember catching when I was a boy. I tied a long string to it and then let it fly, and just as the poor little trembler was rejoicing in its escape, it would come

to the end of the string, and be pulled back into captivity again. So it was with me when faith would begin to plume her victorious wing, and just as I was hoping to escape my tormentor, I would find my feet entangled in some new snare. But man's extremity is God's opportunity, and no doubt he often permits the seeking soul to run into the greatest difficulties on purpose to show us where our own wisdom would lead us, and to make known his power in our deliverance. It is when the Red Sea is before us, an impassable mountain on either side, and Pharaoh's host in the rear, that we may look for a miracle of mercy to be wrought in our deliverance. In seeking for justification I tried a great many ways before I tried faith in Christ. And now I had not grown so wise by past experience, but that I had to work up about the same amount of rubbish, so perverse is the human heart. I have heard persons who professed to have a justified relation toward God, when spoken to about holiness of heart, say they did not feel worthy to enjoy so great a blessing. How absurd! to think that you can be *justified* in the sight of God while trampling under feet his express command, "Be ye holy." But, says one, how can it be that a person just converted is so happy, and so ready to die, and a little while after conversion we find him preaching that without holiness we can never see the Lord? I will tell you how, and may every one who reads these lines remember the solemn truth. Justification is

the first degree of holiness. The justified soul is reconciled to God, and, if called immediately to enter heaven, goes fully prepared into the presence of its Maker. God cuts short the work in righteousness. But to *retain* this state of reconciliation with God, we must walk in all his ordinances blameless. He commands us to go on to perfection. Can we feel *justified* in *neglecting* that command? Suppose you tell your son to go to school; he says, "Yes, father," and starts immediately. You smile with approbation, and feel pleased with his ready obedience. Suppose that when he gets half-way there he falls down and breaks his leg. He is brought home. Do you feel displeased because he did not go to school, as you told him? Certainly not; he obeyed you as far as he had the power, and you take him in your arms with feelings of the greatest tenderness and love. Just so Christ receives the soul that, saying in his heart, "Yes, Father," has started on his heavenly journey. There is no rebellion, no disobedience in that heart. Suppose now, instead of meeting with an accident, your boy had stopped to gather beech-nuts, and failed to reach the school until the afternoon, would not the pleasure with which he received your smile of approbation in the morning give place to a feeling of guilt? Could he feel that his father was pleased with him, until he confessed his error and hastened to obey? Observe, he did not incur guilt by going back, but by *stopping on the road*. This will show

the fallacy in the reasoning of those who contend that the soul, once prepared to die, cannot become unprepared, except by receding from that point.

Take care: the cry of unworthiness will avail nothing at the bar of God. The command is plain. How often have I heard brethren and sisters say, and that too with great boldness, that they knew that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven all their sins; and, at the same time, let one ask them if they enjoy holiness of heart, they would almost faint at the very idea, and reply at once that they "never felt themselves worthy of that great blessing."

I ask you, my dear reader, How came you by the blessing of justification? One would suppose by your talk that you received it by your own merit. Alas! what a rock is this on which thousands are suffering shipwreck. Suppose you ask the returned prodigal what he paid for his spotless robe and his ring of gold, he will point you to the bundle of old filthy rags at the pool where he washed. And, reader, whether you are saint or sinner, this is all you have got to give in exchange for either justification or sanctification. The poet has it exactly right:

> "Nothing but sin have I to give,
> Nothing but love do I receive."

Would you not think it strange to see an individual gather up a hundred pounds of filthy rags in the streets and exchange them at the bank for a hun-

dred pounds of pure gold? Would you not wonder to see a ragged, desolate female exchanging her old sun-bonnet for Victoria's crown, which cost its millions? This would be strange indeed, but not half as wonderful, or as profitable, or as easy, as the way of salvation by faith. I will give you the character of one or two more of these foul birds, or temptations, that pollute the sacrifice and greatly embarrass those who are seeking a clean heart. We are determined to tell the truth and shame the devil, by exposing his devices, and thereby make the way plain for others. He will tell you, that if you get the great blessing you will not be able to live it daily. He will remind you that you live in an irreligious family, or are connected with a lukewarm Church. Here let us meet him with the stubborn fact that there *were* a few persons who lived in wicked Sardis who had not defiled their garments, but were walking with Jesus in white, or, in other words, in purity and heavenly joy. Here, again, let us spread out the writing. God has pledged not only to make us pure, but to preserve us pure until his coming. This white garment must be worn every day of our lives, and in every circle in which we move, and be kept unspotted from the world.

A lady was once asked why she did not wear her white dress every day? She replied, "Because it got dirty so quick." This is not true. A white dress is no more susceptible of dirt than black

or gray. The only difference is, the white shows the dirt plainer. Is not this the great reason that more Christians do not walk daily in white?

The last formidable foe that was brought out for us to contend with, like Job's wife, when everything else had failed, was our darling reputation. Full and complete salvation proposes to make us like Jesus; and one prominent feature in his character was, that he made himself of no reputation. This was a stigma that he brought upon himself by the bold position he took against popular sins, especially those that were found in the Church. It is written, "They that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Let a preacher, or a class-leader, begin to war with popular sins in or out of the Church, and he will find that he has waked up a hornet's nest; but if you have not got your reputation nailed to the cross, you will not be apt to do this duty; therefore, ye seeker, count well the cost and agree to pay this price, and you have nothing to do but to lay your hand on the pearl. Amen. May the Lord help you.

I will now tell you how I found the great blessing. There was a camp-meeting appointed on the Herkimer and Frankfort Charge, in the fall of 1845, under the superintendence of brother B. J. Diefendorf, a faithful and much-loved preacher, who had laboured the last two years in this valley of dry bones with great acceptability. His aged and venerable colleague fell asleep in Jesus a few months

since, and proclaimed, in the face of death, that he had enjoyed the blessing of perfect love, I think, for about twenty years. He was a living epistle that might be read and known in every circle in which he moved. A more triumphant death is seldom recorded than was his.

But when the day had arrived for Israel to pitch their tents in the forest, your humble author, with his little family, was with them, the little canvass house being set in order. Soon the voice of fervent prayer might be heard in almost every tent for an entire extinction of sin in the heart. I think in all the camp-meetings I ever attended, I never witnessed so much wrestling for this great blessing as there was from the beginning to the end of this meeting. At its close there was a cloud of witnesses, generally among the aged disciples, who testified that the Lord had heard and answered their prayers. On the second morning of the meeting, I think, there was a prayer-meeting in one of the tents, at the close of which Brother Gorham (whom to know is to love, both as a brother and a preacher) arose and told us how many years he laboured as a preacher without this diploma of perfect love. He also told us how he sought and found it to the joy of his soul, and how long he remained in the happy possession of it. But, alas! he said, and with a deep sigh, he was compelled to tell his brethren he had lost it by not watching and praying. And he said he came there more in the character of a mourner than as a

preacher, and, with a sorrowful heart, he begged the prayers of his brethren, that God in his mercy would restore unto him the pearl of great price. He was like the woman spoken of by our Saviour that had lost the piece of silver; he was sweeping his house diligently to find it; and, blessed be the name of the Lord, he called his neighbours together at five o'clock on the third or fourth morning of the meeting to rejoice with him, because he had found what he had lost. When a goodly number of Israel were seated around the stand, their minds calm as a May morning, and free from excitement, Brother Gorham, being appointed to preach, arose on the stand, and pointed out how and when he recovered the blessing of perfect love. He also pointed out the dangers that stand thick around to deprive us of this jewel. He related his experience so plain, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err in understanding the way. He also contrasted justification and sanctification; and who is better able to set forth such truth than he who has experienced both degrees of grace in his heart? and who is more unqualified to judge of such things than those who have never experienced them? Let us first remove the beam from our own eye, before mounting the judgment-seat. While sitting under the droppings of his words, which fell like honey on my soul, all my powers of faith and hope were drawn out to God for this blessing. I was enabled to lay hold on the very horns of the altar; and, while sitting in silent

invocation, I was seized with a sudden trembling and a slight spasm, (as frequently occurs when I am filled to overflowing with the Spirit,) and my strength was measurably taken away, like the apostle Paul, "whether in the body or out of the body, I knew not;" and I believe, for the first time in my life, I was made insensible in my waking moments of what was passing around me. There seemed to be presented to me, while in this state, literally an altar; and I thought I was laid on it as you would lay a child on its couch; and while lying in this posture, I thought a voice interrogated me thus: "What do you want this blessing for?" I thought I replied, "To qualify me to preach the gospel." That moment the Holy Ghost, like the refiner's fire, seemed to pass through my soul, literally shaking me from centre to circumference, as if the earthly tenement was to be shaken to pieces. During the whole process, down to this last-mentioned circumstance, I think I felt little or no joy, but rather the contrary. Like Moses, I did exceedingly fear and quake. But the moment after I felt this terrible shaking, the sun of righteousness broke into my soul with its meridian brightness and glory, dispelling every cloud, and all darkness and doubt. My physical strength returned, and I suddenly rose on my feet, and shouted, "It is done! the mighty work is wrought." What angel can tell the happiness and heavenly rapture I then felt? "'T is done!" I exclaimed.

Well, tell us what was done, says the reader.

With the help of the Lord I will proclaim what he has done for me; not what I have done for the Lord, for

> "Nothing but sin had I to give,
> Nothing but love did I receive."

Glory to God in the highest! Glory to God forever! What angel pen shall write the joys of complete redemption? The joy of seafaring men delivered from shipwreck—the joy of a man delivered from a burning house—the joy of a criminal acquitted at the bar—the joy of a condemned malefactor in receiving pardon—the joy of freedom to a prisoner of war, is nothing to the joy of him who is delivered from going down to the pit of eternal destruction, for it is a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

> "Then heaven comes down our souls to greet,
> And glory crowns the mercy-seat."

Dear reader, when I sent out the first edition of this work, I had just received the blessing of perfect love; or, as we understand the prophet Isaiah, entered into the land of Beulah; or, in plain terms, perfect day. You have already been informed of my troubles while passing through the slough of despond before entering the strait gate. You have read of my trials and triumphs while travelling through the wilderness in the twilight. And now I profess, through grace, to have been set down in a higher and holier state. There is not

any portion of my first edition that I am more ashamed of than the following, which is found on page 262. I make use of the terms "deepened" and "renewed" work of grace, because the Scripture terms, "perfect love," "sanctification," and "holiness," seem to be "so objectionable to some." Had I taken counsel of Him who hath said, "Whosoever, therefore, shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with his holy angels, instead of looking on the muddy page of human production, I should have borrowed the plain Scriptural terms, when I spoke of the great blessing I had received. May God have mercy on me, and forgive me for dodging the truth to accommodate the velvet ears of the world and half-hearted professors. I will never do it again, in writing or preaching, so help me God. I received a righteous rebuke in a letter from sister Palmer, soon after the volume was out. While she and the now immortal Dr. Olin read together "The Blind Man's Book," she pointed out the weakness and cowardice of those particular expressions; at the same time both joined in flattering commendations of my interesting little book.

Perhaps there is no commandment, or phraseology of Scripture, that puzzles the brain, or staggers the faith of Christians more than the one found in the sixth chapter of Hebrews: "Let us, therefore, go on

unto perfection." Now, as we do not intend this little volume as a theological essay, gathered up from distant fields, but simply as a record of that which we do know, by our own blessed experience, so then to the word and the testimony.

The modern proverb, "See first that you are right, and then go ahead," is certainly a safe principle for every action in human life. Therefore, we would lay the foundation of this little building upon the living stones of the gospel, Jesus Christ being the head of the corner.

Dear reader, are you weary in travelling with me thus far? If so, gird up your loins, and buckle on your sandals, for we are now coming into the *gold regions.*

You have travelled with me from my youth. You have seen me scattering wild oats over the broad fields of hilarity and mirth, and few perhaps have reaped a more abundant crop of sinful pleasures. All has been vanity! vanity! You have followed me through the labyrinth of worldly business, and seen me, for more than twenty years, through storms and sunshine, striving for the gold that perisheth. You have seen me raise up villages, and go off by the light of them. You have seen me pulling down mountains, and raising up valleys. Almost every succeeding year you have found me just ready to lay my hand upon the long-sought treasure. You have as often seen fickle fortune snatch it from my grasp, and leave me again

worse than a beggar at the foot of the hill. You have seen death come in like a ravenous wolf, and take my lambs one by one, and lay them in the dark grave. You have seen poverty come as an armed man, and rob me of all earthly possessions. Quickly following in his train, you have seen total blindness come and drop his sable curtain, shutting out forever the sun, moon, and stars, with all their radiant glory, earth with her green carpet, and, worse still, forbidding me ever again to look upon my dear wife and children. Thus you found me in 1841 on the hills of old Virginia, like an old horse that had become worn out and blind in the service of a hard and unmerciful master, turned adrift to graze a few days in the corners of the fences, to starve and die.

My dear reader, I do not ask you to pause here and drop a sympathizing tear; no, I ask you to rejoice with me. Do not call death, poverty, and blindness *enemies*, for I certainly number them among my dearest friends. They were not my Saviour, it is true; but they were sent by a kind Father to lead me *to* my Saviour, and to perpetual peace and joys immortal.

But, says the reader, how can these things be? I will tell you.

When death came and took our little idol Fanny, with scarcely a moment's warning, and left our hearts bleeding, I knew she had gone to heaven; and, like the men of Galilee, I began to turn my

eyes away from earth and gaze up into heaven. This was a great work, wrought to get a sinner to turn his eyes from earth and look upward; and God well knew that death was the only messenger that could accomplish this thing. O, how thankful should I be, that he selected one of the family that was fully prepared for glory, and gave the wicked father and mother space to repent and prepare to follow the dear child to the realms of bliss! O remember, reader, that he who lets such an affliction pass without profit, loses a greater blessing than earth can afford!

My second friend came in the form of another fell disaster, that, like one of Job's heralds, trod close upon the heels of the first. My earthly possessions took to themselves wings and flew away.

The men of this world are like the vine, which, having loosed its fastenings from the branches of the lofty oak, and fallen sprawling upon the earth, fastens its hundred tendrils around every filthy weed and briar with which it comes in contact. O, if I have tears to weep for one more than another, it is for the rich of this world, who have no Christ in their souls, and know not that they are poor and wretched, miserable, blind, and naked! How many times have I heard paupers, in the various county poor-houses, thank God for poverty, while my soul responded a hearty amen! For God hath said, he hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, to be heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that

love him. Mark the last sentence. It is to the class of poor that love him. My third friend is blindness; and God knows, if I ever offered him one sacrifice of praise, honest and pure, deep and fervent, it is for this, which my friends all look upon as an affliction.

This certainly, to me, is one of the mysteries and wonders of redeeming grace that one of my stirring ambition should never have the least desire to see. And God knows my heart, that if sight was proffered to me this day, I should receive it with a trembling hand. I am perfectly satisfied to endure, as seeing Him who is invisible. I have said that I never desired to see: there have been a few exceptions. When I have sat under a powerful sermon, where the veil of the future has been drawn and the awful destiny that awaits the incorrigible sinner and the infinite glory of the righteous portrayed, I have wished that I could have one beam of sunlight that would direct me to some trembling sinner, with the tear of repentance on his cheek. I would take him by the hand and lead him to Jesus, who would say to his troubled soul, as he did to the Sea of Tiberias, "Be still;" and in the channel of those penitent tears send forth the rivers of love and heavenly joy.

O, how often have I returned from an evening of social prayer, when I could wring from my pocket-handkerchief tears, like phials of dew-drops fallen from the rose of Sharon! But they are all bottled

by Him who numbers the hairs of my head. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever! I do not wish to be understood, in what I have said, as undervaluing earthly blessings; but, to me, the loss of my property was like losing a sixpence and finding a guinea. The losing of my children resulted in the finding of Christ. The loss of my natural sight was like blowing out a candle and letting the sunlight of glory blaze perpetually in my soul. So much for my three friends.

CHAPTER XVII.

DEAR READER, you have looked upon your author as the world generally does look upon the poor and the blind, and have said, perhaps, without looking into the future, it would be well for him if death would come and sign his release. But Christ saw in this shattered house of clay, with every window-light broken in, an immortal gem, of more value than all earth's treasure; and he came to me in the voice of mercy, and told me, if I would take up my cross and follow him, I should be made a king and priest and reign with him forever. He told me that his house should be my home, his fulness my treasure; that I might make as free in all his storehouses of grace as in my own cupboard; and that his omnipresence should ever be my guide. O

what an inducement is held out for a lost sinner to come to Christ!

But I am delaying too much, and must hasten on my journey. If you recollect, we have travelled over the ground this morning from our youth up to 1841, the time when Jesus Christ took me prisoner. O glorious captivity! There are five particular circumstances which occurred in the course of my ten years' travel that I wish to notice, and, like Jacob of old, raise up a stone and pour on the oil; for verily, they have been as the gates of heaven to my soul. The first was the death of my little Fanny. The second was my covenant with God, at the Virginia hotel, to seek his face or die. This was about six months after Fanny went to heaven. The third event took place about five months after, when Jesus drowned all my sins in the depths of his fathomless mercy. The fourth was a conviction of my need of holiness, about two years after my conversion. The fifth, which was about one year after, was a full and complete salvation from all sin. And now I entered into the land of Beulah, where the sun or the moon never go down upon the soul. So here we find ourselves happy in the Lord, a place of broad rivers and streams. It was on the 8th of September, 1845, that I obtained a clean heart and received the white stone with the new name, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it.

As the noble Hudson swallows up the Mohawk at its junction and bears it onward to the ocean,

even so supreme love to God and man takes in justification, with all its buds and blossoms, and bears it on its bosom to the unbounded ocean of eternal felicity. This we term the *land of Beulah*. Previous to my arrival in this happy land I had been through the wicket-gate, the dark valley, vanity fair, and the enchanted ground, after which comes the land of Beulah. As Bunyan has beautifully described it: "In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the vale of the shadow of death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed; yea, here 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out the city, loud voices, saying, 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy Salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!' Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord.' Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to

which they were bound, and drawing near to the city they had yet a more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick. Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease; wherefore here they lay by awhile, crying out because of their pangs, 'If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

"But, being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens; and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold, the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the king's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties. He also showed them there the king's walks and arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept."—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

John Bunyan and many others travelled in this land many years, this side of Jordan; and shall Christians, in the nineteenth century, walk in twilight, when they may be overshadowed with a bright cloud on Mount Tabor, and hear a voice (not audi-

ble to any other ear) but gently whispering within, acknowledging us as sons and daughters of the Almighty?

This is an honour and glory that the unregenerate man is a stranger to; but let us return to our encampment.

The meeting closed on Saturday morning in a blaze of glory. I had thought it a happy morning on the 10th of August, 1842, when I found God's pardoning love; but O, who shall describe the pure, the holy joy of full salvation from all sin! You will not wonder that this was a happy meeting to my soul. Previous to it I had been like Lazarus, when brought from death to life. When Jesus came forth from the tomb, he left his grave-clothes behind him; but when Lazarus was raised from the dead, he stood by a sepulchre, wrapped about with his winding-sheet, and a napkin over his eyes. Jesus wanted him as a witness, to show to the unbelieving Jews his power over death. Therefore, Jesus spake the second time, "Loose him, and let him go." This relieved him of his grave-clothes, and gave him perfect sight and liberty. He whom Christ makes free, is free indeed. Even so was I brought out of my grave of sin, bringing with me many of my grave-clothes, or prejudices, even against the doctrine of holiness; and until Christ spake the second time, I was not made free. I was like the blind man that Jesus took by the hand, and after leading him out of the multitude, touched

his eyes, and told him to *look*. He answered that he "beheld men as trees walking;" that is, he saw but very imperfectly. I remember that when my sight was failing, there was a time when I could hardly tell a man from a stump, or a horse from a cow. I presume it was something so with the patient which Jesus had under his care. "After that he put his hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up; and he was restored, and saw every man clearly." Here he enters into the land of Beulah. O Lord, give all thy people a finishing touch, that they may see their way clearly into the promised land!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE first Sabbath morning after camp-meeting, feeling the word of God, like fire, shut up in my bones, I concluded to go and see a brother who had not been to camp-meeting, and who, like myself, had been hobbling along, sometimes in the light and sometimes in darkness. I found him in his shop, looking like the image of despair sitting upon a gravestone. He said: "Brother Henry, I have concluded to give up trying to serve the Lord, for the present at least. My wife is so peculiar in her disposition, and her temper is such, that it is impossible to keep up the family altar." I told him I

should like to see his wife. He replied that it would be of no use; but I importuned, and at last made my way into her room—something I never would have dared to do before, knowing the parties as well as I did. After I entered the room we had a terrible storm. O how Satan did rage! but with new-found strength and boldness, I began to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul, and what he could do for them; and in a very short time we had the devil turned out of doors, and we all knelt down before the mercy-seat; and many times since has my good brother referred to that happy morning, when, like sinking Peter, he was pulled up out of the deep, and placed again, happy and rejoicing, in the old ship. Here we discover the melting power of God attending his word; bending at once the rebellious knee, and changing bitter epithets and sarcasm into accents of love and praise.

You may think, reader, that this is a small affair to relate; but I can tell you that it takes more moral courage to go into a cage where a man and his wife are quarrelling, and seek to quell their wrath, than to take a torch, as old Putnam did, and creep into the den of the wolf. Putnam would hardly have ventured without his torch. Just so, we find our courage in the fact that our hearts are burning, like a torch, with love to God and our fellow-creatures. Here is use for a holy heart; here is the test of that "perfect love that casts out fear." You will remem-

ber when I lay in the crucible, where God was pleased to consume all my sins, that an invisible something asked, "What do you want this blessing for?" You know, I replied: "that I may be better qualified to preach the gospel." I wanted to be able *fearlessly* to preach Jesus and his matchless love. And, dear reader, if you are seeking this blessing, let me ask, Is your motive pure? or do you seek to consume it upon your lusts? We may burn incense, and snuff up all the odours ourselves. With such sacrifice God is not well pleased. It is the honesty of motive that will bear your soul on the palanquin of faith, speedily and wonderfully, and, while you are yet aspiring, lay you in the bosom of your God. My soul says, while writing this sentiment, "Amen! Hallelujah!"

I verily believe, in taking a review of my own experience, that more than half my struggles, in seeking both justification and sanctification, have been for the loaves and fishes—the comfort and satisfaction of being freed from sin. It is true that God, in his promises, holds up the joys of his salvation as an *inducement* to seek his favour. But whoever seeks pardon or perfect love for its *joys alone*, may toil, like Baal's worshippers, from morning until noon, and from noon until the offering of the evening sacrifice, and with a like success. Seek purity with a single eye, and joy will as surely follow in its wake as light follows in the track of the sun.

I am the more explicit, because so many have

stumbled here. When you are brought to see your own impurity, compared with the character of the God you love; when you see how your very thoughts are mixed with worldliness, pride, and selfishness, and, as you struggle to get free from what you begin to loathe, discover that you have no power to regenerate your nature, that there is in you no good thing, how you will groan, "O who shall deliver me from this dead body?" And then comes the looking to Jesus, and the eye grows ravished with the perfection of his loveliness, his infinite condescension, his *amazing* mercy, his *perfect purity;* and O, how the soul longs to be *like him!* How it begs and prays to be made a fit temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in! Do you *think of joy* in *that hour?* Is it not joy to be *like* Christ, the adorable, the blessed Saviour? Is not that joy enough?

Well, you remember I promised to preach the gospel in Frankfort. I had an opportunity the first Sabbath after my return from camp-meeting. God has promised to make his ministers a flame of fire. I always spread out the writing before him when in court, and I will say to the glory of his grace, from that Sabbath to this, which is about six years, I have endeavoured to preach once, twice, or thrice every Sabbath, with a very few exceptions, and he has always answered by fire. O how good, how rich, how glorious is the promise left on record by Jesus: "In that day ye shall know that I am in

the Father, and you in me, and I in you." Here is our coat of mail, and it is bullet-proof. It is said that Napoleon once contracted with an artist to furnish him a coat of mail, for which he was to pay nine hundred ducats. In due time the artist came, and laid it before the emperor. Napoleon inquired if he was sure it was impervious to a bullet? The artist answered at once in the affirmative. "Then," said Napoleon, "put it on yourself, sir, and stand out a few paces." The order was quickly obeyed. The emperor drew his pistols and fired several bullets at him, but they fell harmless at his feet. The emperor took the armour, and gave the artist eighteen hundred ducats. *Our* armour has been proved; it has been able to stand the united assaults of three great princes, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; and whoever puts it on must expect an assault from these enemies of all righteousness, and, alas! from some *in the Church* too.

It was the *chief priests* that consulted to put Lazarus to death, "because that by reason of him many of the Jews went away, and believed on Jesus." The sum and substance of the devil's business upon earth is to destroy witnesses, to put out the light; and the greater the light, the greater his anxiety to have it extinguished. Why, at the time of the Revolutionary War, the British would have given more for the head of Washington than for half a regiment of common soldiers. And never think that Satan is not as cunning as the British.

He would like well, if he could, to spike the cannon, or stop the mouth of one of God's sanctified invincibles. Whoever, therefore, puts on this armour, must expect to be made a target for all hell to fire at. When I class myself among God's witnesses, I feel like curling down at the feet of my brethren as less than the least of all saints. There is a piece of ordnance used in the armies of this world's warfare, called a blunderbuss, which is discharged without taking any direct aim; it very often hits those who are least expecting it. So with my preaching: I generally fire at random, not caring who is hit; many times receiving a text from the Lord while reading the hymn or chapter, or while upon my knees at prayer. I have often had more liberty in preaching from such texts, than from those premeditated.

I believe it is somewhere written in the good book, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." About the last advice Paul gives to Timothy was, to bring along with him the cloak that he left at Troas, and the books, but especially the parchments. This *especially* means, if you forget cloaks, books, and everything else, do not by any means forget the *parchments*. These seem to be all important and indispensable. Just so with the qualifications necessary to be a useful minister of the gospel. If we can bring along the cloak of education, together with books or much useful literature, and have all fully consecrated to God, it is well; but whether you bring into the

field a college diploma or not, I beseech you, for your own soul's sake, and for the sake of those that hear you, do not leave behind you the parchment of perfect love. A general may load his cannon, and direct it with mathematical skill against his enemies; but one element is always indispensable, or he will never start the mortar on the enemies' fortress—he must touch fire to it. Even so the minister may have a sermon correctly and beautifully arranged in all its parts; but if he is destitute of the perfect love of God in his heart, he will need Old Sammy Hicks's prayer before he can rout the enemy: "Clap fire to him, Lord!"

CHAPTER XIX.

In this chapter we are to speak of one that you have been introduced to in the foregoing chapters as my wife—one that forms part of myself. No figure used in the Bible so beautifully illustrates the union of the soul with Christ, as that of the marriage tie. The true Church is called the Lamb's wife. In the marriage covenant, whether temporal or spiritual, three things are mutually promised by the parties. The bridegroom promises to love, cherish, and protect. So does Christ his Church. The bride pledges herself to love, serve, and obey

the husband of her choice. So also every soul that would share in the heavenly inheritance must forsake all others and cleave unto God, with full purpose of heart, to love, serve, and obey implicitly the heavenly bridegroom. O happy union! "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Earthly unions may be dissolved, the ties of friendship broken, and loved companions borne into distant lands; but "*Who* shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Our God is not a God afar off. He is not asleep, or on a journey, when we need his counsel or his aid. He has said his salvation is nigh them that fear him. His presence can lighten the darkest dungeon, and penetrate the stoutest prison walls. O my soul, art thou not rich? Hast thou not married well? What would you think, reader, if the only son and heir of an earthly prince, in seeking a bride, should pass by the proud and gay of earth and come into a poor house and woo the hand and heart of one cast out and forsaken by the world, poor, blind, and lame, in her rags and wretchedness? Would you not gaze and wonder at such condescension? How much more, then, should we wonder at the infinite stoop of the Prince of Glory, in choosing you and me, and the wretched and

miserable of earth, for the companions of his bosom. Well might St. Peter talk about "exceeding great and precious promises;" or St. Paul declare that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Remember, these promises are only to *those that love him.*

But to return to my narrative. You remember that I said, in a former chapter, that the first breath of prayer I remember offering after my soul was brought from darkness into light was, "O Lord, convert my proud wife!" I fully believe that my prayer, although short, entered into the ear of the Almighty, although it was eleven months before the answer came, and she was enabled to break away from the Prince of Darkness, and enter with joy and a shout of triumph into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. My experience was similar upon entering the land of Beulah. I began earnestly to supplicate the Throne in her behalf. Do not think, dear reader, that during the two or three years from the date of our conversion we were not owned and blessed of God. Many a time was I slain by the power of God while in a justified state. But we were both something like a bottle of water with a little sediment in the bottom. If handled roughly, the water will show impurities that might not appear under more careful treatment; while one filled only with pure water

would remain so under the greatest agitations. Old Adam would occasionally rouse up within. It is bad enough to have the old fellow outside of the house, but horrible to have him within and without. For about four weeks after our return from the camp-meeting, we united our prayers together as joint heirs of the grace of life for the blessing of perfect love. Let us always remember, when we petition a higher power, that a definite request is followed by a definite answer. Let us always, therefore, go to God little-child-like, and if we want bread, let us ask for bread; or if a fish, let us ask for a fish, and our Heavenly Father will not return us a stone or a scorpion. We were not now pleading for the pardon of our sins, but we were pleading in her behalf: "Create in us a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within us."

It has been sung—

> "The devil trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees."

Although he is a chained enemy, his chain is often lengthened to permit him to try the faith of God's children. So it was in our case.

A terrible storm arose. He had permission to set his dividing hoof on the domestic hearth. Never before did we witness such soul-trying and heart-searching conflicts. But when in this agony, we prayed the more fervently. We seemed to be thrown upon the high seas without helm or com-

pass, every star of hope seemed to be overcast with a dark cloud. I greatly feared the dove of reason would leave the frail bark no more to return. This storm continued increasing about four days. The waves ran high. It was with us like one lost on a lonely mountain, waiting for day.

When every star goes out, it is a sure sign that day is about to dawn, and a bright sun to rise. It is at such perilous times, when despair is about settling its dark pall upon every gleam of hope, that Jesus comes to us walking on the water, saying to the disconsolate soul: "It is I; be not afraid!" Business required me to leave home, and I went praying, fearing, trembling, for the loved mourner that I left behind.

On my return, I entered the house and inquired for Mrs. Henry. I was told that she had gone to one of the neighbours. I followed her; and, O, how shall I describe my emotions when I beheld her sitting at the feet of Jesus! It was the very same Jesus who had spoken peace to my soul, that now filled with unspeakable joy the breast of my dear wife. She had an audience around her melted into tears while they listened to the story of what Jesus had done for her. Like the two Marys, who, when they heard that Christ had risen from the dead, ran over the hills of Palestine to tell the glad tidings to their brethren; so did this daughter of Zion seem to bound with joyous transport from house to house, warning and exhorting all with whom she

met. This continued for about four days; and whoever listened to her exhortations, whether saint or sinner, melted under their influence. I must confess that I was sometimes tempted to stretch out the hand and steady the ark. The devil whispered to me: "Decency and order! reputation, that darling idol, may go overboard."

But Jesus, it is said, made himself of no reputation. O, that the Church may be more like him! I have described in former pages the raptures of God's pardoning love; but what angel pen shall write the joys of full salvation!

The little boy that led me had been converted a few days before, also the little girl that lived with us. No mortal can describe our happiness as we knelt around the mercy-seat.

> "Then heaven came down our souls to greet,
> And glory crown'd the mercy-seat."

Glory to God forever! glory to Jesus!

CHAPTER XX.

RELIGION was at this time at a low ebb in Frankfort, and out of one hundred wells there were scarcely ten to be found with the living water springing upward. For two or three years there was rarely a door opened in our village of seven

hundred inhabitants for a week-night prayer-meeting; and, aside from the clergy, we do not know of more than one or two who erected the family altar.

But, thank God! there were a few Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists, who were sure to find their way to the humble cottage of the blind man, and they always returned home as giants refreshed with new wine; for God always met with us,

"And bless'd with his presence our lonely retreat."

Multitudes have gathered around our gate to hear the shouts of triumph; for God hath promised to turn our mourning into dancing, and fill our mouths with laughter.

So, reader, do not think strange that God honours his drafts or pays his promises; but, as we intend to speak on the subject of holy triumph in some future page, we pass this theme for the present.

It should be a great consolation to the redeemed that we are not dependent on our neighbours' wells for water, neither do we have to say, Give us of your oil. The lamps of a whole city may be lit up from one candle, and from one sun millions of stars borrow their light.

Even so the true children of God fill their lamps from the one pure beaten olive-tree, and every lamp is lit up by one flaming torch from heaven's great luminary. The life of the body is the soul; faith

is the life of the soul; and faith is nourished and kept alive by the promises of the Lord. These are the food for faith in this life; but in the life to come, faith lives eternally on performances. It is written, "The just shall live by faith." Let us search the records and discover what God hath promised. O my soul, remove thy veil of unbelief. "We have heard his words; what need have we of any further witnesses?" "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches." I am the author and finisher of faith. I am the God of hope, the God of love, the God of patience, the God of all grace; and I will give grace to you according to your day. I will be a well of water within you, springing up unto everlasting life. Yea, I will satisfy your soul in drought, and make fat your bones; and ye shall be like a watered garden. These and many more great and precious promises are ours.

O, my dear brother and sister in the Lord, can you ever again complain of barrenness and dry-time, as if Jehovah's all-sufficiency was not enough to satisfy and keep your little heart brimful and running over with his love.

But, to return to our subject. It was in Frankfort, as in Sardis of old, that there were some who had not defiled their garments. They were walking with God. It is a rare place to look for a rose at the mouth of the burning crater. It would seem almost as strange to find a Jehoshaphat in the house of Ahab,

or a Joseph in the house of Pharaoh. But they did live there, and kept their religion. It is not the place we are in—not so much *where* we are or *who* we are, that makes us happy, as *what* we are. Always remember that he who is holy must be happy. I do not believe I ever grew faster in grace than when religion was at its lowest ebb around me. Seeing these fragments of broken vessels floating around me always has a beneficial effect upon me. My prayer is continually: Give me poverty, sickness, or persecution; but O, save me from even a Laodicean lukewarmness. Christ has left one promise on record, which, like Aaron's girdle, I have bound forever to my bosom: "If ye keep my commandments ye shall abide in my love, even as I keep my Father's commandments and abide in his love." Reader, mark the word *even;* that is to a water-level with Christ.

It makes no difference if you are a beggar or a king; *even* as God the Father loved his own dear Son, so will Jesus Christ love you. Christ further declares, "These things I say unto you," not that my joy may be felt now and then, at a camp-meeting, or love-feast, or in the spring-time, when every little stream overflows its banks, but "that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy may be full." Yes, glory to God! your heart and mine may be full and running over from this moment until our feet are set in triumph on the other side of Jordan.

True faith, like water, will rise in the pen-stock level with the fountain. So let us lay our pipes right at the head of the fountain, on the pinnacle of Mount Zion; for it is written, "According to thy faith be it unto thee."

During the winter of 1847 father Roper, whose name is written upon the hearts of thousands, commenced a protracted meeting in Frankfort. This was about his last work on earth. Standing up in the old Masonic hall, in Moses-like meekness, he wept over sinners in Frankfort as he warned them to flee from the wrath to come and lay hold on the hope set before them.

Here permit us again to speak of her whose life forms a part of this narrative. Mrs. Henry, though timid and retiring as the fawn that startles at the rustling leaf on every other occasion except the advocating of the glorious cause of Christ, could now rise, in the strength of her Master and in the face of infidelity, and exhort sinners to come to Jesus, and then, with strong crying and tears, entreat God in their behalf. The fear of him whose power is limited to the destruction of the body, had given place to that perfect love which casteth out all fear.

How true it is that God often uses the weakest instruments to bring to naught the wisdom of the wise! Here was a feeble lamb facing an army of wolves. Glory to God on high! It is not in our own strength that we measure swords with the prince of darkness. But the protracted meeting

was brought to a close. Although not as many fish were drawn to shore as we could wish, yet every honest tear was bottled, and at a future time, as we shall hereafter relate, poured out in a shower of mercy upon many hearts in Frankfort. As I have mentioned father Roper, I will close this chapter by relating a dream.

A few weeks after father Roper was borne away on angels' wings to his long-sought rest, it so happened that I lodged in the same bed where he left his armour to receive his crown. After falling asleep I dreamed that some one came to me, bringing letters from several preachers, and among the rest one from father Roper. I inquired where I could find him, and the messenger pointed to the top of a hill, through a long row of splendid buildings, to a door opposite a tree. That, said he, is father Roper's house.

As I came to the door, a being transcendently beautiful welcomed me in. Great God, where shall I find language to describe the glories of that scene! As far as the eye could penetrate this heavenly saloon seemed to be lit up with ten thousand chandeliers, shedding a halo of mellow light upon a garden of flowers, variegated and beautiful, beyond anything we ever discovered, read of, or imagined on earth. In this garden I saw many of my youthful companions, who had long since passed the portals of death. One of them brought me, on a plate, a cut watermelon. Her countenance was radiant with heav-

only peace and joy. The very thought of that scene has a thousand times ravished my heart with joy as I travel on in this vale of tears, singing as I go,

> "No foot of land do I possess,
> No cottage in this wilderness."

CHAPTER XXI.

It is now the spring of 1846, and in the fourth year of my pilgrimage to Mount Zion and the first year in the land of Beulah. One of the certain fruits of a young convert is a missionary spirit. The prophet Isaiah, after the coal of hallowed fire was laid upon his lips and his iniquity taken away and his sin purged, heard a voice from the throne, saying, "Whom shall we send?" He replied, "Lord, here am I, send me."

With the young convert there is not only a willingness, but a burning desire to tell what God has done for him. John Bunyan says that, returning home from church after his conversion, he saw a flock of crows; and so great was his love for everything that God had made, that he would willingly have stopped and told them the story of Jesus's pardoning love if they could have understood him.

This missionary spirit flames still higher when the eye is touched the second time, and we behold every

man in his true light; at least this was my happy experience. It is not only our duty, but exalted privilege to publish these glad tidings. David wanted to gather around him every one that feared God on the whole earth, to tell them what God had done for his soul; that as far as the east is from the west, so far God had removed his sins from him.

St. Peter seems to think it constitutes a great part of a Christian's duty to show forth the praise of Him who hath called us from darkness into his most marvellous light. Yes, bless the Lord! Peter may well call it a marvellous light. Like the burning bush, it is wonderful to behold, doubly so to dwell therein. Saint Paul says, Let us therefore offer unto God the sacrifice of praise; and, lest we should mistake his meaning, he adds, that giving praise to his name is the fruit of our lips. Dr. Payson said that he often felt like borrowing Gabriel's trumpet, that he might spread the news of salvation from pole to pole. This same seraphic fire blazed in the soul of your humble author.

I felt that if I had the tongue of angels, if every hair of my head were a tongue, all should be employed in spreading the glad tidings of Scriptural holiness over the land. It is an ancient proverb, that "where there is a will there is a way." As you see, reader, I have been almost everything in my life but an author, and surely I might have expected to be anything else but that. Little did I think that the giving a history of my life to the

world would benefit any one. But none but God can bring something out of nothing.

If I ever understood the leadings of the Spirit, it was in the matter of giving to the press and to the world an account of the dealings of God with my soul. But how was this to be done? It would cost several hundred dollars. My capital stock at this time consisted of a feeble wife and two little children, a bundle of common furniture in a hired house, and I a blind husband and father.

But I am thankful in my soul that Jesus Christ is the same now that he was in the days of Saint Paul, when he chose the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are. Reader, was not the power and grace of God magnified by the lifeless, rough, and crooked instrument which he made use of in throwing down the walls of Jericho far more than if the work had been accomplished by means of Roman engines? What general of the present day would select the jaw-bone of an ass as a weapon of war? The reason the apostle gives for the use of such humble instruments is, that no flesh should glory in his presence.

If we, then, glory in our own strength or wisdom, can we expect God to make us instruments of good? A minister, whatever his talents or attainments, is not qualified to be used successfully in spiritual war-

fare until he has *ceased from his own works.* An ass is among the most despised of animals while living; but it was when the jaw-bone had ceased from its own works—was dead and laid aside—that it was used successfully in the hands of Samson against his enemies. Even so every minister of Christ should be evangelically dead—or as indifferent to flatteries or frowns, glories or honours, as the humble bone used to slay the Philistines. Christ was slain to receive power and riches, wisdom and strength, honour, and glory, and blessing; and in vain may his true followers look for power, heavenly riches, and honours, until they have nailed their lives, property, and even their darling reputation to the cross. They must be willing, too, so to be lifted up that a wicked world may wag their heads and point the finger of scorn, and the Pharisaical cold-hearted professor of religion say, Come down from the cross; that is, Come down on a level with us, and be satisfied with now and then a little milk, and live the balance of the time on garlic and onions. Then we can fellowship you. This is the price to be paid for holiness. This is selling all and buying the field. This is our diploma, our qualification for holy war. For it is written, "Stronger is He that is in you than he that is in the world." So much for the instruments with which God chooses to carry on his warfare. Therefore take courage, my soul, and what he saith unto thee write in a book. I have said I was without capital, but here I was mistaken. Can a man

be without capital who has a sanctified companion praying for him, together with the promises of a faithful God, who never mocks a feeble worm by commanding him to stretch forth a paralyzed and withered arm without giving the power to do it. So we went forth to our work comparatively penniless; and as fast as Satan planted sycamore-trees and raised up mountains of difficulties, Faith said, Be ye removed and cast into the depths of the sea. A contract was made to print a book of about one hundred and fifty pages.

I came home, put a pen into the hand of the little boy that I had hired to be the light of my eyes, and commenced in good earnest to make a book. In the language of Bunyan, "As I pulled, it came," and in about five weeks I had upwards of three hundred pages. I got fifteen hundred copies printed, and it cost over four hundred dollars.

The printer and bookbinder seemed as willing to wait as if I was worth my thousands. He that called me to this work had prepared the way before me. O, how good it is to trust the Lord. The first book I offered for sale, was at the Methodist Conference, in Lowville. I had with me, besides the books, a quantity of fine cloth, and hair-brushes of my own make. Almost every minister bought a brush of me, and took a dozen of my little books to sell. God bless them!

The next door that opened was the school district library, accompanied with high commendations

from the superintendents, Judge Graves and others. Here I must acknowledge, with gratitude, the special providence of God in enabling me to provide for the support and comfort of a helpless family. The school district libraries have from five to twenty dollars appropriated annually, for the purchase of books. So, instead of going around with one book, I took my boy and attended the great book auctions which are held twice a year in the city of New-York; and from that year until the spring of 1852, I have generally bought and sold about one thousand dollars worth of books annually, so that the barrel and the cruse have never yet been empty. My bread and water have been most assuredly given.

Another effectual door it opened to me. While the fifteen hundred tongues, in the shape of a little silent book, were proclaiming the goodness of God to my soul, I found a large itinerant field in which to preach the gospel. This opportunity I gladly embraced; and there are but very few churches, for twenty miles around Frankfort, in which I have not been permitted to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. Glory to God for the privilege! I have made it a rule never to enter a house, or to be in the company of any person a sufficient length of time to give an opportunity, without saying something about a preparation for eternity. I never hear the bell tolling the departure of a neighbour from time into eternity, without asking myself:

"Have I done my duty to that soul?" Gracious God, let me feel for souls now as I shall in that day when thou shalt come to reckon with both preacher and people! One cheering thought is, that in that day I shall hail with joy, in the glorious city, thousands whom I have never seen, yet dearly love. My brethren, whose voices I am familiar with, but whose faces I have never seen, will greet me there. Many of them I have perfectly daguerreotyped in my own mind, as if I had seen them all my life; and my own children, that I have never seen, seem to be as familiar to me in every feature, as if I had looked upon them every day of their lives. So strong is the illusion, that it seems to me, if my sight should suddenly be restored, I should certainly recognise them far from home. I have thought it would be a great curiosity if I should suddenly receive my sight, to see how mistaken I had been in picturing out the visage of men and things since I became blind. How much more if I had been born blind. How old Bartimeus must have wondered when Jesus touched his eyes, and he beheld the thousand beauties of nature for the first time! With what astonishment did he behold the king of day, with his golden beams! With what pleasure did he gaze upon the green fields of Palestine, and still more when he beheld the face of his divine oculist. And doubly so, he who was both deaf and blind. At a word, the deaf ear was unsealed, and listened with unspeakable joy to na-

ture's thrilling anthems. Gracious God! if the opening of the eye and the ear to the beauties of the natural world will cause such rapture, how indescribably thrilling must be the emotions of one translated in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, to behold the glories of the upper world, and to have the songs of the redeemed, as the portals of the heavenly gate are thrown back, suddenly burst upon the ear. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things God hath prepared for them that love him." I once heard an old man say, that though often happy in God, he never had felt like shouting—never had shouted in his life; "but," said he, "if I am ever so fortunate as to reach heaven's gate, when I see the host of the redeemed—the ransomed of the Lord, from the whole earth—the poor, the rich, the black, the white, the old and the young, all go up together to possess their heavenly inheritance, as they pass the threshold of heaven, and cast the first wondering look around heaven's vast domain, and strike the first note of praise unto 'Him who hath loved us, and washed us, and given himself for us,' I think I shall send up one shout of glory to God."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE fall of 1847 found me set down at a camp-meeting in M'Connellsville. This was Israel's annual festivity, or feast of tabernacles, a kind of a harvest-home to the reapers. You have been with me, dear reader, to a great many camp-meetings, while I was living in a state of justification, and you will not expect me to relinquish, in a higher and holier state, such a nuptial festivity. My companion, also, came with me, in order to participate in those holy delights; but the Master of Assemblies, in his wisdom, set before her a plate of bitter herbs, while my portion, like that of Benjamin, seemed to be increased five-fold. While the windows of heaven were raised, and my soul inundated with heavenly glory, she was called to suffer. She was taken suddenly ill, and was removed from the camp-ground to the house of sister Koon, who also left the field, like a guardian angel, to smooth her pillow in sickness. Here was a sacrifice far richer in the sight of God than ever smoked from a Jewish altar. Here was an exhibition of that love which seeketh not her own, but another's good. How good it is for the sick to fall into the arms of mercy. What a rich investment were the twopence sacrificed by the Samaritan for the good of his afflicted neighbour. Yes, glory to God! every step, every

tear, and every penny invested in the cause of mercy will yield a rich reward, if given from pure love to God and man. Thousands of years in paradise for the least good thought, and thousands of thousands for the least good deed, and then the reckoning shall begin again, till all arithmetic is exhausted, for you shall be swallowed up in a blest eternity, and the doors of heaven shall be shut upon you, and there shall be no more going out; so shall we be ever with the Lord. To leave a camp-meeting to attend to the sick, is something like Jesus leaving heaven and coming down to earth to bind up the broken-hearted. May the Lord ever bless sister Koon! But let us return to the camp-meeting. Brother Squires, who has since taken his passport to the eternal world, was preaching; his text was: "And let the God that answers by fire, be God." I, like Stephen, looked steadfastly up into heaven, and suddenly the hallowed fire came down, seeming, literally, to pass through soul, body, and spirit. No shower-bath was ever more sensibly felt than that baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. I trembled and fell to the ground. In this process I think I was cured of a little spiritual pride; I had been instructing my wife a few days previous on a more genteel way of shouting when slain, or overwhelmed by the power of God. Under such powerful exercises she would often scream and yell at the top of her voice. I told her it would appear better if she would articulate: Glory to God! Halle-

lujah! or, Praise the Lord! This, I told her, would be more pleasing to the ear of those who surrounded her. Thus I put forth the hand to steady the ark; but when the power of God overwhelmed my soul on the occasion above referred to, in spite of all of nature's powers or modern fashions, I yelled like a panther: I felt my pride greatly mortified, while the devil whispered to me that my brethren would all be tried with me for making such a great noise; and thus has been the manner of my exercises up to the present day; and when Satan comes whispering, order and decency, I just tell him to get behind me, and not trouble himself about children that do not belong to him. Very likely if it was not for this thorn in the flesh, this messenger of Satan to buffet me, these peculiar exercises might be the occasion of pride. Some one has said, "Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but pride mineth deeper." Mark its various transformations, as it seeks to retain its hold upon the heart; even at the throne of grace it will beset thee; yea, from the palaces of heaven ambitious pride once cast down a legion of angels; doubtless, pride is the most powerful engine that the prince of darkness ever run out from his depot; it is destroying more devotees at this day than were ever crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut. God knows that, blind and poor as I am, I am more afraid of this than of war, famine, or cholera. Here, at this camp-meeting, I met, for the first time, sister Elizabeth Ward, under circumstances never to be forgotten.

About twelve o'clock on the first night of the camp-meeting, as I was returning from a prayer-meeting, I heard deep and fervent intercessions going up to God in tones of earnest entreaty. It was Elizabeth wrestling for the crown of perfect love, which a short time previous had fallen from her head. As she saw me she said, "Brother Henry, come and pray for me." I was, at this time, nearly on the top-round of Jacob's ladder, and I felt more like praising than praying. But we knelt down there, and once more measured swords with the prince of darkness. The contest was severe, but faith told us the victory should be ours, and so it was. She again received the crown of perfect love, and wore it in triumph a few days on earth, and then melted away from the vision of her earthly friends, as the morning star melts away in the upper and brighter sky. Her friends have prepared a little volume of her life and warfare upon earth, and her early translation to her mansion of light. On the last morning of the camp-meeting, Brother Hartwell preached from this text: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." My seat being immediately in front of the stand, I felt the honey very sensibly dropping from the rock as he blew the gospel trumpet over my head, sweetening all my ransomed powers. The sermon being over, I started for the tent; but, like the man sitting at the beautiful gate, I felt my feet and ankle-bones receive strength, and commenced leaping and prais-

ing God. The meeting closed with a love-feast, at which a cloud of young converts testified that they had in that hallowed place found a sepulchre for all their sins. There were also witnesses, not a few, of complete and full salvation. Glory to God for full salvation! glory to God for camp-meetings! How many in the Church above would this day echo back, Glory to God for camp-meetings! for it has been the gate of heaven to their souls.

Do not think, reader, that we are going to make up our whole life on the camp-ground. Still, it will be something like the history of the Revolutionary War—mostly made up of great battles and glorious victories, while little is said about the days of drilling, brightening up armour, &c. But as Israel had pitched their tents again on the plains of the town of Schuyler, my wife being convalescent, we raised a little canvass house of our own; and, my Lord! was not that a Bethel to my soul? I was like a balloonist I once saw in Philadelphia. After his balloon was inflated, he got into his little car, and requested his friends to let him rise about twenty feet, and then fasten it to the ground with a cord, until he had everything in readiness to rise higher. Even so it was with my soul. It was perfectly inflated with the Spirit of the Lord. I think I then realized the prayer of the apostle in behalf of the Ephesians, "that they might know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," and "be filled with all the fulness of God." Yes, glory to God!

my soul was floating far above the principalities and powers of earth; and had death at that time been permitted to cut the silver cord, my ransomed soul would have soared away to the home of its God. My wife, while engaged with Martha's hands, had Mary's heart. She had long since chosen that good part which Mary chose; and, thank God, although four long years have passed since that time, it has never been taken from her. Although sickness and sore conflicts have marked almost every step of her way since that time, yet she has been abundantly sustained. I wish to mention one little incident that occurred at this meeting, about my making money out of the devil. I was on my knees praising the Lord, when my little boy came and whispered in my ear, "Brother Henry, somebody has cut our harness all to pieces." I turned and said, "Do not say a word about it; if the devil wants to whet up his knife on my old harness, let him do it; it shall not disturb my peace." Neither could he; for just then I felt rich in the Lord. How glad he would have been to have disturbed my temper a little, and make me murmur against God for permitting me to suffer loss, when I was in the way of my duty. So I told the boy not to mention it; but I was too late, for he had already told several on the ground, and several of the brethren came and slipped a piece of money into my hand or pocket, to make up the loss. And at the close of the meeting, brother Jones came and

brought me a very good old harness, and said, "Brother Henry, I will make you a present of this harness." So I put it on my horse, and used it two or three years. My harness that was cut I got mended for one shilling. So you see I made quite a speculation out of the devil that time. If we want to take advantage of the devil, it is in vain to quarrel with him, for he has the benefit of long experience, and is very subtle; but we should do as the servants did in the case of the unmerciful creditor. They went and told their Lord, who at once punished him severely. Well, once more we were safely at home, and now comes the test of our Christian graces. Many Christians would stand a hard brush with the old evil one in person, while at the same time he would grow perplexed and peevish at a thousand little trials not larger than a mosquito.

Here is a wasting of spiritual strength so perpetual and gradual, that it is hardly perceived until the poor soul finds itself far gone in a spiritual consumption. The shorn Christian wonders at it, for he has kept up his usual form of prayer, both in public and private; indeed he cannot think of any sin of omission or commission, that he has been knowingly and willingly guilty of; but there he is. As great mountains are made up of little particles of sand, so these little mosquito trials have rolled up a mountain of sin between him and his God. Perhaps you have often prayed that the Lord would pour out his Spirit upon the heathen, and convert

the world, and build up his kingdom everywhere, when at the same time a whole swarm of petty vexations and little anxieties are so distracting your thoughts, that you hardly know what you are saying.

Perhaps a careless servant is wasting your substance, or a blundering workman has spoiled your goods, a child is vexatious or unruly, a friend has made promises and failed to keep them, an acquaintance has made unjust or satirical remarks, or you have a headache, your house is in disorder, and company comes that you wish to have form a good opinion of you; but all this calls forth no prayer for strength and patience, though it is all the time lying like lead upon the heart. You feel as if these were small affairs to trouble the Lord with, and thus your stock of grace diminishes, speck by speck, and the peaceful dove has flown from your turbulent breast. O if God were only known and regarded as the soul's familiar friend, every little care as it comes to us would be laid upon him who is able to bear it, and our lightened spirits would pass on rejoicing in him who has said, "Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

CHAPTER XXIII.

About this time a circumstance occurred that I wish to mention to the praise of God's sustaining grace. God had given us a darling boy. For eleven short weeks we held the little treasure, and then our heavenly Father unwound the thousand little tendrils it had thrown around our hearts, and suddenly bore him away to bloom among the flowers of paradise, There is a flower called the night-blooming Cereus. About nine o'clock at night it begins to unfold its petals, and continues expanding until midnight, when it appears one of the most lovely flowers ever beheld by mortal eye. From this time it gradually closes up, until at three o'clock it is completely hid in its foliage. So it was with our little Charles Emory. We had but just looked upon his loveliness, when he passed forever from our sight. This was a great affliction to Mrs. Henry. Unconsciously she had made an idol of her babe. Let it ever be remembered, that our God is a jealous God, who never did, and never will make any compromise with an idol. Consequently one or the other must be given up. The crisis had come when the crown of perfect love must fall from the head of the mother, or the idol be turned out of the temple. God in mercy took the child, and stayed himself to comfort the broken-hearted mourner. When I lost my first

child, I murmured; but I could say on this occasion, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." My dear wife too was brought to say,

> "The dearest idol I have known,
> Whate'er that idol be,
> Help me to tear it from thy throne,
> And worship only thee."

Her heart was again cleansed from idols, and sprinkled with clean water. She shouted at the funeral. A wonderful peace flooded my soul. The little grave had no gloom. The clods of the valley falling on the little narrow house, seemed like the bells of the new Jerusalem inviting us to the mansion of light, whither he had fled.

"I remember how I loved him when a little guiltless child
I saw him in the cradle, as he look'd on me and smiled;
My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell,
And I bless'd the glorious Giver, who doeth all things well.

"Months pass'd: that bud of promise was unfolding every hour;
I thought that earth had never smiled upon a fairer flower;
So beautiful, it well might grace the bower where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne, who doeth all things well.

"He was the lonely star whose light around my pathway shone,
Amid the darksome vale of tears through which we journey on;
Its radiance had obscured the light which round the throne doth dwell,
And I wander'd far away, from Him who doeth all things well.

"That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now,
In the bright and dazzling coronet, that decks the Saviour's brow;
He bow'd to the destroyer, whose shafts none may repel,
But we know, for God hath told us, he doeth all things well.

"I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside his bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when they told me he was dead;
And O, that cup of bitterness!—let not my heart rebel:
God gave, he took, he will restore, he doeth all things well."

So now, reader, I have told the birth and death of my little boy; but I do not ask your tears or sympathies. Although the blowing out of the little candle was taking light from a blind man's path, removing the little staff that he might have leaned upon as he went forth proclaiming a free and full salvation to wretched and dying men; yet, what were all these advantages, compared with the jewel of perfect love? The value of a thing must be estimated not only by the first cost, but by what it costs to keep it. The price of salvation was nothing less than the blood of Jesus Christ. And he who thinks or imagines that a pure heart can be preserved without daily sacrifices, perpetual watchfulness, and unceasing prayer, will soon find that the blood of Jesus Christ must again be applied to cleanse from all sin. Many a man will steal your guineas, that would not touch your pennies. A stranger may ask, as he beholds the marble edifice in the city, why those massive bolts and bars are sprung upon its doors and windows? why those faithful sentinels march around, watching with eagle eye every hour in the night its avenues? He will be told at once there is a great treasure within those walls, and they are afraid to trust even bolts and bars, without those living watchers. Even so,

when Christ has cleansed your heart from every sin, and planted his own precious treasure there, do not think the danger is over. The banished enemy of your soul and his allies are well acquainted with the avenues to the citadel from which they were so lately expelled; and unless you watch unceasingly, looking to God for aid, you will certainly be overcome. Perhaps the battle has already been fought, and you "have overcome through the blood of the Lamb." Satan has seemingly fled from you, and you have stacked your arms, and flattered your soul that there was no more war in the land. But remember, reader, that the old deceiver was never more deceitful than when he is seeking to rock you asleep in the cradle of self-indulgence; and if you once fall asleep, he will be as careful about awaking you, as ever a burglar was about awaking the inmates of the house he was robbing. Do not forget, then, to watch; and I pray God not only to sanctify you wholly, soul, body, and spirit, but to preserve you blameless unto his coming. "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The winter of 1847, 1848 was a season of blessed trials to me. They showed me how much I loved the ordinances of God and the harmonious sound

of the gospel, by depriving me for a season of their blessed enjoyments. While assisting my wife in wringing out some clothes which had been washed with camphene, I took a violent cold. It resulted in rheumatic pains and deafness. For a few months it was with difficulty I could walk across the floor, and besides I was really deaf. This was a great trial of my faith. I had become reconciled to blindness; but now the question came, "Are you willing to have your ears sealed up until Gabriel shall blow; never more on earth to listen to nature's thrilling anthems—never more to be comforted by the sweet voices of wife, children, and friends—never more to listen to the harmonious sound of the gospel? In addition to all this, are you willing to suffer with malignant rheumatic pains, threatening to disjoint the whole body?" This was the next thing to being buried alive.

I do believe that I folded up my arms in resignation, and said, from the bottom of my heart, "Amen. Let my Father do what seemeth good in his sight." I do not think there was a shadow or a cloud permitted to darken the glory and munificence of God from my ransomed soul. I still dwelt in Beulah. I had got beyond Doubting Castle, and I did not go back.

Among the few resources that were left me, I found a well of living water which I had dug and stored up in my time of health and hearing, like the little boy who had committed to memory parts

of the sacred word. When his Catholic parents detected him, and burnt his Bible, he said, "You may take away my book, but I thank God you cannot take from me the twenty chapters I have in my memory." So it was with me. Since I have been blind, and while employed in making brushes for the support of my family, I have employed the little boys, hired to lead me about, in teaching me passages of Scripture, so that, at the time I am speaking of, I could repeat a hundred chapters, besides having a general acquaintance with the Bible. Now I have my little Florence, eleven years old, and George Wesley, whose picture you see in the frontispiece, for the light of my eyes. I do believe that the committing of the Scriptures to memory has been one of the principal stepping-stones by which I have entered into the audience-chamber of the King of kings. Here is good living. To a soul fully redeemed, the Bible is no longer a dead letter. It becomes spirit and life. With what avidity does the loving wife break the seal of the letter she receives from her husband while he is in California, procuring riches for her comfort! When he speaks of his success in mining, what joy dances on her countenance! Her eyes fill with tears of joy as she reads, "A little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Reader, what is the cause of these transports of joy? Permit me to answer for you. She *believes* what she reads, and living, burning, realizing faith pours into the coffers

of the soul the substance of the thing hoped for, a sure evidence that the unseen husband yet lives with the rich treasure, while she, with appropriating faith, says, *My* husband, *my* gold. "All mine is thine, and thine is mine." You see here how the wife has a fellowship with her husband. The reading that letter is with her the next thing to seeing him face to face. You remember the letter sent to my mother with the intelligence of my conversion to God. She not only broke the seal and read the lines with more than a mother's joy, but she carried it in her pocket, and every one that she met that loved Jesus, and knew what it was to rejoice with angels and men over a repentant sinner, she would take it out and read it to them.

In her conduct was displayed an exercise of perfect faith. She simply believed, without a doubt, that the letter she held in her hand was not only the sentiment of her son, but that every word of it was true. It was to her reality; and it brought to her soul as much joy, perhaps, as if she had heard my lips utter the truths it contained.

Even so faith in spiritual things has destroyed the deadness of the letter, and clothed with life the precious truths of God's word. The precious promises, both in the Old and New Testament, breathe a precious assurance into my soul that I shall shortly dwell where we shall have no need of the sun or the moon, for the glory of God is the light of that place. Hallelujah to heaven's king!

Let me repeat to you again, reader, that committing the Bible to memory has been a wonderful help to me. Well might David say, "It is a light to our feet, a lamp to our path." How many times at midnight, when almost every lamp of earth is blown out, and nearly half the world are slumbering in the arms of Morpheus, I have taken out my Bible, which is engraven upon the tablets of my memory, and, like an old miser, sought to count up my riches. He reckons up his promissory notes, bonds and mortgages, and sets them down as so much cash, yet there is not one particle of cash about them. They are only promises to pay him money at some future period. Great God, may I not have as much faith in the promises, bonds and mortgages, written by the finger of God, confirmed by the oath of the Father, and testified to by the Holy Ghost, as a rich worldling has in his papers, or, rather, in the faithfulness and ability of those that have signed them? Alas! how often the Christian is rebuked by these words: "O ye of little faith!"

I have above told you of some blessed trials of my faith. The great Refiner walked with me through the furnace, tempering the heat as he saw I was able to bear it, bringing me through, like the three worthies, without the smell of fire on my garments. The spring of 1848 found me in perfect health, soul and body. Mrs. Henry was at this time spiritually on Mount Pisgah. To pray, testify and exhort in the open courts of God's house, was

to her more than her meat and drink. God, in his wisdom, made known his power in the use of a weak, trembling woman; but while she delighted in all the ordinances of the Lord, the hand of affliction was suddenly laid upon her. She was seized with a bronchial affection, which, from that time to this, has prevented her from praying in an audible voice. Catarrh and spinal-affection setting in about the same time, altogether produced the most sensitive nervous debility. Perhaps no form of disease is so trying, so wearing out to soul and body, as this last mentioned. But if there were never any sick, we should know little about the skill of the physician, or the value of his remedies. Even so, if there were no sorrow and trouble to be borne, where would be the test of our Christian graces? In my suffering companion, grace found a subject wherein to magnify the power and mercy of God. For more than a year sore disease and extreme pain seemed to be letting her down, step by step, into the cold waves of Jordan. The pain in her head seemed so to derange her thoughts, that she was only capable of one or two forms of ejaculatory prayer, such as: "Lord, sanctify this affliction;" or, "Thy will be done." Her nerves were so sensitive that the rattling of a newspaper would greatly distress her. The physicians and neighbours thought she must die, but I could never be brought to believe it. There was something that whispered within that my Susan would yet be raised up.

My neighbours sometimes amused themselves with what they considered my groundless faith. Under these circumstances I one day ascended the ladder leading to the garret of my cabin, where I had just room to kneel down; and if any man on earth ever got a direct answer from a telegraph, I think I received one from the throne above concerning my wife. When I came down stairs I told her she might look for a change in her condition shortly.

The same evening, about dark, the family found her speechless, with one half her person, from head to foot, cold and stiff. She believed herself dying; and as she reflected that she was only a step from the kingdom of glory, the flood-gates of grace were raised upon her soul; and though she had not been able to speak a loud word for some weeks, she now shouted, "Glory! glory! glory!" so that she might have been heard in the streets. Every earthly infirmity seemed to be swept overboard by the flood of glory which poured upon her in copious effusions. The whole room seemed to be lit up with the glory of God.

The doctor was soon called, and ordered her a little wine. She replied that she expected soon to drink of the fruit of the living vine in her Father's kingdom. The doctor was a full-blooded sceptic, and, like the ancient Pharisee, had never seen anything of that fashion before. Doubtless he little expected, when he was called in to administer medi-

cine to his patient, to have an exhortation poured on to him; but upon him the great work began, and for weeks she exhorted saint and sinner as they daily entered her room. That voice and throat which, for months previous, were scarcely able to utter a word, were now audible and strong.

She believed that she had now received the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Grace had loosed the last earth-bound tie, and she seemed to be like a good saint who took her passport to glory not long since. Consumption had gradually consumed her until her feet stood in the waters of Jordan. Her husband and six children gathered around her dying-couch to receive her blessing, and give the last farewell. She first threw her arms around her beloved husband, exhorted him to meet her in heaven, kissed him, and gave him to God. Then taking the oldest child, and from him down to the little babe, she bade them all farewell, and left them in the hands of God; then folding up her arms and closing her eyes, she said, "Now I have nothing to do but die." She lay still and silent for a few moments, when a sunbeam of glory seemed to illuminate her features, and she clapped her hands and shouted, "They 're coming! they 're coming! and our little Willie is with them, and O how beautiful he looks!" and thus, with an escort of angels, she went home.

Mrs. Henry felt that she had nothing to do but die. Her only disappointment was that she did not

hear the rumbling of the chariot wheels sent to bear her ransomed soul to mingle with the company of just men made perfect. Never did she view herself as nothing but dust and ashes until now. She often remarked that she felt like a little worm crawling upon the floor, every moment subject to be crushed.

Power seemed to be given her in her weakness, so that the story of the love of Jesus to sinners, and what he had done for her poor soul, seemed to make everything quake. She seemed to have been made perfect through suffering. She had gone out of herself, and was hid with Christ in God. At this point, I discovered that she had passed me on the race-course, although she started about a year after me. I now plainly saw her some distance in the advance in full stretch for the crown. I had no desire to hold her by the skirt, but have been trying with all my might to overtake her. But if I do not, I still say to her,

> "If you get there before I do,
> Look out for me, I'm coming too."

CHAPTER XXV.

In the fall of 1848, Rev. Jesse Penfield being about to close up his labours on this circuit, God put it into his heart to raise a Methodist chapel in Frankfort.

To all appearance this might have staggered the faith of Abraham; but with God impossible things become possible. The attempt was made, and in February, 1849, a beautiful brick church was dedicated to Almighty God, by Rev. B. J. Diefendorf, then presiding elder on that district. A protracted meeting was then commenced in the Baptist and Methodist Churches. The battle now began in good earnest; the powers of darkness gave way, and a glorious revival followed in both Churches. Frankfort in a measure seemed to be redeemed. O how good it is to hold on to the arm of the Lord and wait patiently for him! The blind man's cottage could not now hold a tenth part of the lovers of prayer-meetings, where, for six years previous, they would not average ten persons, including all denominations. I was deprived of hearing the dedication sermon, as duty and affection kept me by the bedside of my suffering companion; but in the evening I had the happiness of listening to brother Wyatt.

His subject was the great feast which God had prepared for the souls of them that love him. I will assure you I opened my mouth wide as the Lord had commanded me, and my soul partook heartily of the solids as well as the fluids that faith saw plainly spread out before me,—not only fat things full of marrow, but wine as pure and effervescent as that drawn from the water-pots at the wedding in Galilee. As I arose, after the sermon, to express my gratitude to God for what he had done,

and what he was about to do for sinners in Frankfort, I took so large a draught of this wine that I reeled and fell under its power; and I have scarcely drawn a sober breath since. It was the same kind of wine that the disciples drank on the day of Pentecost, when they were accused by the multitude of being drunk. Wine, here, is a symbol of the Holy Spirit, and any man that has ever been intoxicated by the madeira and champagne of this world, and also that of the kingdom of grace, will see a forcible and striking similitude between them. It is with shame that I confess that I have more than once been staggering drunk on the wine of this world. But I rejoice to say that I have since that time drank to intoxication of that which flows from Christ the living vine. Therefore I speak what I know by experience. But let us trace the analogy; and to make it plainer permit me to relate one or two circumstances of my shameful experience while dwelling in the land of Egypt. When I was engaged in business at the South, and especially on the Alleghany Mountains, it was a custom for the lawyers, doctors, engineers, and contractors, and a like quality falsely called gentlemen, to have occasionally a venison dinner, with sumptuous trimmings and sparkling wines. You see now, at two o'clock, twenty fashionable well-dressed men, who, from their conversation and general deportment, give every appearance of gentlemen in the true sense of the word. We will now close the door

upon them, and at six o'clock we again look into the dining room. They are all there; but their order and decorum has stepped out, and confusion reigns among them. One man is standing on the table spouting Shakspeare; another is bragging of his wealth, and ostentatiously displaying his bonds and bank notes; another is boasting of his pedigree, his noble ancestry. One man is swearing profanely; another laughing, ready to split his sides at every silly remark he hears. By his side, his fellow is crying, and no one knows or cares about the cause. One of the number is dancing as merrily as a lord; while at his feet lies one as insensible as a mummy.

You wonder as you glance at these men, in the midst of broken glasses and upset tables, and ask the host the cause of this great change wrought in them in the short space of four hours. He will tell you that they were under the influence of wine, that is, they were filled with the spirit of wine. You will ask him again the occasion of the different conduct exhibited in different individuals. He will perhaps tell you that the wine affects all people equally, but no two alike; and that the outward demonstration is varied according to the natural bent and disposition of the partaker.

Reader, please take my arm, and go with me to an ancient house in Jerusalem. See there in an upper chamber one hundred and twenty disciples, all very grave and sober men and women. Twelve of them are the chosen apostles of Jesus. Among

the sisters, is Mary the mother of the Saviour. They are quietly praying and conversing together. We will close the door, and after three hours, or about the ninth hour, we will look in again upon the same individuals. How are they now? Are they all sitting quietly on their seats? O, no! there was a noise, and that so great, so loud and strange, that it was heard throughout the city: so that a great multitude of the curious gathered about the doors, as they have often done on similar occasions. You hear now not only one individual, but the whole congregation, audibly and earnestly talking at once, and in fourteen different languages, and the sacred historian tells us that they were all talking of the wonderful works of God, and that they were all filled with the Holy Ghost; or he might have said they were filled with the wine of the kingdom. As it was, the scoffing multitude came to the conclusion that they were all drunk. And when we turn to the history of the last century, and read of the multitudes that shouted, reeled, staggered, and fell to the ground as dead men under the preaching of a Wesley, Fletcher, Whitefield, Christmas Evans, Abbott, and others, and add to that our own experience and observation for the last ten years at camp-meetings and other places, we know of no better conclusion that a sober dispassionate unconverted multitude could arrive at than to say they were all drunk; for I do know by observation and experience, that the outward manifestations of the two

kinds of wine bear a striking analogy; and I do not wonder that the prophets and the apostles made choice of wine as a symbol or comparison to illustrate the operations of the Holy Spirit. But Peter, standing up, denies the charge of their being drunk, and then goes on to explain to the multitude the cause of the noise and seeming confusion. He might have said it was estimate-day or pay-day; that Jehovah had just cashed a bond which he had caused to be executed a few hundred years previous by Jeremiah, one of his clerks; or, in the language of Scripture, "I will pour out of my Spirit" or wine "upon my servants and handmaids, and they shall prophesy;" or, in other words, that was the set day when more than three thousand new bottles or souls should be filled with new wine or the champagne of the kingdom.

So, my dear long-faced, sober-sided, fault-finding reader, when you go to another camp-meeting, where five hundred of God's people have met together with one accord in one place, and you see them all upon their knees, calling upon their heavenly Host that they may be filled with the Spirit, do not be surprised if, after a while, you see brother Henry leaping, laughing, and falling down; another shouting; the third pointing to his bonds and mortgages in the old record, and telling how rich he is; while near by a hoary-headed old father, with patches on his knees, boasts of his pedigree, tracing his ancestry back to the Ancient of Days,

producing his evidence that God was his father and Jesus Christ his elder brother. At a little distance you will see a good sister melted into tears, while a holy, reverential awe broods over her in silence; by her side lies one insensible, while the whole five hundred rejoice together in hopes of the glory of God. You now turn and ask me the cause of all these exhibitions of joy? Permit me to answer you, in the language of your bar-room host: "They are all filled with the Spirit."

I should be glad if I had space to make a few selections, backing up this truth, not only from sacred history, but also from the history of the Church during modern reformations. But I must pass them by, and conclude this too lengthy chapter by giving you two recipes—one that will effectually cure you from fault-finding, and the other to cure the people of God from shouting. They are a sovereign remedy. Perhaps a little incident in my own experience may better convey my meaning. About the year 1836, while living in Franklin County, Pa., business placed me in a stage-coach to go to Harrisburg, a distance of about forty miles. About twelve o'clock at night the driver stopped at a hotel in the village of Carlisle, a few rods from Dickinson College. While changing horses I roused from a stupor, and half-awake, and not very good-natured, went into the bar-room, where at once my ears were saluted with shouts, songs, speechifying, loud laughter, and not a little systematical swearing

The noise proceeded from a large parlour in a distant part of the hotel. I well understood the cause. I suppose it was something like the noise that Moses and Joshua heard, as they came down from the mountain, from a certain party, dancing and shouting around a golden calf. But I had not been there long before the parlour-door opened, and it was no sooner known by the revellers that Captain Henry was in the house than a fragment of the party caught me by the collar, and, in spite of all expostulations, precipitated me into the midst of a party of drunken collegiates and other like companions. Under those circumstances, I presume, I felt very much like an unconverted man, looking on, while the power of God is displayed like a tornado in the forest, waving one tree top into the arms of another, and occasionally tearing up a stately oak by the roots, bringing it headlong to the ground. They appeared to me like a set of fools. Their general conversation and performance seemed ridiculous in the extreme. The stage now went off without me. I began to pour down the wine, and in half an hour I could laugh and make speeches with the best of them. I saw no impropriety in anything that was going on. Here, reader, is your recipe. When you get tired of hearing your brethren shout, hearken to the invitation of the prophet, to come and buy this wine, and let your soul delight itself with its delicious influences. Let your soul be filled to the brim with this pure wine of the

kingdom; and if it does not cure your croaking and fault-finding about the brethren and sisters shouting and making such a noise and confusion, you may set it down for a certainty that you have not a genuine article. The second recipe is an effectual cure for shouting, leaping, falling with the power, &c. Take a quantity of backbiting, croaking, idle words, superfluity of dress, anger, self-righteousness, mix them well together in a powder, and wash it down with a hearty draught of rum, brandy, or whisky, and, my word for it, you will not be troubled with spiritual ecstasy. But, before I close this subject, I wish to say I can tell the reader by experience—by sad as well as joyous experience—that the consequences resulting from the use of the two articles are as unlike as heaven and hell.

The wine of this world leaves a man with a headache, heartache, remorse and rags, and the finger of God hath written, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Consequently, the undying soul will dwell forever in eternal darkness with distillers, rumsellers, hypocrites, dogs and sorcerers, and every species of evil-doers. While the wine that flows freely from Christ, the living vine, will give peace, like a river, and the ultimate boon will be glory, honour, immortality and eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. One will procure for you the torments of hell, the other the rest of heaven. Reader, the two cups are before you. May God help you to make a wise choice. Amen.

"GOOD MORNING, BROTHER PILGRIM!"

The following is the substance of a conversation between two professors as they met; one going to, the other returning from, camp-meeting, early in the morning.

"Good morning, brother pilgrim!
What, marching to Zion?
What doubts and what dangers have you met to-day?
Have you found a blessing?
Are your joys increasing?
Press forward, my brother, and make no delay.
Is your heart a glowing?
Are your comforts flowing?
And have you an evidence now bright and clear?
Have you a desire
That burns like a fire?
And have hope in the hour when Christ shall appear?"

"I came out this morning,
And now am returning,
Perhaps little better than when I first came;
Such groaning and shouting,
It sets me to doubting,
I fear such religion is all like a dream.
The preachers were stamping,
The people were jumping,
And screaming so loud that I neither could hear
Either praying or preaching;
Such horrible screeching,
'T was truly offensive to all that were there."

"Perhaps, my dear brother,
While they pray'd together,
You sat and consider'd, and pray'd not at all;
Would you find a blessing?
Then *pray without ceasing*,
Obey the advice which was given by Paul.

For if you should reason
At any such season,
No wonder if Satan should tell in your ear:
'The preachers and people
Are all but a rabble,
And this is no place for reflection and prayer.'"

"'*No place for reflection!*'
I'm fill'd with distraction,
I wonder the people could bear for to stay;
The men they were bawling,
The women were squalling,
I wonder, for my part, how any could pray.
Such horrid confusion,
If this be religion,
Sure it is something new that has never been seen;
For the sacred pages
Which speak of all ages,
Do nowhere declare that such ever has been."

"Don't be so soon shaken;
If I'm not mistaken,
Such things have been acted by Christians of old:
When the ark it was coming,
King David came running,
And *danced* before it, in Scripture we're told.
When the Jewish nation
Had laid the foundation,
And rebuilt the temple, by Ezra's command,
Some wept and some praised,
Such a noise there was raised,
'T was heard afar off, perhaps all through the land.

"And as for the preacher,
Ezekiel the teacher
Was taught for to stamp, and smite with his hand;
To show the transgression
Of that wicked nation,
And bid them repent and obey the command.

For Scripture quotation
In this dispensation,
Our gracious Redeemer has handed them down;
If some ceased from praising,
We hear him proclaiming,
The stones to reprove them would quickly cry out."

"Then Scripture is wrested;
For Paul has protested
That order should be kept in the house of the Lord;
Amidst such a clatter
Who knows what's the matter?
Or who can attend unto what is declared?
To see them behaving
Like drunkards or raving,
And lying and rolling prostrate on the ground;
I really felt awful,
And sometimes was fearful
That I 'd be the next to come tumbling down."

"You fear persecution,
And there's the delusion,
Brought in by the devil to draw you away;
Be careful, my brother,
For blest are none other
But such as are never offended in me."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The spring of 1849 found my prospects, temporal and spiritual, brightening. I still continued selling books. My wife's health continuing feeble, we broke up keeping house, she going to Litchfield to board with her children, and I to New-York to at-

tend the great book-auction. One Sabbath morning while in New-York, I went to the Blind Institute. I was not a stranger to them, for I had been there the year before with the little book containing the history of my life. The superintendent purchased one, and it was sold to the pupils generally, so that by this time we were like old acquaintances, and, I presume, I shall never forget in time or eternity the glorious class-meeting I had the first Sabbath I had the happiness of meeting with those labouring under like infirmities with myself. The class met at nine o'clock in the morning. There were about thirty persons present, including various denominations. They were in a square room, with a row of benches around the wall. I was requested to lead the class. I presume I have been called upon to lead nearly one hundred different classes, and I do not believe that I ever led a class that had so fair a view of the eternal city as this. Class was opened by two or three fervent prayers, and then they struck up, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," and there was so much spirit and glory in it that it seemed as if I had never heard it before. The music of a score of Jenny Linds would have sounded flat in comparison with this spiritual choir. The blind inmates had all been well instructed in singing, from the little child to the adult. When the time of preaching came, if ever I was prepared to let down the gospel-net, it was then. There was quite a concourse of people from the city, and, as they all arose

to sing, in unison with their tremendous organ, one might almost be persuaded that the choir which the revelator saw had descended from above, the number of which was "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands." It was evident, however, that it was not the song of the angelic band; for while the angels sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," the poor, the lame, the halt, and the blind sing on the higher key: "Unto him that loved us, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hath made us kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth." This text, with all its glorious and exalted privileges, I once placed beyond Jordan; but since I came into the land of Beulah, faith has brought it over on this side, and I am now preaching, singing, and living, every sentence and syllable, through rich abounding grace. If we are not to sing the song of redemption this side of Jordan, I fear we shall never sing it. If we are not to reign as kings and priests on the earth—that is, put every spiritual foe under our feet—I fear we shall never do it. Glory be to God! the door of heaven is opened, and the heavenly treasure unlocked to our view while here on earth. One would suppose the very music of the sons and daughters of God would be enough to win every soul to Christ.

But there are men that will give hundreds of dollars for a ticket to a Jenny-Lind concert, that would not bend the knee to Christ for a ticket that

would place in their hands a golden harp, and give them a seat with heaven's choir at God's right hand. O Lord, pity them that are so blind to their own happiness! I am reminded here of a little circumstance that occurred not long since. I had often thought that I would like to procure one of David's harps, and learn to play on it, supposing it would cost about fifty dollars. It so happened that a company of musicians, who had one of these harps, put up for the night in my neighbourhood. I went over and inquired the price of one, and was told it would cost from three to five hundred dollars. This decided the matter that I should never have one on earth; but that moment the Spirit raised up a standard, and encouragingly said, "Child, your Father has got a golden harp laid up for you in glory;" and faith seemed to lend her realizing sight, so that I could almost lay my hand upon it. My soul at once filled up with glory; and, as I contrasted the two harps, the heavenly one looked so glorious that it made the earthly one appear of as little value as a child's whistle.

Let us seek the things that are above, for it is our privilege to have the glorious city plainly in view as we journey through this vale of tears. But let us go back to the Blind Institute. My subject was the resurrection of the body, when these earthly houses, with every window destroyed, and walls dilapidated and ruined by the fall, should be raised glorious in holiness and divinely beautiful, as it is

written: "Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him." "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." What a glorious and heart-cheering subject for a blind preacher to hold up to a blind audience! "O, my soul, be not cast down; hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the light of my countenance and my chief joy!" In my intercourse with the poor and the blind, I have come to the conclusion that the poet was not extravagant when he said,

> "Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot cure."

It is but a few hours since an unbelieving, but kind-hearted man, after bestowing upon me a small favour, expressed his cheerfulness to do so as he looked upon my infirmities, remarking at the same time that he supposed if I had a million of dollars I would give it for the restoration of my sight. I made no reply; but I certainly did think then, as I think now, that I would not stand in his shoes, or those of any other unbelieving man in spiritual blindness, twenty-four hours, for one million of dollars, and run the dreadful hazard of being suddenly called to settle my great account. So there was sympathy on both sides. Before taking leave of my blind companions, I wish to relate a word or two concerning their Sabbath school. At three

o'clock in the afternoon, one hundred and thirty-five teachers and pupils met to engage in reading, reciting, and explaining the Bible; and little blind children not six years of age knew more about the Bible than I did at forty. Humiliating as is this confession, no doubt there are thousands now strutting in their silks and broadcloths totally ignorant of themselves, their Bible, and their God. Here is a blindness that may be felt; while heaven and glory shine around the pathway of thousands that are naturally blind, but, having an eye single to the glory of God, their whole body is full of light. They are children of the day, and they have no occasion for stumbling. So farewell, my blind companions, till we hail each other on the banks of the promised land, and sing hallelujah to God for free grace!

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the above chapter you recollect that I told you of my engagedness in selling books here. I began to tremble, fearing that through the deceitfulness of gain, thorns and briers might spring up in the garden of my soul, and choke the precious fruit. But God gave me strength according to my day, and I was enabled to keep the world in its right place. I endeavoured to take up every cross, warning and exhorting every man that I had any dealing with,

and seeking to spread Scriptural holiness over the land, while a door of utterance was opened every Sabbath for me to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. About this time Charles Wendall, a little boy of thirteen that I employed to lead me, was converted to God, in a powerful class-meeting at brother Benjamin Harter's. I think I never saw a clearer or sounder conversion. This was the third boy that had been converted while leading me. This was a glorious year to my soul. Mrs. Henry was at this time boarding at brother Champion's, in Litchfield. You will recollect the account given in a former chapter of her sickness, and the display of God's power in bestowing upon her the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. Her infirmities were still perpetuated, so that from that time she has been in a very feeble state. But as the apostle exhorts us to sanctify the Lord God in our hearts, and be ready always to give every man that asks us a reason of the hope that is in us with meekness and fear, we will let sister Henry speak for herself, by inserting here a diary of two or three weeks, kept until her health failed, and she was obliged to lay down the pen. This, perhaps, will be a fair sample of her faith and its effects down to the present time.

July 8th.—I have been able to rejoice to-day in the God and Rock of my salvation. This morning I conversed with a sister, whose heart is panting after holiness. Tried to give her some light; told her how the Lord had led me out into the ocean of

his love, and that I now felt as if swimming in a flood of glory. As I was conversing with her she was sent for. She gave me a pressing invitation to come and see her, as she wanted to learn more about this highway of holiness, and requested an interest in my prayers. I lent her a book on holiness, praying that God would bless her in reading it, and let her into the liberty of the gospel. This evening called to see a stranger, who is not a professor of religion. When I stepped over the threshold of the door, I prayed that God would direct me to warn her to flee from the wrath to come. In reply to my inquiries she remarked that she had thought some upon the subject, and would try to get out to church.

My aim and object is to be of some use while I stay here below; and I pray God that I may ever let my light shine, and never seek to conceal what great things God has done for me.

July 9th.—Had a good time in secret prayer; felt the whispering of the Spirit bearing witness with mine that I was a child of God and an heir of heaven. Blessed be the name of the Lord for faith, which is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, that entereth within the veil.

July 10th.—Have had a good day; feel that Christ reigns without a rival. Blessed be the name of the Lord for this highway of holiness, cast up for the redeemed of the Lord to walk in. Felt humbled in the dust this evening while conversing

with a Methodist exhorter, who professes sanctification. I told him of my enjoyments—that I felt as willing to suffer with Christ as to reign with him. He said he thought I enjoyed more of a fulness than he did. Instead of lifting me up it humbled me in the dust. O that the Lord may keep me,—

> "Low down in this beautiful valley,
> Where love crowns the meek and the lowly—
> Where loud storms of envy and folly
> May roll on their billows in vain."

July 11*th.*—Feel a peace this morning, and my prayer is, that love may ever drive my chariot wheels. Satan laboureth in nothing more than to keep us in unbelief, especially of particular promises; for he knows if we believe them we shall in all things have the victory. Let us come before God with boldness, claiming every promise as ours. O the abundance of sweet cordial comfort which all humble believers draw by faith out of every promise!

July 12*th.*—Feel weak in body, but the soul feels strong in the God and Rock of my salvation. I know that whenever this earthen vessel is dashed to pieces my soul has a home in heaven. I feel this morning that I can read my title clear to mansions in the sky. O how inspiring it is to look away to that blessed country, and think of the society we shall have there! There are the holy angels, the blessed prophets, the triumphant apostles, the victorious martyrs, and all the host of the redeemed; these will be my companions forever. I, even I,

shall mount the upper sky, having on a robe of righteousness, with the palm of victory in my hand, and, as I cast my glittering crown at the feet of my Redeemer, there shall be a golden harp given me, and I shall be permitted to join with the heavenly host in glorifying God and singing, Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Blessing, honour, glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever!

July 13*th.*—I feel like calling upon all within me to praise and adore the name of the Lord. The prayer of my heart is, that I may be ever clothed with humility; for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

> "A broken heart, my God and King,
> Is all the sacrifice I bring;
> The God of grace will ne'er despise
> A broken heart for sacrifice."

July 15*th.*—Feel that Jesus is mine, and I am his; went up to the house of the Lord yesterday, and heard brother Jerome preach his farewell sermon. The text was in 2 Corinthians xiii, 11: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." Had a glorious time; the Lord was there. Two sisters were struggling for the blessing of perfect love. One said she felt as if she could almost touch the hem of Christ's garment, but unbelief seemed to keep them both away. My prayer is, that the Lord may beat back

the power of unbelief and let them into perfect liberty.

July 16*th.*—After retiring to rest last night was favoured with an extraordinary display of divine grace. I felt to rejoice that the Lord reigned, that Jesus was exalted far above principalities and powers. This morning am very weak in body, but feel that I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me.

> "I can do all things, or can bear
> All sufferings if my Lord be there;
> Sweet pleasure mingles with the pains,
> While his right hand my head sustains."

O what a blessed thing it is to lose our will in God's! Since I lost my will I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desire but that God's will may be accomplished. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

July 17*th.*—I feel to rejoice this morning with joy unspeakable and full of glory. O how sweet it is to sit at the feet of Jesus! In his presence is fulness of joy; at his right hand there are pleasures forever more. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

> "He bids his angels pitch their tents
> Round where his children dwell;
> What ills their heavenly care prevents
> No earthly tongue can tell."

July 18*th.*—I feel that if I live for God nothing shall be lost. I shall have full measure, pressed down and running over. Thousands of years in

paradise for the least good thought, and thousands of thousands for the least good word; and the reckoning shall begin again, for I shall be swallowed up in a blessed eternity, and the door of heaven shall be shut upon me, and there shall be no more going out.

Thus ends this short diary of a feeble woman, walking and talking with God, Enoch-like, having the testimony that she pleased God, and in this one point is embraced the great duty of religion, that we please God, and not ourselves or our fellow-men. Such a soul is truly travelling in the land of Beulah, like a youthful bride rejoicing in the smiles of the bridegroom as she leans upon his almighty arm, decked with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of the bridegroom, is of great value. Do not imagine, reader, that sister Henry had no fiery trials. If she should write the history of every day from that period up to the present, some of them would be well described in the language of the Psalmist: "Deep calleth unto deep; all thy water-spouts have gone over me."

Yet she could say with the poet:—

"In time of fear, when trouble 's near,
I look to thine abode;
Though helpers fail and foes prevail,
I 'll put my trust in God.

"In darkest skies, though storms arise,
I will not be dismay'd;
O God of light and boundless might,
My soul on thee is stay'd."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I HAVE already spun out a much longer thread in this supplementary narrative than I at first contemplated; but I feel now as I do sometimes after having preached an hour. The harvest-field seems to wave as the wind of the Spirit blows upon it, as if to beckon me on; and I think I would like to cut another swath around the field, and gather a few more sheaves and bind them up for the barns of heaven, before I lay down the sickle. Even so when I would lay down the pen, I have before me the last two years of my life, more glorious than all the rest.

It is true that the way of holiness grows narrower and brighter; and the farther we travel in it, the more our happiness increases. In the course of my narrative, you have been with me to a great many camp-meetings. I was justified and sanctified at a camp-meeting, and if it is the will of God I should like to die on a camp-ground. Where could I find a better place to lay down my armour and take up my crown? Yet if it is the will of God I had rather tarry a few years, that I may preach the gospel to the poor and forsaken. Probably more than half my labours, for the last few years, have been at the various county poor-houses; and I do believe this day, should death overtake me, that if I have any honest and sincere friends, who would plant a rose

upon my grave, and mourn that I was gone, it would be some of my brethren and sisters from the poor-house.

This would be a greater satisfaction to me than to receive the salary of a rich and worldly congregation, who are saying within themselves, like an ancient backslidden Church, "I am increased in goods and have need of nothing."

I have often heard people remark, "What a pity that the county does not make some provision to pay for preaching the gospel to the poor." Dear reader, there are provisions made, and a fund set apart by the great Head of the Church far superior to any earthly treasure.

My custom has been to go on Saturday night, have a prayer-meeting and a word of exhortation, and on Sabbath morning, immediately after breakfast, pass through all the rooms, and pray with the sick and the cripples. This will generally take about two hours. Then we have a sermon and class-meeting in the forenoon, preaching and prayer-meeting in the afternoon and evening, making about nine hours of sweet labour in preaching and praying, exhorting and singing. How glorious is the rest of those who labour in the vineyard of the Lord! how smooth the pillow, how delightful the night vision!

Then in the morning to pray with them and take an affectionate farewell, reminds one of the brethren weeping on the neck of Paul as he was about to go to Jerusalem.

The blessings of the poor, mingled with the smiles of God, are salary enough for me. I think I now fully understand what the apostle means by "being poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things." I should like to tell you of some of the glorious scenes, the shouts of triumph that we have had at the poor-house.

If a stranger were passing by he would suppose, and rightly too, that the prodigal had got home. There is the poor mourner, trembling perhaps over a drunkard's grave; and the saint shouting glory to God, rejoicing even in tribulation, having a blessed hope of heaven, and looking for the glorious appearing of her God and Saviour. The first time I visited the poor-house I was led up to the bedside of "Granna Taylor." She was ninety-eight years old, blind, and nearly deaf. By putting my mouth close to her ear and speaking loud, she could hear me. When I introduced myself to her as a blind preacher, her soul seemed to take fire at once.

I asked her if she knew anything about Jesus of Nazareth. She clapped her bony hands together and said, "Yes, glory to God! he is my Saviour. He converted my soul seventy-two years ago, and he has supported me ever since by his grace. When all my earthly friends forsook me, he came with me to the poor-house, and hath comforted me here. O how I love Jesus, and long to be with him!" During the seven years that I preached there it was pay enough for going twelve miles to have

the privilege of pouring a prayer into her ear, and hearing her shouts of praise as she loaded the humble messenger with blessings and thanksgiving. The last time I saw her she had, as usual, her sorrows as well as her joys to tell me. She had several hymns that she loved to sing, and portions of Scripture, learned before she was blind, that she was in the habit of repeating. But she said of late when she began to sing some one would come and slap her in the face. Before I saw her again she had gone to a country where there are no poor-houses, and, blessed be God! no wicked to molest the saints of God. Sing on, Granna Taylor, and by-and-by I will join you where the deaf ear is unstopped and the wicked cease from troubling. We might relate many incidents of the aged and crippled lovers of Jesus who have been carried by angels to Abraham's bosom, but we have not room to do so. Great God! what must the angels think to see a poor-master drive to the door of some wretched hovel, and take one of Jesus's brothers and carry him to the poor-house. Suppose that, on his way there, he halts in front of a splendid mansion, its windows hung with rich and splendid tapestry, its rooms luxuriously furnished with mahogany sofas and rose-wood pianos, its floors covered with soft carpeting, its wardrobes crowded with silks and costly broadcloths, its tables adorned with massive silver, and presenting every tempting variety gathered from all quarters of the globe, its

inmates carrying a small fortune upon their persons; the pauper in the cart, in his rags and wretchedness, ventures to ask the poor-master who lives there, and is told that brother and sister A., of the ——— Church, live there—excellent people. The poor man, maybe, is not wise in this world's wisdom; but as he remembers, "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" he raises his eyes to heaven in astonishment, and ventures to ask again, "Do they when they make a feast invite the poor?" But the question is unanswered; for they have arrived at the door of the poor-house, and the pauper is hustled in, to spend the remnant of his days with the drunkard, the profane, the idiot, the half-rotten, the dying and the dead.

"But," says the reader, "why do you claim for this pauper a relationship with Jesus Christ?" We will let Christ answer for himself:—"Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Matt. xii, 50. And, to show his regard for his adopted relatives, he says again: "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Surely, if there was any abuse to be offered, I should rather have it done to me than to my tender wife and children. Even so the Husband and Father of the Church will sympathize with

those that he loves, and punish the offender as readily as if the abuse had been offered to himself.

The parable of Dives and Lazarus, as well as that concerning the man who fell among thieves and was relieved by the good Samaritan, will probably be better understood at the day of judgment than it is now. The purple and fine linen, and sumptuous living *here*, will cause the admonition *there*, as surely in your case as in that of the rich man: "Son, remember that thou *in thy lifetime* receivedst thy good things!" O Lord, cleanse the Church from their gewgaws. There are now more than three millions of Church-members who have sworn, God being their helper, to renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world. My dear brother and sister, turn to your Bible, then to your wardrobe, and see how they compare. Remember the vows you made before God when inducted into the Church or the ministry, then turn from your superfluities and look upon Lazarus, lying at your gate covered with sores, ragged, wretched, and forsaken. The Lord has made you his steward. Can he say to you at his coming, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" if you have left his family to suffer, while you wasted his substance in riotous living?

But, says the reader, I thought Lazarus was dead long ago. There you are mistaken; Lazarus is still living upon the earth. Gather together the inmates of all the poor-houses and hospitals, and add to these all the wretched drunkards, their wives and children;

cast your eyes over Mason's and Dixon's Line, and hear the cries of more than three millions of slaves, forbidden by law to read the word of life; then throw your quadrant around the heathen of the world, who perish for the lack of knowledge;—put all these together, and you have Lazarus lying at the rich man's gate. O that I had room and time to say more on this important subject! I have often thought, if I could have the privilege of stripping the Church of all that God has forbidden them to wear, I could clothe and feed the Lazaruses of this world. There is no doubt but that the Church this day, in America, average ten dollars apiece of superfluities; so that from three millions of Church-members might be taken thirty millions of dollars annually.

O Lord, purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as silver and gold, that they and their families may be examples to the flock. Help us to make straight paths with our feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way. O that we might think more of the flock, and less of the fleece! But, says one, do you not think it right to take money for preaching, especially at the poor-house? When I get religion enough to bear it, and so poor that I cannot live without it, I may perhaps take it. I once allowed a subscription to be taken up for me in the village of Herkimer. Having preached in the forenoon, it was announced by a good brother that, at the close of the evening service, a subscription would be taken up for brother Henry.

My preaching in the evening was like a locomotive, endeavouring to surmount a heavy grade with a little steam.

The subscription amounted to about three dollars. That was the first and the last I have ever received for preaching. What will be hereafter I know not; but I should be afraid that if a large salary were given by the county for preaching at the alms-house, my eye might cease to be single to the cause of saving souls. I fear that I should be like some of Noah's carpenters, who worked faithfully in building the ark, who verily received their reward, which was the dollar, but never entered into the ark. I am not writing any one else's experience but my own, neither do I say it is wrong to pay money for preaching the gospel. On the contrary, it is wicked not to do it; and I have done it myself, more or less, ever since I was converted. Although I have travelled as many miles, and preached to as many people, perhaps, as any other humble individual for three dollars, yet I never have lacked any of the common comforts of life. When my wife was brought down, as she supposed, to the verge of Jordan, her jewelry, which had been laid up in a napkin, found its way into the missionary-box, and her silk fringes found an entrance into a flaming stove. The devil cried out, Wastefulness! as she stood with the large handful of Italian braid in her hand; better give them or sell them to your hired girl. Yes!. and then turn around and reprove her for

wearing them. O consistency, thou art a jewel! Reader, let me tell you a little story, to illustrate my idea of consistency. A few years since I chanced to be standing by the side of a minister, who was giving directions to a carriage-maker for a new buggy. The mechanic asked him whether he would have silver-plated hubs, or have the iron painted over, telling him that the difference in the price would be about two dollars. The minister replied that he would have the silver hubs by all means. Now suppose that minister should chance to have his carriage opposite the church window while leading the class, and there should happen to be present a sister with a pair of ear-rings dangling from her ears that cost two dollars. If he was a Methodist he would probably say to her, "Sister, the word of God and our Discipline forbid the wearing of such things; besides, you are fostering pride in your own heart and wasting your Lord's money. Why, sister, the price of those jewels would send thirty-two Testaments to the heathen. Think, too, of the example you are setting to others." This exhortation is all good and true, and it is what every faithful minister ought to administer to any who offend. But what would it avail in the case we have just cited, so long as the silver hub was as plain to the view of the young lady as the jewelry was to the minister? Would she not say to him, "Sir, you choose to wear your jewelry on your carriage; I choose to wear mine

in my ears." Here you find them both tumbled in the ditch together, and the washing of the Holy Spirit will be needed to cleanse them from their idols.

Reader, I have referred by chance to one piece of extravagance in the shape of a silver-plated wagon-hub. Not but that I might find a thousand other things in the Church more or less extravagant. Certainly a man, to be in good taste, if he had a silver-plated hub, should have a plated harness, and the balance of the rig throughout to correspond. Then, to ride in this fine carriage, the husband and wife should be richly dressed; and if we should follow the establishment home we should expect to find household furniture to match, otherwise it would appear like a gentleman barefoot with a pair of fine kid gloves on.

And then, when the feast or tea-party is made, in vain may the poor and ragged and half-starved expect to receive a card of invitation. I was once at a camp-meeting in Maryland, composed of about an equal number of black and white, where a coloured man preached. In speaking of a feast, he said: "You know, bredren, dat when we cook fine turkey and venison and all such tings, we only have the aggravation of looking on dem and smelling on dem, den setting dem on de dining table for Massa and Missy and de big gentle-folks, who eat dem all up; but, bressed be God! it aint so in de gospel feast; dere de poor brack nigger can set down to de fust

table wid Massa Jesus, and have de soul feed on fat tings full of marrow." Glory to God! Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe may have their sorrows and disappointments in this world, but it will not be so in the world to come. Thanks be to God! Ethiopia has already stretched forth her hands, and thousands of northern freemen stand ready to welcome with a hearty shake the outstretched hand, and whisper in the ear of the long down-trodden, "Light is dawning." May God speed the time when none on the face of this fair land shall be debarred the heaven-bestowed right of searching the Scriptures, and growing wise thereby!

SELLING HEAVEN.

"Go, bring me," said the dying fair,
With anguish in her tone,
"Those costly robes and jewels rare,
Go, bring them every one."
They strew'd them on her dying bed,
Those robes of princely cost;
"Father," with bitterness she said,
"For these my soul is lost!

"With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor fear'd the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my heart
I look'd for heaven to come.
I heard a Saviour's pard'ning voice,
My soul was fill'd with peace;
Father, you bought me with these toys,
I barter'd heaven for these.

"Take them, they are the price of blood;
For them I lost my soul;
For them must bear the wrath of God
While ceaseless ages roll.
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom;
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

"Go, bear them from my sight and touch;
Your gifts I here restore;
Keep them with care—they cost you much,
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them every rolling year
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear,"
She said, and sunk away.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The summer of 1851 was the season of a glorious camp-meeting at Augusta. It was so good in the beginning and ending that I cannot pass it unnoticed. When I say ending, I mean the breaking up of the meeting; for I do not believe I have yet found the end of the glorious river that swept through my soul, and has wafted me on towards heaven. I expect the river to grow broader and deeper until it is lost in the great ocean of eternity; but I must make this long story short. My little boy Charley, who was converted at the class-meeting, as I told you, while absent a few months at school,

had suffered the little mischievous foxes to mutilate, if not to root up, the tender vines planted in the garden of his soul. As I crossed the threshold of the camp-ground, I received a hearty welcome from the great Head of the Church. I then took Charley in the arms of faith and threw him into the pool, and he rose in the likeness of his Saviour. Ten o'clock found us in our covered wagon, which we used as a substitute for a tent, and I doubt whether the disciples were much happier on Mount Tabor than we were there, fully proving that it is not the place, but the state we are in that makes the heaven. We were full of glory and of God. With our souls all washed with the blood of Christ and renewed in life, our sleep was like that of Bunyan's pilgrims, who received their refreshment from the hand of the shepherd on the delectable mountains; it left a peculiar flavour and sweetness upon the lip, so that they talked in their sleep about the celestial city and the King of the place. A word or two about the morning waking, and we pass along. It was a lovely summer morning in June, and we awoke just at the break of day. It seemed as if every limb in the forest around us was bending with a feathered songster, whose heart and tongue, like our own, had been tuned anew for heaven, whilst over our head a squirrel chattered in perfect harmony. Very soon we heard the morning song, followed by fervent prayer, from the family altar, until every tent was vocal with prayer and praise; yea, in the lan-

guage of the prophet, the very hills and mountains seemed to break forth with singing, and all the trees of the field to clap their hands for joy. My earthly eyes could not look upon all these beauties; but, to the undimmed vision of the soul, I seemed to have already come to that place where the revelator heard every creature in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and all that are in the sea, saying: "Blessing, honour, glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." In the midst of this general jubilee, however, there came a flock of crows with their black shining coats; and their caw, caw, caw, brought to my mind the passage of Scripture: "There shall come scoffers in the last days." But, regardless of the cawing of crows, the anthem of praise went up to God; and though the Church have been scoffed at and ridiculed by a sensual and pleasure-loving multitude since the days of Christ, they still shout triumphantly: "Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"Though unseen, I love the Saviour;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pard'ning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear."

The meeting grew better and better as souls were converted and believers sanctified; and when we met on the last morning for love-feast, there was brother B. J. Ives with his battalion of young soldiers, many of them new recruits, and brother Torry with his detachment of red men, who had laid down the tomahawk and taken hold of the sceptre of peace. And now the love-feast relished like the dessert of strawberries and cream, after the more substantial dinner. Then came the breaking up of the circle, and the farewell. Long may this time-honoured custom be retained, as a feature of our beloved camp-meetings. While the procession was passing around, I began to feel the effects of the wine dispensed by the Master of the feast, and I began to jump, and perhaps I jumped fifty times as high as ever I did in my youthful days, and then fell to the ground. I was never happier in my life; but I soon rose and took my place with the preachers, and as the procession came around they seemed to be robed in spotless white, and I felt as if I were passing them directly into the kingdom of heaven. These were certainly the most peculiar moments of my life. Scripture-promises seemed to flow forth from my mouth like the gushing of water from the smitten rock, as I encouraged every one that I took by the hand to enter into rest. The question has often been asked, whether I had anything to do with that leaping and jumping; and I answer in the fear of God, if I know my own heart, I have no will about it any more

than an automaton, or the branch swayed to and fro by the wind. Do not think, reader, that these particular exercises are proof that I possess any more religion than some persons who do not have them. The man who sings, and shouts, and dances in the bar-room may be no more intoxicated than one who sits stupidly in his chair, or lies silent on the floor. You will remember we have shown, in a former chapter, how the same spirit operates differently upon different temperaments. You know the psychologist and the clairvoyant must have one or more persons who are willing to be used as subjects to illustrate their sciences for the benefit of the multitude. It seems to be so in the science of religion. The Holy Ghost makes use of certain persons to display his power for the benefit of the sinner, who is first moved by sight and then by faith.

I remember, when a very small boy, seeing a neighbour of mine, in whom I had the greatest confidence, standing up in the midst of a company of wrestling brethren and sisters. While talking, all at once he began to tremble and shake, and after shouting once or twice he fell to the ground like a dead man. That scene has been vivid in my mind ever since. I was convinced of the power of religion by what I then saw, more than by all the sermons I had ever heard. We have said so much on the subject of these outward demonstrations of the Spirit, not only because the Spirit has seemed to select your humble author as the subject of these

manifestations, but because many honest Christians are in the fog on this subject, and the devil will try to make them believe, that because they are not operated upon in the same manner they have no religion, or that those who are thus exercised must be deluded hypocrites or enthusiasts. It is a willing subject that the pschologist generally selects to test his power upon; even so, unless a Christian is willing to be used by the great Eternal in any way or shape, or even, like the Apostle Paul, to become a fool for Christ's sake, he will not be as likely to be a chosen subject. This rule cannot be considered invariable; for in the history of the Church we have frequent accounts of wicked men arrested by the power of the Holy Ghost without the agency of their own wills in the matter at all. There were two cases that occurred, about the time I was converted, in Cumberland, Maryland. As an illustration of this power, permit me to tell the story. A wealthy young lawyer, one of the Virginia bloods, and withal a very clever fellow, married a very proud young lady, and moved into Cumberland with his mother-in-law, an Episcopalian lady. Altogether they took about as much room on the sidewalk as there was any particular need of. About this time a powerful revival commenced in that place. The power of God was manifest in bringing sinners to the feet of Jesus. One evening this royal trio came at the hour appointed for preaching, and took one of the front seats, where they might gratify

their curiosity by a fair view of the tantrums performed by the deluded Methodists; but, some how or other, the Holy Ghost found its way into their pew, and persuaded the mother that there was something in religion besides form and ceremony, and she came forward to the altar and knelt down among the servants and common people, and began with all her might to cry for mercy. This enraged the royal tigress, and she pounced out of the pew, and after pouring some severe epithets into the ear of her mother, she demanded of her the key of the house, declaring that she would not stay there to be disgraced. As she took the key, she fell prostrate on the floor. Satins, ruffles, rings, reputation and aristocracy were all rolling on the floor together. Her husband and friends, as soon as she gathered a little strength, attempted to assist her towards the door; but she cried loudly for mercy, and fell again to the floor. Her case was now fully understood, and Christians began calling upon God in her behalf.

About midnight she was helped home, crying at the top of her voice as she passed through the streets. About two o'clock she was enabled to touch the hem of Jesus's garment, and virtue flowed into her soul, and she shouted victory! through the blood of the Lamb. When the morning came, arrayed in humble garments, she went through the town, telling the story of Jesus's pardoning love to saint and sinner, high and low, black and white, proving that the gospel is not only the power of

God unto full salvation, but that in the gospel all are brought upon a level—the poor man rejoicing in that he is exalted, and the rich in that he is made low.

There are some kinds of fish that cannot be caught with a hook or net. The only way is to spear them. Such was the case with Saul of Tarsus, and so it seemed with the individual just mentioned. I need not say that a glorious reformation followed in that place.

I will mention one other peculiar case of the display of God's power upon a good old lady, near the same town, amounting to something like a miracle. She was one who had been made perfect through suffering, not having been able to walk for several years. A camp-meeting was to be held near by, and she hungered and thirsted for the great feast. Her friends took her to the ground in a carriage, and as she was somewhat deaf, the carriage was drawn close to the door of the preachers' stand; and while the anointed of the Lord was telling of the glories of a crucified Redeemer, the flood-gates of glory seemed to be raised upon her soul, and leaping into the preachers' stand with the strength and agility of youth, she shouted at the top of her voice, "Double glory! double glory!" God had said unto her, as he did to one of old, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk." When asked what she meant by "double glory," she said, when God converted and sanctified her soul, she shouted glory!

but now he had healed soul and body too, and she was determined to give him double glory. Yes, reader, if all the shouts of glory that go up from the redeemed of the whole earth could be collected into one, the sound would make heaven's arches ring; but in the resurrection, when soul and body shall be united, there will be cause for double glory, and then shall be heard "the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready."

CHAPTER XXX.

Although we have enough before us of our last two years' rich experience to spread over fifty pages, yet we have already so far transcended what we originally intended, that we must abridge or wholly pass by many trials and triumphs in the closing part of our narrative. In September, 1851, our annual camp-meeting was held in the town of Western. It chanced to be on the same week as the great book-auction in New-York, where I made my annual purchases for school district-libraries. Thus I was in a strait between two. I should have lost no time

in deciding, however, had not circumstances occurred that made it my duty to be at home. My wife presented me with the lovely black-eyed boy that you see in her arms, (see frontispiece,) and he is now running about the floor, quite a revenue to our earthly joys, and another light for the blind man's path.

We come now to the last winter of my narrative. Having sent an agent to the auction, I had a large amount of books on hand, and my prospects for success were as brilliant as in former days, when I was pulling down the Alleghany Mountains and tumbling them into the deep valleys, making a highway for the iron-horse to pass over their rugged heights. I had purchased a fine horse to carry on my business, and having made extensive contracts with trustees of schools, I was just ready to take the tide of fortune at the flood, when an old acquaintance came and stood by me, and with his sharp shears clipped the wings of my fond anticipations, so that instead of flying I found myself compelled to take it on foot again.

This old friend you have been introduced to several times while I was travelling in Egypt, under the cognomen of "Bad Luck." But I never will call him by that name again, for he has, doubtless, been sent by a kind Providence to hedge up my way from the whirlpool of earthly riches and honour, lest they lead me to future perdition; for He who saw the end from the beginning hath said, "Hardly shall a

rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven." There are some creatures so unruly that they cannot be kept where they belong, only by tying them head to foot and hanging a board before their eyes.

This is something like my case. Unless my rising ambition is fettered and blindfolded, I am sure to overleap the limits prescribed by my wise Master; therefore, instead of calling him "Bad Luck," or "Old Foe," as formerly, I shall ever regard him as an angel of mercy, like the one that stood in the way of the money-loving Balaam. O Lord, let me wear these tokens of a kind Father's love with meekness and patience until the appearing of the great day, when all bands shall be broken, the eyes of the blind shall see, the tongue of the dumb shall be unloosed, and the feet of the lame shall walk. Glory to God for the prospect! But I have outrun my story. Please go back with me to the spring of 1852. You see me with my pencil, figuring about fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars of school district-library money, which was expected to come into the hands of the trustees about the first of April. We had a noble young horse, worth about a hundred dollars. But while I was building air-castles, an acquaintance entered and informed me that the legislature had turned the library-money into another channel, leaving a mere pittance scarcely worth picking up in the hands of the trustees. So here I was buried up, comparatively, in cart-loads of books, without any prospect of selling. Besides,

I was owing for a good portion of them in New-York. Soon after this I sent my boy with the horse to take a friend to Richfield Springs. He returned the next day with the halter in his hand, telling me that the horse had died that morning about sunrise. The lip of my sick wife began to quiver a little, and a tear or two stole down her cheek; but to my view a bright star of promise arose, and I heard Jesus gently whispering in my ear, "Fear not; I know thy works, and thy tribulation, and thy poverty; but thou art rich." After speaking a few words of encouragement to my wife, telling her that I was perfectly assured that all these things would work together for our good, because I knew we loved the Lord, I ascended the ladder that led to the garret of my cabin. I knelt there before the throne, and instead of saying this evil is of the Lord, I cast a retrospective glance. I thought of his mercies to me even while I was a rebel against him in Egypt, and of the wonderful deliverances the year I was in the slough of despond, then the hour of pardon, and so on till I received full absolution, and how my property with my sight all took wings and flew away ten years ago, yet I had never lacked to this day any of the comforts of life. My barrel of meal and cruse of oil had never been empty; and if I had any complaints to make, it ought to be against myself, that so unworthy a recipient should fare so sumptuously; and I prayed God to forbid that I should be like the ancient

Israelite who murmured against God, even while his mouth was filled with the flesh of the delicious quail. O, what a sacred spot was this to my soul! The Spirit pointed me to Job, and reminded me how the Lord "blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning." O the exceeding great and precious promises! I arose from my knees, and came down from Mount Tabor, fully believing that good would come out of our affliction.

In the summer of 1849 I lost a horse by disease that cost twenty-five dollars; and in the winter of 1850 I had one stolen that cost forty-five dollars; and now, in the winter of 1852, I lost this one that cost me eighty dollars. And now we see that wise Hand that moves all the machinery of providence, causing a resurrection of my three horses. God put it into the hearts of my friends and neighbours to circulate a subscription to remunerate me for the loss of my horse. The Holy Ghost, going a little in advance of the petition, prepared the hearts of the people, so that when the petition came they were ready to open their pockets and give their money as freely as the mouth of the fish yielded up the tribute-money for Peter. A strange place one would think to find a purse floating about in the sea. When the money was brought to me, the amount did not vary one dollar from the cost of the three horses. Little did I think the death of one horse would be the resurrection of three. So let us "trust in the Lord and do good, and verily" we shall "be

fed." About this time I had a good opportunity to exchange my library-books for Fox's Book of Martyrs, which had lately been revised, making a splendid book, about the size of a large family Bible, containing fifty-five quarto engravings; and, strange to tell, I sold from four to five hundred dollars worth in a very short time, within five miles of the village of Frankfort. I also sold about one hundred dollars worth of books to libraries. And thus far the Lord has been my helper. Another little providence I will mention to the praise of Him who has said, "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" I had lost my over-coat, or had it stolen from me. But the eye of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, witnessed my necessity, and he at once sent a messenger with a much better coat than I lost, which fitted me to a T. It had belonged to old father Bradt, of the town of Schuyler, who had lately finished his pilgrimage upon earth. His widow had at first made a different disposition of the coat, but afterward, though she had never heard of my loss, she said the Spirit gave her no rest until she had sent for it and directed her son Peter to bring it to me. I received it directly from the Lord, like the old woman I heard of once, who was one morning overheard by a wicked man praying for bread to save her from starvation. The infidel, thinking to have a little fun, ran home, and taking

two large loaves of bread, returned to the cabin, crept softly up, and tumbled the loaves down the chimney. Peeping through a crevice, he saw the old lady, her eyes swimming with tears of gratitude, pick up the bread, and eat it, giving hearty thanks to God. The wicked man bellowed out, "You old fool, you need n't thank God for that bread, for *I* brought it to you." The old saint replied, "that it made no difference to her if the devil brought it; she knew that the Lord sent it."

About this time my brother-in-law, Judge Wright, the proprietor of an extensive flouring establishment in Logansport, Indiana, hearing of our misfortunes, told us that as long as he owned the mill he would furnish us with all the flour we needed; and he has been as good as his word.

Another channel of benevolence I ought not to fail to mention,—Mr. L. M. Brown, the youngest brother of my wife, a merchant, in Lafayette, Indiana, who occasionally slips a five or ten dollar note into a letter, which finds a more than welcome in the cabin of the poor. How glad I am that my Heavenly Father has directed his recording angel to credit all these things to my benevolent friends, even to the giving a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple.

"His stores are open all and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he 'll give for food,
And all things else he sees is good.

"Then do not seek, with anxious care,
What you shall eat, or drink, or wear;
Your Heavenly Father will you feed;
He knows that all these things you need.

"Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart;
Then all things else he 'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive."

Amen! My soul is a witness to the truth of these lines. Truly might the apostle say, that the promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. But while we remember with gratitude our kind friends through whom, as a medium, God conveys temporal blessings to his needy children, we cannot help reflecting, that many who give their goods to feed the poor will miss of heaven at last, because they have made a Saviour of their good works. Let us be careful to remember that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but the name of Jesus.

I am reminded of another little circumstance, which claims a place in this golden chain of providences. It was but a few days since, as I was getting ready on Saturday to go to Rome poorhouse, a distance of twenty-seven miles, to preach the gospel, the tempter whispered in my ear, "You have no money to spare on such occasions." Here I found it necessary to climb up the ladder that led to the garret of my cabin, and tell my Heavenly Father all about my troubles. He listened to me kindly, and graciously permitted me to pour all my

troubles into his bosom. I came down from my sanctum, feeling assured that the Lord would not suffer me to go a warfare at my own charges. I set out at once, and in a few minutes the iron-horse landed us in the village of Rome. I had not been there long, before some individual met me with a friendly salutation, and, giving me a hearty shake of the hand, passed on, leaving a five-dollar note in my hand. I know not who he was, or from whence he came; probably I never shall, until the books are opened above. But I fully believe that it came as directly from God as did the meat and bread that was brought to Elijah by the ravens. My fare on the cars was only one dollar, but I have always found the Lord a good paymaster. It is the pure in heart that can plainly see the hand of God in lesser as well as in greater blessings, and thankfully acknowledge him in all his ways.

Reader, I have been relating to you the kind dealings of my Heavenly Father to me for the last year of my narrative. The few incidents I have given you have been selected from many like providences, and are characteristic of God's dealings with me since I entered into his gracious service, although I did not see them so plainly while travelling in twilight, as I have since I entered the land of Beulah. And I solemnly believe, that if I prove faithful to Him that hath called me, sooner than I should lack the comforts of life, God would place a key in one of my hands, and his draft in the other,

and, with the full assurance of faith, I could unlock the heart, the pocket, or the granary of the various misers on earth.

I wish to say a word here to my local brethren in the ministry. Satan will tempt you that you are working for nothing. Remember what St. Peter says, and you will at once detect his falsehood: "Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock: and when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

CHAPTER XXXI.

I AM often astonished when I look back upon the first part of my Christian pilgrimage, and reflect upon my stupidity and blindness upon the great subjects of temperance and slavery. Although the curtain of my moral vision has been gradually rolling up, yet I think I never saw these two huge monsters, this Gog and Magog, in their true light until within the last three years.

During the fifteen years that I was engaged on public works, I presume to say that very few men followed more drunkards to the grave than I did.

Probably ten thousand dollars would not purchase the liquor that was drank within that time by those in my employ.

Alas! how indifferent one may become by constant familiarity with scenes of drunkenness, debauchery, and death. I thank God that he has fully awakened me to a sense of my responsibility as a man and a Christian. St. James informs us that "pure religion, and undefiled before God, is to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction;" and then, as if aware that in searching out the abodes of poverty, we should come in contact with vice and corruption, he adds, "keep yourselves unspotted from the world." Visit the widow *in her affliction;* not when her quarter's rent is due, to pinch from her hard-earned pittance your claim, but visit her to relieve, to console, and to instruct in righteousness. There are thousands that alcohol has robbed of a kind father and husband, house and home, and all the comforts that make life desirable; and while you are administering comfort, and wiping away the tear of sorrow, keep yourself "unspotted from the world." Not by avoiding them, and passing by on the other side, as if you would say, "I am better than thou;" but by following Christ's example, who ate and drank with publicans and sinners, seeking thereby to instil into their minds his pure and righteous principles. It was from reflections such as these that I decided to join the Sons of Temperance. My motive was not

to sustain the Division, as an abstract thing, but to labour for the cause of the poor; believing, as I do, that the Sons are nobly engaged in efforts to relieve the widowed and orphaned sufferers of their common enemy, alcohol. We have often proved that "union is strength." We find it so in our Church organizations. As a body, we can accomplish more in the work of saving souls, than we could do separately. The same is true of the Order to which we have referred.

Let us glance for a moment at the call for labourers in this *vineyard*. There is in our own village a distillery converting annually twenty thousand bushels of breadstuff, which God in his mercy has provided to sustain life, into an instrument of death, fitted to carry the fires of hell into the peaceful abodes of thousands of families. Wherever it goes, there rests a blighting curse. Thousands of tender hearts, interwoven by the ties of consanguinity and holy affection, are torn asunder and left bleeding. O when God comes to make inquisition for blood, shall it not cry unto him from the ground? But this is not all. Eight or ten established rum-holes are actively engaged, most of them seven days in the week, in spreading the work of death and black damnation.

Our division of brave Sons, who are a detachment from a standing army of more than thirty-five thousand, have thrown themselves into the breach, and while with one hand they wage war against

the invader of our peaceful homes, the other is stretched out to protect the defenceless and relieve the suffering. Such was my errand in joining the Sons of Temperance; and if I have got a religion that will not sustain me on any errand of mercy, I had better part with it and procure the genuine article.

Thus far the Lord has led me on. I carry my religion into the Division and bring it out again, and find use for it while I am there too. I have nailed my flag to the mast, praying that God would give us the Maine law, or something as effectual, in putting an end to this work of death. The prayers and groans of the widow and orphan, I fully believe, have already entered into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth, and the fiery hand-writing of Almighty God is on the walls of King Alcohol, "Mene, Tekel." Amen! let the temperance ball roll on like the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, until it shall fill the whole earth.

Reader, I have only given you an inkling of my views upon temperance, although there is enough pent up in my soul to fill a volume; and if there were any danger of becoming indifferent on this subject, I have only to go to Herkimer and Oneida County poor-houses, to keep the fire of holy indignation burning. "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

In regard to the great subject of slavery, so much has been said, and said so well too, that but little

remains for me. I will, however, "define my position." I have spent years at the South, and seen slavery in its various forms. Yet, when I came North, I brought with me a prosy, sleepy indifference to the all-absorbing subject of human freedom, and said, by my actions, if not in words, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But, when heaven's pure day took the place of twilight, I think I saw every man in his true light. I saw the unenviable position of the slaveholder on the one hand, and the miseries and tears of the oppressed on the other. I felt the force of what St. Paul says to his Hebrew brethren, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." And when I addressed the throne of grace in private or in public, the oppressed slave, as well as the poor drunkard and his family, were remembered in my petition. I cannot resist the temptation, at this point, to quote from Mrs. Stowe, who, I have no doubt, has been instrumental in doing more for the cause of the oppressed African,—more, at least, in bringing about a healthy public opinion upon this subject,—than all the grave legislators and profound divines that ever undertook to exhibit its horrid abuses. We take the extract from St. Clare's conversation with his Vermont cousin, page 10, vol. ii. "On this abstract question of slavery there can, as I think, be but one opinion. Planters, who have money to make by it,—clergymen, who have planters to please,—politicians, who want to rule by it,—may warp and bend language and ethics to a

degree that shall astonish the world at their ingenuity; they can press nature and the Bible, and nobody knows what else, into the service; but, after all, neither they nor the world believe in it one particle the more. It comes from the devil, that 's the short of it; and, to my mind, it 's a pretty respectable specimen of what he can do in his own line . . . . . This cursed business, accursed of God and man, what is it? Strip it of all its ornament, run it down to the root and nucleus of the whole, and what is it? Why because my brother Quashy is ignorant and weak, and I am intelligent and strong,—because I know how, and *can* do it,—therefore I may steal all he has, keep it, and give him only such and so much as suits my fancy. Whatever is too hard, too dirty, too disagreeable for me, I may set Quashy to doing. Because I don't like work, Quashy shall work. Because the sun burns me, Quashy shall stay in the sun. Quashy shall earn the money, and I will spend it. Quashy shall lie down in every puddle, that I may walk over dry-shod. Quashy shall do my will, and not his, all the days of his mortal life, and have such chance of getting to heaven at last as I find convenient. This I take to be about what slavery *is*. I defy anybody on earth to read our slave-code as it stands on our law-books, and make anything else of it. Talk of the *abuses* of slavery! Humbug! The *thing itself* is the essence of all abuse! And the only reason why the land don't sink under it,

like Sodom and Gomorrah, is, because it is used in a way infinitely better than it is."

Mrs. Stowe has given us the sum and substance of the thing, though some of us who had seen its workings years ago, needed the baptism of a pure heart before we were fully awake to the truth of the great precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." As for me, I felt that woe would be unto me if I did not lift up my voice as a trumpet, to wake up a drowsy Church, who are like the baggage-wagons of an army, far in the rear. Alas! how many Christians are at this day like Lazarus, standing by the edge of a sepulchre, wrapt about with grave-clothes, his hands and feet bound, and a napkin over his eyes. They are brought to life, it is true; but they might as well be in their graves, as regards usefulness to others. They are wrapt about with bigotry, their hands and feet bound with a strong desire for the world's applause, and a curtain of unbelief over their eyes. O Lord, speak the second time, Loose them and let them go. Let them go into the abodes of misery and wretchedness. They will find subjects enough that have been robbed of their money and of gospel privileges, lying half dead where the priest and the Levite have passed them by. Raise them up, pour the oil of consolation into the wounded spirit, and get out your pence to minister to their earthly comforts. You will find that money laid out for the benefit of the poor, in God's name, will

be better stock than any of earth's corporations can produce. But you must be willing to trust the Lord, to lay out your property in the way that he sees will be most to your advantage. If he does not return it four-fold in dollars and cents, it is because he sees that riches would be a snare to you. But he makes it all up in riches of grace. Sooner or later it will all come home to you. The widow's two mites, and the two-pence of the good Samaritan, have been on interest more than eighteen hundred years, and the bank of heaven never breaks. O, who is like unto the God of Jacob? Who can do for his favourites like Israel's God? O wicked man, where are now the idols in which thou hast trusted? Ambitious Haman, where is now thine idol, honour? Did he stand by thee upon the gallows? O rich glutton, that madest a god of pleasure, will he whom thou hast served give thee back thy wasted substance? O sensual worldling, that knowest not where to bestow thy goods, do riches profit thee? Could mammon save thee? Deceived souls! apply now to the gods that ye have chosen. Alas! they cannot give one drop of water to cool your parched tongue. But the portion of Jacob is not like them. From everlasting to everlasting, he is God. His power is my confidence; his goodness is my maintenance; his truth is my shield and buckler. And now, reader, we are approaching the close of our narrative. We have been talking of high and holy things, and

they are all true as far as we understand them. The same good Spirit that found me gathering stubble, and making brick for Pharaoh, in Egypt, and brought me through the gate of justification, thence onward to the suburbs of the land of Beulah, has been my counsellor and aid in writing this little volume. The apostle has truly said: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man." 1 Cor. ii, 14, 15. So, my unconverted reader, do not set yourself up as a judge of the spiritual part of this volume. Neither can the Christian judge any farther than he has travelled in this highway of holiness. But, says the reader, I doubt whether there was ever a man made perfect on earth. Well, if that is the case we have believed in vain, and our testimony goes overboard. But let us examine: for if we can prove that one man ever arrived at a state of perfection in the flesh, then all may; otherwise we should make God a respecter of persons. We refer now to the perfection of saints, and not the perfection of God. But let us bring the testimony: "Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God." Gen. vi, 9. "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God and eschewed evil. And the Lord said unto

Satan, 'Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and eschew-eth evil.'" Job i, 1; ii, 3. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." Psa. xxxvii, 37. "For the upright shall dwell in the land, and the perfect shall remain in it." Prov. ii, 21. "The righteousness of the perfect shall direct his way, but the wicked shall fall by his own wickedness." Prov. xi, 5. "Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to naught." 1 Cor. ii, 6. "Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded: and if in anything ye be otherwise minded God shall reveal this unto you." Phil. iii, 15. It is said further in Scripture of Abraham, that "by his works, his faith was made perfect;" and again it is said by St. James, that "if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man;" and also, "Whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected." We might bring hundreds of witnesses spoken of by Wesley and others; but if my reader will reject the above testimony from Scripture, he would reject a thousand witnesses that had arisen from the dead to convince him; and worse than that, he will probably reject the blessing itself. Mr. Wesley has truly said, "To overdo is to undo, and to set the standard of perfection too high is to throw it out of the Church and out of the

world." I should quite as soon have an enemy shoot a bullet an inch over my head, as an inch under my feet. So with the great adversary of our souls: if he can get the standard of holiness a little above or a little beneath the Bible standard, it matters little which so that his end is gained. A miss is as good as a mile, as far as his purpose is concerned. We must be made perfect in order to prepare us for a thrifty growth, that every limb on the spiritual tree may bend with fruit unto holiness, the end of which is everlasting life. Bring me the man who has become so wise that he cannot become any wiser. You cannot do it. Bring me the man so good that he cannot become any better. You cannot find him. You cannot fill a man's mind with knowledge until it cannot hold any more. On the contrary, every new acquisition of truth only serves to enlarge the capacity of his mind for the comprehension of more truth; so that the more he knows, the more he is in a condition to learn. And the same is true of his progress in virtue. If he overcame one bad habit yesterday, he has increased power to overcome another bad habit to-day. If he brought into exercise one new virtue yesterday, his power is not lessened but increased, to practise another new virtue to-day; and so on without any assignable limits. The Bible fixes no limits; our nature fixes none; neither reason nor imagination can fix any. But this ability involves the obligation to go on. If he stops, no matter in what stage

of his progress, he goes backward; for in stopping he ceases to improve; and this is not merely not to obey, it is to disobey. He must go on; and thus it is, and only thus, that the path of the righteous grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. But we do not stop here. A still higher degree of perfection awaits the truly faithful. O, is it not a glorious thought that we can begin the career of angels and archangels in these dwellings of dust, and when they shall be dissolved, "be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven?" But who shall dare to anticipate, even in imagination, the stupendous disclosures that are to burst upon the disembodied spirit? Of one thing we may be sure,—a never-ending, ever-brightening career of knowledge, improvement and happiness awaits the followers of Christ. It is the same which we have begun here; and still as ages roll on a voice will be heard along the innumerable ranks of the heavenly host proclaiming the law, "Let us go on unto perfection."

350 u

The Golden Harp;

OR,

CAMP-MEETING HYMNS,

OLD AND NEW.

Set to Music.

SELECTED BY G. W. HENRY,

AUTHOR OF "EGYPT, TWILIGHT, AND BEULAH."

And he hath put a new song in my mouth.—Psa. xl, 3.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

THE LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN.

A MIXTURE of joy and trouble I daily do pass through,
Sometimes I'm in a valley sinking down with woe;
Sometimes I am exalted, on eagle's wings I fly,
I rise above old Pisgah, and almost reach the sky.

Sometimes I am a doubting, and think I have no grace;
Sometimes I am a shouting, and Bethel is the place;
Sometimes my hope 's so little I think I'll throw it by;
Sometimes it is sufficient, if I were call'd to die.

Sometimes I shun the Christian, for fear he'll talk to me;
Sometimes he is the neighbour I long the most to see;
Sometimes we meet together, the season's dry and dull;
Sometimes we find a blessing, with joy it fills my soul.

Sometimes I am oppress'd by Pharaoh's cruel hand;
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan, and view the promised land;
Sometimes I am in darkness, sometimes I'm in the light;
Sometimes my soul takes wings of faith, and then I speed my flight.

Sometimes I go a mourning down Babylon's cold stream;
Sometimes my Lord's religion appears to be my theme;
Sometimes when I am praying, it seems almost a task;
Sometimes I find a blessing, the greatest I can ask.

Sometimes I read my Bible, and 't is a sealèd book;
Sometimes I find a blessing wherever I do look;
Sometimes I go to meeting, and wish myself at home;
Sometimes I meet my Jesus, and then I'm glad I come.

Lord, why am I thus tossèd, thus tossèd to and fro?
Why are my hopes thus crossèd wherever I do go?
O Lord, thou never changest, but 't is because I stray;
Lord, grant me thine assistance, and keep me in thy way.

THE MEAL AND CRUSE OF OIL.

By the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was sustain'd;
Though small the stock, it lasted well,
For God the store maintain'd.

It seem'd as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die;
But still, though in a secret way,
He sent a fresh supply.

Thus to his poor he still will give
Just for the present hour;
But, for to-morrow, they must live
Upon his word and power.

No barn or storehouse they possess
On which they can depend,
Yet have no cause to fear distress,
For Jesus is their friend.

Then let not doubts your mind assail;
Remember, God has said,
"The cruse and barrel shall not fail,
My people shall be fed."

And thus, though faint it often seems,
He keeps their grace alive;
Supplied by his refreshing streams,
Their dying hopes revive.

Though in ourselves we have no stock,
The Lord is nigh to save;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 't is but ask and have.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD, IN A DIALOGUE.

WHAT poor despisèd company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.

But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah! they 're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why that's the way their Leader trod—
They love and keep His ways.

Why must they shun the pleasant path
That worldlings love so well?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

What! is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God—
None other can be found.

A WARNING TO SINNERS.

When pity prompts me to look round
Upon this fellow clay,
See men reject the gospel sound,
~~Good~~ God! what shall I say?

My bowels yearn for dying men,
Doom'd to eternal woe;
Fain would I speak, but 't is in vain,
If God does not speak too.

O! sinners, sinners, won't you hear,
When in God's name I come?
Upon your peril do n't forbear,
Lest hell should be your doom.

Now is the time, the accepted hour,
  O! sinners, come away;
The Saviour 's knocking at your door,
  Arise, without delay.

O! don't refuse to give him room,
  Lest mercy should withdraw;
He 'll then in robes of vengeance come,
  To execute his law.

Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
  If destitute of grace,
When you your injured Judge shall see,
  And stand before his face?

O! could you shun that dreadful sight,
  How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
  From that all-searching eye?

But death and hell must all appear,
  And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
  Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

No yearning bowels—pity then
  Shall not affect my heart;
No, I shall surely say Amen
  When Christ bids you depart.

Let not these warnings be in vain,
  But lend a list'ning ear,
Lest you should meet them all again
  When wrapt in keen despair.

SAW YE MY SAVIOUR?

Saw ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour?
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
O! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

He was extended! he was extended!
Painfully nailed to the cross;
O! he bow'd his head and died!
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!
Three dreadful hours in pain;
And the solid rocks were rent
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified God's dear Son.

Darkness prevailèd! darkness prevailèd!
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
And the sun refused to shine,
When His Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

When it was finish'd—when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd with spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre was laid.

Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
The Prince and Author of Peace!
O! he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

There interceding—there interceding!
Pleading that sinners may live—
Crying, "Father, I have died!
O, behold my hands, my side!
O, forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."

"I will forgive them! I will forgive them!
If they 'll repent and believe;
Let them now come unto thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

SCEPTIC, SPARE THAT BOOK!

Sceptic, spare that Book!
Touch not a single leaf!
Nor on its pages look
With eye of unbelief;
'T was my forefathers' stay
In the hour of agony;
Sceptic, go thy way,
And let that old Book be!

That good old Book of Life
For centuries has stood
Unharm'd, amid the strife,
When the earth was drunk with blood:
And wouldst thou harm it now,
And have its truths forgot?
Sceptic, forbear thy blow,
Thy hand shall harm it not!

Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When, in my grandsire's halls,
I heard its tales of truth:

I 've seen his white hair flow
O'er that volume as he read;
But that was long ago,
And the good old man is dead.

My dear grandmother, too,
When I was but a boy—
I 've seen her eye of blue
Weep o'er it tears of joy;
Their traces linger still,
And dear they are to me:
Sceptic, forego thy will;
Go, let that old Book be!

THE GOSPEL STEAMER.

I RECEIVED a gospel letter,
From glory lately come,
That my passage over Jordan
Was purchased by the Lamb.

CHORUS.—Yes, we 'll land on Canaan's shore;
O, he 'll land us on the shore;
Yes, we 'll land on Canaan's shore,
And be safe forever more.

I step'd on board the steamer
Constructed by the Lord—
Prepared to sail that very day
He spill'd his precious blood:

Her bulwarks are of love divine—
My Saviour is the door;
Our garments are of linen fine,
Both lovely, white and pure.

Against both wind and weather
  This glorious steamboat sails—
The Holy Spirit driveth her
  With sweet and pleasant gales.

O, we have a band of music,
  That charmeth us along—
This tune we play along the way,
  "Come, sinners, join the song."

I took my gospel telescope
  To view the promised land—
On the other side of Jordan
  I saw the precious Lamb.

When I set out for glory
  I had Jesus in my view—
But now I have him in my heart,
  And glory I 'll pursue.

And when we reach that happy land
  All heaven will rejoice;
For the lovely name of Jesus
  Shall sound from every voice.

We'll stand upon the sea of glass,
  All mingled too with fire—
And there we'll all shout victory,
  And join the heavenly choir.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

When nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
And the sun's fading beams shone dim in the west,
O'er fields, by the moonlight, to a lonely glade,
In deep meditation I wandering stray'd.

While passing a garden a sound struck my ear,
A voice faint and falt'ring from one that was near;
The voice of a mourner affected my heart,
One pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

In off'ring to Heaven his agonized prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life, as a ransom, he offer'd to give,
That sinners, redeem'd, in glory might live.

I listen'd a moment, then turn'd to see
What Man of Compassion this stranger could be;
When, lo! I discover'd, knelt on the cold earth,
The loveliest being that ever had birth.

His mantle was wet with the dews of the night,
His locks, by the moonlight, were glist'ning and bright;
His tear-bedimm'd eyes towards heaven were raised,
While angels, in wonder, stood round him amazed.

So deep was his sorrow, so fervent he pray'd,
That blood from each pore with sweat mingled and stray'd:
I wept to behold him, and ask'd him his name;
He answer'd, "'T is Jesus!—from heaven I came.

"I am thy Redeemer—for thee I must die:
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

I heard with attention the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of waters did flow;
The cause of his sorrow, to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

I trembled with terror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord! save a poor sinner?—O save, or I die!"
He cast his eyes on me, and whispered, "Live!
Thy sins which are many I freely forgive!"

How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
His smiles, O how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I fled from the garden to spread it abroad;
I shouted "Salvation!—O glory to God!"

I 'm now on my journey to mansions above,
My soul 's full of glory, of peace, light and love;
I think of the garden, the prayer and the tears
Of that loving stranger who banish'd my fears.

The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound—
My soul then in raptures of glory will rise
To gaze on the stranger with unclouded eyes.

CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.

The Son of Man they did betray,
He was condemn'd and led away!
Think, O my soul, on that dread day—
  Look on Mount Calvary!
Behold him, lamb-like, led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
As then the Lamb of God they hung
  Upon the shameful tree!

'T was thus the glorious suff'rer stood,
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood;
From ev'ry wound a stream of blood
  Came flowing down amain:

His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd
  And laughèd at his pain.

Now, hung between the earth and skies,
Behold! in agony he dies!
O, sinners, hear his mournful cries,
  See his tormenting pains!
The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refused to view the sight;
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd, and stood affright,
  When Christ the Lord was slain.

Hark! men and angels, hear the Son!
He cries for help—but O, there 's none;
He treads the wine-press all alone,
  His garments stain'd with blood:
In lamentation hear him cry
"Eloi, lama sabachthani!"
Though death may close his languid eyes,
He soon will mount up to the skies,
  The conq'ring Son of God.

The Jews and Romans, in a band,
With hearts like steel, around him stand,
And mocking, say, "Come, save the land;
  Come, try thyself to free!"
A soldier pierced him when he died,
Then healing streams came from his side—
And thus our Lord was crucified;
Stern justice then was satisfied,
  Sinner, for you and me!

Behold, he mounts the throne of state,
He fills the mediatorial seat,
While millions, bowing at his feet,
  In loud hosannas tell
How he endured exquisite pains,
And led the monster death in chains;
While seraphs raise their loudest strains,
With music fill bright Eden's plains—
  Christ conquer'd death and hell.

'T is done! the dreadful debt is paid—
The great atonement now is made!
Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
  For you he spilt his blood:
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
The height and depth of perfect love,
  In Christ, your smiling God.

All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthroned above the sky,
Who sent his Son to bleed and die—
  Glory to him be given!
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion, sing, his grace abounds:
And there we 'll shout eternal rounds,
In glowing love that knows no bounds,
  When carried up to heaven.

THE HEAVENLY PILGRIM.

Dark and thorny is the desert
  Thro' which pilgrims make their way—
Yet, beyond this vale of sorrow
  Lie the fields of endless day;

Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
  Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
  Often bring their courage low.

O, young soldiers, are you weary
  Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
  And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
  He will lead you to his throne—
He who dyed his garments for you,
  And the wine-press trod alone;

He, whose thunder shakes creation,
  He who bids the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
  And whose sceptre sways the whole:
Round him are ten thousand angels,
  Ready to obey command;
They are always hov'ring round you,
  Till you reach the heavenly land.

There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
  Lie the fields of endless rest;
Love, and joy, and peace, forever
  Reign and triumph in the breast;
Who can paint the scenes of glory,
  Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
There, on golden harps, forever
  Sound redemption through the sky!

There, a million flaming seraphs
  Fly across the heavenly plain—
As they sing immortal praises,
  Glory, glory, is their strain:

But, methinks, a sweeter concert
  Makes the heavenly arches ring,
And a song is heard in Zion
  Which the angels cannot sing.

O, their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
  Such as monarchs never wore;
They are gone to richer pastures—
  Jesus is their Shepherd there:
Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
  Death no more shall make you fear;
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
  Shall no more distress you there.

THE WEARY AT REST.

Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travell'd o'er, and borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach his blest abode;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus, upon our Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee more, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail;
And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust," the man of God hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find!
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!

HERE IS A BAND OF BRETHREN DEAR.

HERE is a band of brethren dear—
I will be in this band, hallelujah;
Their leader tells them not to fear—
I will be in this band, hallelujah;
I will be in this band, hallelujah.

As I was walking out one day,
And thinking about this good old way,

There was a voice which reach'd my soul:
"Fear not; I make the wounded whole."

My dungeon shook, my chains fell off—
My soul, unfetter'd, went aloft.

I little thought he was so nigh—
He spoke and made me laugh and cry.

Now, bless the Lord! for I can tell,
That Jesus has done all things well.

O, shout on, children! shout, ye're free!
For Christ has bought your liberty!

O, bless the Lord! we need not fear,
Nor o'er our trials shed a tear.

MARCH AROUND JERUSALEM.

My brother, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
My brother, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

Chorus.—Then we'll march around Jerusalem,
We'll march around Jerusalem,
We'll march around Jerusalem,
When we arrive at home.

O sister, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
O sister, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

O leader, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?

O leader, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

O preacher, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
O preacher, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

O classmate, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
O classmate, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

Young convert, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
Young convert, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

O mourner, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
O mourner, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

Backslider, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
Backslider, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

O sinner, will you meet me
On that delightful shore?
O sinner, will you meet me
Where parting is no more?

Yes, bless the Lord! I'll meet you
On that delightful shore;
Yes, bless the Lord! I'll meet you
Where parting is no more.

DIES IRÆ.

The following is an excellent translation of a Latin poem, which has received the enthusiastic encomiums of Goethe, Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and other distinguished men. It is said that Dr. Johnson always wept in reading the tenth stanza. The Earl of Roscommon expired with the seventeenth verse upon his lips. The original was written by a monk, in the thirteenth century. We find the translation in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*.

I.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning
All shall melt, to ashes turning,
As foretold by seers discerning.

II.

O what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendour,
Strict to mark, and just to render!

III.

Trumpet scatt'ring sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

IV.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

V.

Book where ev'ry act's recorded,
All events all time afforded,
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

VI.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

VII.

What shall *I* say that time pending?
Ask what Advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

VIII.

King Almighty and All-knowing,
Grace to sinners freely showing,
Save me, Fount of good o'erflowing.

IX.

Think, O Jesus, for what reason
Thou endur'dst earth's spite and treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season.

X.

Seeking me thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross thy soul death tasted;
Let such labour not be wasted.

XI.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant me perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.

XII.

Culprit-like, I—heart all broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token—
Plead the pard'ning word be spoken.

XIII.

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
Heardst the dying thief's petition,
Cheer'dst with hope my lost condition.

XIV.

Though my prayers do nothing merit,
What is needful, thou confer it—
Lest I endless fire inherit.

XV.

Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside thee.

XVI.

When th' accurs'd away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the bless'd to heaven.

XVII.

I beseech thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying.

XVIII.

On that awful day of wailing,
Human destinies unveiling,
When man rising, stands before thee,
Spare the culprit, God of glory!

WE'VE FOUND THE ROCK.

We've found the rock, the trav'llers cried—
O halle, hallelujah!
The stone that all the prophets tried—
O halle, hallelujah!
Come, children, drink the balmy dew—
O halle, hallelujah!
'T was Christ that shed his blood for you—
O halle, hallelujah!

This costly mixture cures the soul
Which sin and guilt hath made so foul;
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood!

O hearken, children, Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run;
I 'm glad I ever saw the day
That we might meet to praise and pray.

There 's glory, glory, in my soul—
Come, mourner, feel the current roll;
Welcome, dear friends—it's felt to-night,
It shines around with dazzling light.

And in this light we 'll soar away,
Where there 's no night but open day;
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.

We 'll bear the cross, and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down;
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.

His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day;
There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

Adieu! adieu! I 'm dying now,
A death-like chill is on my brow;
My hands are cold, my heart beats fast,
Soon, soon, I 'll reach that heavenly rest.

Chorus.—This world is not my home,
This world is not my home;
This world is all a wilderness,
This world is not my home.

Sisters, why weep ye? dry your tears;
Death to me now has lost its fears;
I long to gain th' eternal shore,
Where there is joy forever more.

Sisters, when spring returns in bloom,
O place my flowers upon my tomb;
And then, at vesper hours so sweet,
Our souls in unison will meet.

Brother, I 'm dying: let me go
From this vain world of guilt and woe;
Come nearer to my side, loved one—
My eyes grow dim, my race is run.

Leave thy loud sobs, O dry thy tears,
Dispel, dispel, those gloomy fears;
I 'm going to join the host on high,
Where pleasures never, never die.

Mother and father, nearer come,
I can but speak in whisper-tone;
O let me kiss your cheeks once more,
Then say Farewell forever more.

Bright angels now are hov'ring round,
They do my humble bed surround:
And is this death? O glorious boon!
Thank Heaven that we may die so soon.

Brother and sisters, nearer come,
Father and mother, one by one;
O let me gaze on all once more,
Then spread my wings for Canaan's shore.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG.

O, BRETHREN, I have found
A land that doth abound
In fruits as sweet as honey;
The more I eat, I find,
The more I am inclined
To sing and shout hosanna!

CHORUS.—My soul doth long to go
Where I may fully know
The glories of my Saviour;
And as I pass along
I 'll sing the Christian's song,
I hope to live forever.

Perhaps you think me wild,
Or simple as a child,—
I am a child of glory;
I am born from above,
My soul is fill'd with love,
I love to tell the story.

CHORUS.—My soul now sits and sings,
And practises her wings,
And contemplates the hour
When the messenger shall say,
"Come, quit this house of clay,
And with bright angels tower."

THE DYING GIRL TO HER SISTER.

THE dream is past—I 'm dying now,
There is a dampness on my brow;
The pang is o'er—without a sigh
I 'll pass away, and sweetly die.

But O! that pang cost many a sigh,
'T was hard to part with friends so dear;
But that is past, I 'll weep no more,
With me the dream of life is o'er.

And now, sweet sister, nearer come,
And tell me of that happy home:
Shall I its pearly gates behold,
Its streets all paved with burnish'd gold?

And in that clime so strangely fair,
Say, shall I feel a stranger there?
Or, will their harp-strings sweetly blend?
To welcome me, a child and friend?

But softly, sister, softly speak,
And stay those tears upon thy cheek;
Weep not for me, O do not pain,
I would not wake to earth again.

Thy hand, so often clasp'd of old,
Thy soft warm hand for mine grows cold;
And now, dear sister, let me rest
My wearied head upon thy breast;

And fold thy arms about my form,
It shivers 'neath Death's dark cold storm;
But sing me, sister, ere I go,
Our song, our childhood song you know;

And let its gentle numbers flow,
As last you sung, soft, sweet, and low;
And when its last faint echoes die,
And the bright tears steal from thine eye,

I shall not heed them as they stray,
I shall be gone, far, far away.
Then, dearest sister, fare-you-well,
I 'm going to heaven, with Christ to dwell.

THE OLD OAK-TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough;
In youth it shelter'd me,
  And I 'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
While I 've a hand to save,
  Thine axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Has spread o'er land and sea,
  And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, thy stroke forbear,
  Cut not its earth-bound tie;
O spare the aged oak,
  Now towering to the sky.

When but an idle boy,
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
  Here, too, my sisters play'd;
My mother kiss'd me here,
  My father press'd my hand:
Forgive this foolish tear,
  But let the old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend—
Here shall the wild birds sing,
  And still thy branches bend;
Old oak, the storm still brave;
  Then, woodman, leave the spot—
While I 've an arm to save,
  Thy axe shall harm it not.

THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

AIR—*From Greenland's Icy Mountains.*

O GOD, thou great Creator,
  Whose love all hearts shall own,
Be thou my Mediator,
  I'll bow before thy throne;
My master's heart, how icy,
  O warm it with thy love!
Tell him thy power is mighty,
  And point to life above.

He smiles when I am writhing
  With agony and pain,
And, though I cry for mercy,
  He smiles and strikes again;
O tell him, in thy kindness,
  That the All-seeing Eye
Perceives him, in his blindness,
  The lash of torture ply.

Show him, O God, how dreary
  The "spirit-land" will be
To him, where all the weary
  At last again are free;
And "slave," that word heart-rending,
  Is blotted from that sphere,
Where, during time ne'er ending,
  No groans can please his ear.

Show him the long dark ages
  He must remain behind,
Nor haste through blissful stages
  That yet await mankind.*

* The author is a believer in A. J. Davis's theory of successive stages of happiness hereafter.

But, plodding lonely onward,
  Remorse his only friend,
Look sadly to the future,
  To where his miseries end.

Ask him if e'er a blessing
  Came from his mother's tongue,
When words—O how distressing—
  Her heart with anguish wrung;
Her son—was he to leave her,
  And toil on burning sands?
Torn from his home and kindred,
  To die in distant lands.

And O! had he a father,
  Or yet a sister's love?
O sure his heart will soften,
  And tears of pity move;
He 'll feel that I 'm a brother,
  And cast the chains from me—
With mind and voice forever
  Will shout for LIBERTY.

ROCHESTER. *Fred. Douglass's Paper.*

THE MOTE AND BEAM.

SINCE meridian light commences,
  Pure light 's reveal'd to some;
If there still should be offences,
  Woe to him by whom they come.
"Judge not that ye be not judged,"
  Was the counsel Christ did give;
And the measure that is given,
  Just the same you will receive.

Jesus says, Be meek and lowly,
  For 't is high to be a judge;
If I would be pure and holy,
  I must live without a grudge.
It requires a constant labour
  All his precepts to obey;
But if I truly love my neighbour,
  Then I 'm in the holy way.

But if I say unto my neighbour,
  In thine eye there is a mote;
If thou wert a friend and brother,
  Hold and I will pull it out.
But I could not get it fairly,
  For my sight was very dim;
When I came to see more clearly,
  In mine eye there was a beam.

If I love my brother dearly,
  And his mote I wish to erase,
Then my light must shine more clearly,
  For the eye 's a tender place.
Others I have oft reproved
  For a little single mote;
Now I wish the beam removed—
  O that tears could wash it out!

But charity and love are healing,
  They afford a pure light—
When I saw my brother failing
  I was not exactly right;
Now I 'll take no further trouble,
  Since Christ's love is all my theme—
Little motes are but a bubble
  When I think upon a beam.

HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

I REMEMBER how I loved her, when a little guiltless child
I saw her in the cradle, as she look'd on me and smiled;
My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell,
And I bless'd the glorious Giver, *who doeth all things well.*

Months pass'd—that bud of promise was unfolding every hour,
I thought earth had never smiled upon a fairer flower;
So beautiful, it well might grace the bower where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne *who doeth all things well.*

Years fled—that little sister then was dear as life to me;
She awoke in my unconscious heart a wild idolatry;
I worshipp'd at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him *who doeth all things well.*

She was the lovely star whose light around my pathway shone
Amid this darksome vale of tears, through which I journey on;
Its radiance had obscured the light which round His throne doth dwell,
And I wander'd far away from Him *who doeth all things well.*

That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now
In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks the Saviour's brow;
She bow'd to the Destroyer, whose shafts none may repel;
But we know, for God hath told us, *he doeth all things well.*

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when they told me she was dead;
But O that cup of bitterness, let not my heart rebel,
God gave, he took, he will restore—*he doeth all things well.*

THE SCATTERED HOUSEHOLD.

O, WHERE is my father--my guardian, my guide,
The friend and support of my youth,
Whose tongue in the accents of kindness had taught
Such lessons of wisdom and truth?
'Neath the bending old elm in the churchyard he lies,
With the cold granite stone at his head,
And there he shall gather his household again,
To sleep with the rest of the dead.

My mother! O never again shall I hear
The sweet mellow tones of thy voice,
As you welcomed us back to the homestead of yore,
And made the poor wanderer rejoice!
O no! for the old elm has lengthen'd his boughs,
To shelter your long narrow bed;
For beside our dear father we laid you to sleep
In peace, with the rest of his dead!

O, where is my brother? far, far from his home,
  The stranger has hewn out his tomb;
But I trust the bright angel of mercy was near
  To lighten its terrible gloom,—
To illume the dark passage that leads to the grave,
  Which truth from her torchlight can shed,—
And watches e'en now, in that clime of the South,
  O'er the slumbering dust of the dead!

And where the dear sister, the pure and the good,
  The light of our fireside band?
We miss thee, thy smile and thy gentle caress,
  And the soft gentle press of thy hand:
Thou art sleeping in state, where, elaborately wrought,
  A railing encircles thy bed—
But I wish thou wert here, 'neath our father's old elm,
  To sleep with the rest of the dead.

But few of our dear little circle are left,
  And scattered exiles are they,
The dark line of man hath wither'd their smile,
  And mingled their auburn with grey.
I would that we all might be gather'd again,
  Where the elm-tree its branches hath spread,
That when the last peal of the trumpet hath call'd,
  Our father might rise with his dead.

THE TEMPEST.

We were crowded in the cabin—
  Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
  And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
  To be shatter'd in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
  Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shudder'd there in silence—
  For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
  And the breakers talk'd with Death.

And thus we sat in darkness,
  Each one busy in his prayers;
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
  As he stagger'd down the stairs.

But his little daughter whisper'd,
  As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean
  Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kiss'd the little maiden,
  And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchor'd safe in harbour,
  When the morn was shining clear.

"THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

MOTHER, what makes my father gone
  So very long to-night?
You know he always used to come,
  Before 't was candle-light.

Then he spoke so pleasantly
  When I met him at the gate;
Very sorry seem'd to be
  If he made the supper wait.

How sweet the baby always smiled,
  And gave her tiny hands to go,
When pa call'd her his pretty child,
  His little pet you know.

And when he took me on his knee
  To see the pictures I had made,
And hear me say my A B C,
  I never thought to be afraid.

And, best of all, when Sunday come
  How glad was I to hear him say,
"Run, get your hat, my little son,
  For we must go to church to-day."

But, mother, now he speaks so sharp,
  And gives you such an ugly shake,
When he comes home, though sound asleep
  It quickly gets me wide awake.

Then it seems so very long,
  And lonely too, to hear you sigh;
I always think my pa is wrong,
  When you're so good, to make you cry.

Then I cry myself, and wish
  I knew what makes him treat you so;
Mother, I want to kiss you now,
  Then pray do tell me if you know.

My precious child! O must you know
  The cause of all my boundless grief,
Making my bitter tears to flow
  So freely now for my relief?

For myself I would not care
  So much if this poor heart should break;
But, my sweet children! must they share
  In misery that their parents make?

And must they, in their tender youth,
  Hear what they cannot help but feel?
The wretched mortifying truth,
  The purest love cannot conceal?

My God! O can I freely give
  A healthy tone to vital powers?
Or ask for strength, or wish to live
  Under affliction such as ours?

Yes, I will live and suffer on,
  My son, for God is good to me;
Although your father treats me wrong,
  Yet God will my kind father be!

I would not say one word, I 'm sure,
  To make you prize your father less;
'T is love that only can endure
  Such burning words of wretchedness!

Know then he drinks the poison'd bowl—
  This is the cause of all our tears!
A drunkard's curse is on his soul—
  This is the worst of all my fears!

'T is scarcely two years now since he
  Promised before his God and men,
With bitter tears of agony,
  He ne'er would drink a drop again.

O, how I wept for joy to see
  Him look so smiling when he came
From work at night, so constantly,
  And all the evening stay at home.

Ah me! those hours of bliss are gone,
  And I am doom'd to know he stays
Where vice in every wretched form
  Only resounds the drunkard's praise.

'Tis all in vain—no hope I see,
  As long as avaricious man
Takes from a starving family
  All means of sustenance he can;

Among a fuming, filthy throng,
  Will stand, and press the cursed cup
To their lips the whole night long,
  For them to drink the contents up.

Poor murderous wretches! can they be
  Upheld so long—my God! my God!—
Steeping fond hearts in misery,
  And not feel thy avenging rod?

O spare them yet a little space,
  And let thy power their hearts renew;
Teach them true love to all our race—
  "Father, they know not what they do!"

PRAYER.

There is an *eye* that never sleeps
  Beneath the wing of night;
There is an *ear* that never shuts
  When sink the beams of light.

There is an *arm* that never tires
  When human strength gives way;
There is a *love* that never fails,
  When earthly loves decay.

That *eye* is fix'd on seraph throngs;
That *ear* is fill'd with angels' songs!
That *arm* upholds the world on high;
That *love* is throned beyond the sky.

But there 's a *power* that man can wield
When mortal aid is vain—
That eye, that arm, that love to reach—
That listening ear to gain :
That power is *prayer*, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun ;
No peals or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wond'rous flight betray,
And yet their words are quickly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,
Can check their rapid course—
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage,
The rough wave's sweeping force;
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush with news of weal or woe
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord—
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.

Ay, though nor outward wish is breathed,
  Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
  Is known and felt in heaven;
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
  Those viewless heralds stray,
But faith's least word shall reach the throne
  Of God, though far away.

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

"The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the house of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these—inestimable jewels—which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy."—*Reinerous Saccho's Book*, A. D. 1258.

The following exquisite lines, suggested by the above extract, appeared originally in the New-England Review.

"O, LADY fair! these silks of mine
  Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom
  Which beauty's self might wear;
And those pearls are pure as thy own fair neck,
  With whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them many a weary way—
  Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
  Through the dark and clust'ring curls
Which veil'd her brow, as she bent to view
  Her silks and glitt'ring pearls;

And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
  And lightly turn'd away—
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
  "My gentle lady, stay!"

"O, lady fair, I have yet a gem
  Which a purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewell'd crown
  On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl, of exceeding price,
  Whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
  And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
  Where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear, and her dark locks waved
  Their clasping pearls between:—
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
  Thou traveller grey and old—
And name the price of thy precious gem,
  And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow
  As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
  From his folding robe he took:
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price;
  May it prove as such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not,
  FOR THE WORD OF GOD IS FREE!"

The hoary traveller went his way;
  But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
  On that high-born maiden's mind;

And she hath turn'd from the pride of sin
  To the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
  In its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the grey old halls,
  Where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train,
  And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales,
  By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
  In the perfect love of God!

THE BIBLE.

This little book I'd rather own
  Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone—
  Than all their diadems.
Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
  The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
  This book were worth them all.

How baleful to ambition's eye
  His blood-wrung spoils must gleam,
When Death's uplifted hand is nigh,
  His life a varnish'd dream!
Then hear him, with his gasping breath,
  For one poor moment crave!
Fool! wouldst thou stay the arm of death?
  Ask of thy gold to save!

No, no! the soul ne'er found relief
  In glittering hoards of wealth;

Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
  Gold cannot purchase health;
But here a blessed balm appears,
  To heal the deepest woe;
And he that seeks this book in tears,
  His tears shall cease to flow.

Here he who died on Calvary's tree
  Hath made that promise blest;
"Ye heavy laden, come to me,
  And I will give you rest.
A bruised reed I will not break,
  A contrite heart despise;
My burden's light, and all who take
  My yoke shall win the skies!"

Yes, yes! this little book is worth
  All else to mortals given—
For what are all the joys of earth
  Compared to joys of heaven?
This is the guide our Father gave
  To lead to realms of day—
A star, whose lustre gilds the grave—
  "The Light—the Life—the Way."

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

Which of the petty kings of earth
  Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth
  With all the heavenly powers?

Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
  Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
  And shade us with their wings.

With them we march securely on
  Throughout Immanuel's ground,
And not an uncommission'd stone
  Our guarded feet shall wound.

No enemy our souls ensnare;
  No casual evil grieve;
Nor can we lose a single hair
  Without our Father's leave.

Angels, where'er we go, attend
  Our steps, whate'er betide—
With watchful care their charge defend,
  And evil turn aside.

A sudden thought t' escape the blow,
  A ready help we find—
And to their secret presence owe
  The presence of our mind.

Their instrumental aid unknown,
  They day and night supply;
And free from fear we lay us down,
  Though Satan's host be nigh.

Our lives the holy angels keep
  From every hostile power;
And unconcern'd we sweetly sleep,
  As Adam in his bower.

Jehovah's charioteers around;
  The ministerial choir
Encamp where'er his heirs are found,
  And form our wall of fire.

Ten thousand offices unseen
  For us they gladly do;
Deliver in the furnace keen,
  And safe escort us through.

But thronging round, with busiest love,
They guard the dying breast;
The lurking fiend far off remove,
And sing our souls to rest.

And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretch'd wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

THE BACKSLIDER'S RETURN.

Once I loved my Redeemer, his flock and his fold,
Long, long ago—long, long ago;
But alas for my love, it grew languid and cold,
Long, long ago—long ago;
I wander'd afar, o'er the world and its wilds—
I sought for its pleasures, I fed on its smiles,
'Till stung by the adder that coils on its wiles,
Long, long ago—long ago.

An exile I roam'd, far away from my God,
Long, long ago—long, long ago;
His eye beam'd rebuke, and his hand held the rod,
Long, long ago—long ago;
I felt sad despondency's venomous dart—
It drank up my spirits, and poison'd my heart;
I strove to forget it, though keen was the smart,
Long, long ago—long ago.

But Jesus, to save me, (he pitied my falls,
Long, long ago—long, long ago,—)
Swift as thought, to the watchman that stands on our walls,
(O 't was not long—long ago,)

This message was sped by an angel of light,
"Go, picture the practical infidel's plight,
'T will save that apostate from hell's deepest night:
Go, preach the cross—watchman, go!"

I heard—fled to Christ—soft as dew from above,
Not long ago—not long ago—
Descended the stream of his heavenly love—
Sweet was its flow—was its flow.
With the heart how I praise him—his mercy adore,
My exile is ended—my wanderings are o'er;
I stand on the mount now, to go down no more,
No, never more—never more.

THE YOUNG LADY'S EXPERIENCE.

Ye people, that wonder at me and my ways,
And with much astonishment on me do gaze—
Come, lend your attention, and I will relate
My past exercises, and my present state.

The people I follow I once did despise,
And ofttimes, like you, gazed on them with surprise;
I gazed with a mixture of pride and disdain,
But still from their meetings I could not refrain.

I ofttimes did jest at their sighs and their groans,
And sometimes in secret was made for to mourn;
Though weeping and shouting gave me such offence,
I thought it delusion, and all a pretence.

I ofttimes resolved to hear them no more,
But still, on occasions, would go as before;
Although persecution I still would return,
But the spark of conviction began for to burn.

The word, clothed with power, at last reach'd my heart—
I sat under preaching, and there felt the dart;
I strove to conceal it, but all was in vain—
To pray, weep, and tremble, it did me constrain.

I sank down in sorrow; so great my distress,
I lay for some hours almost motionless;
Till Jesus in mercy his love did reveal:
A wonder, a wonder—O how did I feel!

My burden of guilt was removèd and gone,
My spirit was joyful, my soul was serene;
I stood up and praised him, without dread or fear,
Nor would I regard it, though the world had been there.

My friends may despise me, my folks ridicule,
The wise of this world may esteem me a fool;
But all their endeavours will be fruitless and vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me, and I'll praise his name.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

The Christian pilgrim sings,
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
The Christian pilgrim sings,
  Heaven's my home.
Through the telescope of faith
He looks o'er the river death,
And exultingly exclaims,
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

Though poverty's my lot,
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
Though poverty's my lot,
  Heaven's my home.

Though poverty's my lot,
Though the fig-tree blossoms not,
I can sing the song of hope—
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

Though the world may me disown,
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
Though the world may me disown,
  Heaven's my home.
Though the world may me disown,
I am little and unknown,
I 'm an heir to yonder throne—
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

Through the dark and cloudy day
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home:
Through the dark and cloudy day
  Heaven's my home.
Through the dark and cloudy day
On Jehovah's arm I 'll stay,
And pursue my happy way;
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

O that every soul could say,
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home;
O that every soul could say,
  Heaven's my home.
O that every soul could say,
If I die this blessed day,
I should rise and soar away;
  Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

THE CROSS.

I 'm tired of visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries made by human worms,
  Their conversation flows.

The theme of Jesus' dying love
Transports my soul to things above;
The hallow'd flame of Jesus' love,
  It sets my soul on fire.

When Jesus tells his dying love,
Through every vein my passions move,
  The captives of his love.
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound;
Nor would I feel December cold,
  Nor think the season long.

When he describes the thorns he wore,
And tells his bloody passion o'er,
  Till I am drown'd in tears;
Then, with a sympathetic smart,
There's a strange joy beats round my heart;
The accursed tree, loaded with bliss,
  My sweetest balm it bears.

Thus while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er my sins, a heavy load,
  He bore upon the tree;
Inward I blush, with sacred shame,
And weep, and own, and love the name
Who knew no guilt, nor grief his own,
  But bore it all for me.

Kindly he opens to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
  And tell him all my pain;
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In every wound he heals a part;
His arm embraces, and his hands
  My drooping head sustains.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

Come, all you knights, you knights of Malta,
Come, say and do as I have done;
You might have been in armour brighter,
Within the New Jerusalem.

Chorus.—We are the true-born sons of Eden,
We are the true-born sons of God,
We wear the badge and scarlet garter,
The robe that ancient monarchs wore.

When Moses planted Aaron's rod
All in one night that rod did bud;
When Moses smote the Egyptian water
That very moment it turn'd to blood.

Chorus.—We are the true-born sons of Levi,
We are the true-born sons of God,
We are the root and branch of David,
The bright and glorious morning star.

When Aaron and I crossed over Jordan,
When the fifth stone was lifted up,
With the high-priest and our grand master,
We carried the ark of God along.

Chorus.

It was in Gilgal our ark we rested,
And there we did receive the mark;
The seven trumpets of rams' horns sounded,
Sounded there before the ark.

Chorus.

Broad is the road that leads to ruin,
Many there be who travel in;
Come, go with me to the New Jerusalem,
That is the place that's free from sin.

Chorus.

THE NARROW WAY.

Come, ye that love the Lord,
Unto me, unto me;
Come, ye that love the Lord,
Unto me;
I 've something good to say
About the narrow way,
For Christ the other day
Saved my soul, saved my soul—
For Christ the other day saved my soul.

He gave me first to see
What I was, what I was—
He gave me first to see
What I was;
He gave me first to see
My guilt and misery,
And then he set me free—
Bless his name! bless his name!—
And then he set me free, bless his name!

Some said I 'd soon give o'er—
You will see, you will see;
Some said I 'd soon give o'er—
You will see.
Some time is past and gone
Since I began to pray;
I love the Lord to-day,
Bless his name! bless his name!—
I love the Lord to-day, bless his name!

My old companions said,
He 's undone, he 's undone;
My old companions said,
He 's undone;

My old companions said,
He is surely going mad;
But Jesus makes me glad,
Bless his name! bless his name!—
But Jesus makes me glad, bless his name!

Had they but eyes to see,
Eyes to see, eyes to see—
Had they but eyes to see,
Eyes to see;
Had they but eyes to see
Their guilt and misery,
They 'd be as mad as me,
I believe, I believe,—
They 'd be as mad as me, I believe.

O, had I angel's wings,
I would fly, I would fly;
O, had I angel's wings,
I would fly.
Had I the wings of Noah's dove
I 'd soon fly home above,
To greet the God of love—
Bless his name! bless his name!
To greet the God of love, bless his name!

O, could I hear it said
From the Lord, from the Lord—
O, could I hear it said
From the Lord—
O, could I hear it said,
My warfare 's at an end,
My soul would shout and sing:
O, farewell; O, farewell,—
My soul would shout and sing, O, farewell.

THE HERMIT.

Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom—
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died—
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song that thou heardst was the seraphim's song—
And the song that thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;

He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died—
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

THE INDIAN'S EXPERIENCE.

In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Den me look heaben, and send up cry,
Upon my knees so low;
Dat God on high in shining place,
See me in night wid teary face—
De preacher tell me so.

God send his angel take me care,
He come himself, he hear my prayer,
If inside heart do pray;
He see me now, he know me here,
He say, Poor Indian, neber fear,
Me wid you night and day.

Now me lobe God wid Indian heart,
He fight for me, he take my part,
He save um life before;
God lobe poor Indian in de wood,
So me lobe God, and dat be good,
Me pray him two times more.

So when time come, poor Indian die,
Me go great Spirit above de sky,
And blanket leave behind;
Me have no need of wigwam dere,
Me better habitation share,
Wid Jesus good and kind.

CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

A FEW more days on earth to spend,
And all my cares and toils will end,
And I shall see my God and friend,
  And praise his name on high.
There 's no more sighs, there 's no more tears,
There 's no more pain, and no more fears,
But God, and Christ, and heaven appears
  Unto my ravish'd eye.

Then, O my soul, despond no more—
The storms of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall reach that blissful shore
  Of everlasting rest;
There I shall see my Saviour's face,
And dwell in his beloved embrace,
And taste the fulness of his grace,
  And be forever blest.

My soul anticipates the day,
I joyfully the call obey,
Which summons my soul away
  To seats prepared above.
The heavenly Canaan, sweet and fair,
Before my naked eyes appear,
Which makes me think I 'm almost there,
  In yonder bright abode.

To earthly cares I say farewell,
And triumph over death and hell;
I 'll go where saints and angels dwell,
  To praise the Eternal Three.
I 'll join with those who have gone before,
Who sing and shout their sufferings o'er,
Where pain and parting are no more,
  To all eternity.

Adieu, ye scenes of noise and show,
And all this region here below,
Where naught but disappointments grow—
A better world in view.
My Saviour calls, I 'll haste away,
I would not here forever stay,
Hail, ye bright realms of endless day;
Vain world, once more, adieu.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S FAREWELL.

We have come from the mountains of the old Granite State,
Where the hills are so lofty, magnificent, and great;
Where I've left kindred spirits, in the land of the blest,
When I bade them adieu, for the far distant west.
O, thy mountains,
O, thy valleys,
In my own native State.

O thy hills and thy valleys are sacred all to me,
No matter what in lands of others I may see;
I may view scenes so sunny, so fair, and so smooth,
Then I'll think of my cottage, that stands in the grove.
O my childhood,
O that homestead,
In my own native State.

I will oft think of her who once was my pride,
As she rode upon the mountains, so closely by my side;
O I sigh for the days that never will come back,
For she sleeps upon the shores of the bold Merrimac.
O that loved one,
O that graveyard,
In my own native State.

O, a mother dear I've lost, she has gone to the grave;
She was the greatest blessing that God ever gave;
Now I'll go to the spot where buried is the loved,
And I seem to hear her singing with angels above.
O, my mother,
I'll bless her ashes
In my own native State.
O, a mother dear I've lost, she has gone to the grave—
She has left her orphan weeping, to go to God who gave.

"GOOD MORNING, BROTHER PILGRIM!"

The following is the substance of a conversation between two professors as they met; one going to, the other returning from, camp-meeting, early in the morning.

"Good morning, brother pilgrim!
What, marching to Zion?
What doubts and what dangers have you met today?
Have you found a blessing?
Are your joys increasing?
Press forward, my brother, and make no delay.
Is your heart a glowing?
Are your comforts flowing?
And have you an evidence now bright and clear?
Have you a desire
That burns like a fire?
And have hope in the hour when Christ shall appear?"

"I came out this morning,
And now am returning,
Perhaps little better than when I first came;

Such groaning and shouting,
It sets me to doubting,
I fear such religion is all like a dream.
The preachers were stamping,
The people were jumping,
And screaming so loud that I neither could hear
Either praying or preaching;
Such horrible screeching,
'T was truly offensive to all that were there."

"Perhaps, my dear brother,
While they pray'd together,
You sat and consider'd, and pray'd not at all;
Would you find a blessing?
Then *pray without ceasing*,
Obey the advice which was given by Paul.
For if you should reason
At any such season,
No wonder if Satan should tell in your ear:
'The preachers and people
Are all but a rabble,
And this is no place for reflection and prayer.'"

"'*No place for reflection!*'
I 'm fill'd with distraction,
I wonder the people could bear for to stay;
The men they were bawling,
The women were squalling,
I wonder, for my part, how any could pray.
Such horrid confusion!
If this be religion,
Sure it is something new that has never been seen:
For the sacred pages
Which speak of all ages,
Do nowhere declare that such ever has been."

"Don't be so soon shaken;
If I'm not mistaken,
Such things have been acted by Christians of old:
When the ark it was coming,
King David came running,
And *danced* before it, in Scripture we're told.
When the Jewish nation
Had laid the foundation,
And rebuilt the temple, by Ezra's command,
Some wept and some praised,
Such a noise there was raised,
'T was heard afar off, perhaps all through the land.

"And as for the preacher,
Ezekiel the teacher
Was taught for to stamp, and smite with his hand;
To show the transgression
Of that wicked nation,
And bid them repent and obey the command.
For Scripture quotation
In this dispensation,
Our gracious Redeemer has handed them down;
If some ceased from praising,
We hear him proclaiming,
The stones to reprove them would quickly cry out."

"Then Scripture is wrested;
For Paul has protested
That order should be kept in the house of the Lord;
Amidst such a clatter
Who knows what's the matter?
Or who can attend unto what is declared?
To see them behaving
Like drunkards or raving,
And lying and rolling prostrate on the ground;

I really felt awful,
And sometimes was fearful
That I'd be the next to come tumbling down."

"You fear persecution,
And there's the delusion,
Brought in by the devil to draw you away;
Be careful, my brother,
For blest are none other
But such as are never offended in me."

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

ENLISTED with Jesus to fight against sin,
O may I be valiant the battle to win!
For when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart.
CHORUS.—And now I have joined the conquering band,
We're marching to glory, at Jesus' command.

He stripp'd off the garment of sin I had wore,
And gave me a new one he had in his store;
Uniform in appearance, my garment was grace,
No doubting, no fearing, but bold in his ways.

The shoes of the gospel he put on my feet,
The whole Christian armour, to make me complete;
Salvation my helmet, my girdle was grace,
The sword of the Spirit, the breastplate of faith.

And now I'm equipp'd and prepared for the fight,
O may I be careful my arms to keep bright—
That when Israel's trumpet shall sound from afar,
I may march up with boldness to Zion's great war.

The word it is given; our Captain doth cry,
The foes they are coming, to arms you must fly;
The banner 's unfurled, the standard I see,
The colours all stain'd with blood on the tree.

How grand are the armies—how noble they stand—
Their Captain is Jesus, he bears the command;
Press forward, brave soldiers, you 've nothing to fear,
Only be valiant, the victory is near.

THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

AIR—*Grave of Bonaparte.*

IN a lone, silent spot, 'neath the sad drooping willow,
Where the grass and the vine matted over his grave,
A soldier of Jesus lay pressing death's pillow,
Whose watchword was love, and whose aim was to save.
He sleeps there in peace, no dangers can harm him,
Though battles may rage, and the wild tempest roar;
His rest is unbroken, no sound can alarm him,
In quiet he slumbers—his conflicts are o'er.

The cross was his standard, its beauties he blended,
He offer'd salvation, and bade all rejoice;
But his work is now finish'd, his battles are ended,
His labours are over, and hush'd is his voice.
His form, cold and still, in its damp bed is sleeping,
The eye is grown dim that with lustre once shone;
No friends mourning o'er him in sadness are weeping,
And the tear-drop of sorrow falls not on his tomb.

But soon to the slumberer command will be given,
  To cast off the fetters that cling to him now;
An army of angels shall bear him to heaven,
  And garlands of glory be 'twined round his brow.
While anthems of praises around him are ringing,
  His body, immortal, in brightness shall rise;
While millions of ransom'd hosannas are singing,
  In triumph he 'll enter his home in the skies.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

The Gospel Ship has long been sailing,
  Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore,
All who wish to sail for glory,
  Come and welcome, rich and poor.

Chorus.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
  All the sailors loudly cry;
  See the blissful points of glory,
  Open to each faithful eye.

Thousands she has safely landed
  Far beyond these mortal shores;
Thousands still are sailing in her,
  And yet there 's room for thousands more.

Waft along this noble vessel,
  All ye gales of gospel grace,
Carrying every faithful sailor
  To this heavenly landing-place.

Her sails are fill'd, and heavenly breezes
  Gently waft the ship along;
All the sailors are rejoicing,
  Glory bursts from every tongue.

Come, poor sinners, get converted,
  Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
Then with us you will be happy,
  Happy through eternity.

I love Jesus, hallelujah!
  I love Jesus—yes I do!
I love Jesus—he 's my Saviour;
  Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

HEAVENLY RAILROAD.

THE line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truth the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.
CHORUS.—We 're going home, we 're going home, we 're going home,
  To die no more, to die no more, to die no more;
  We 're going home, to die no more.

Repentance is the station then
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.

The Bible then is engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark, and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire, his truth the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in him abide.

In first, and second, and third class,
Repentance, faith, and holiness,
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

Come then, poor sinners, now 's the time;
At any place upon the line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop, and take you in.

SELLING HEAVEN.

"Go, bring me," said the dying fair,
With anguish in her tone,
"Those costly robes and jewels rare—
Go, bring them every one."
They strew'd them on her dying bed,
Those robes of princely cost;
"Father," with bitterness she said,
"For these my soul is lost!

"With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor fear'd the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my heart
I look'd for heaven to come.
I heard a Saviour's pard'ning voice,
My soul was fill'd with peace;
Father, you bought me with these toys,
I barter'd heaven for these.

"Take them, they are the price of blood;
For them I lost my soul;
For them must bear the wrath of God
While ceaseless ages roll.
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom;

That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

"Go, bear them from my sight and touch;
Your gifts I here restore;
Keep them with care—they cost you much,
They cost your daughter more.
Look at them every rolling year
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear,"
She said, and sunk away.

THE LAST TRUMPET'S SOUND.

When the last trumpet's sound shakes the earth all around,
And the dead shall arise, and ascend to the skies,
There to meet Him who died, with his glorious bride,
And to praise him forever by Immanuel's side.

Chorus.—Hallelujah to Jesus, Amen and Amen,
We will praise him forever, again and again;
To the Lamb that was slain, and who liveth again,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen and Amen.

There the apostolic band, with the uplifted hand,
Give to Jesus the praise of salvation by grace;
And the martyrs who bled, with their crown on their head,
These from glory to glory by Jesus are led.

There a Wesley doth stand in the midst of the band,
With his bright shining face, praising God for free grace;
And a Fletcher unites with the old Israelites,
Giving glory to Jesus in rapturous delight.

Now redemption they sing to their glorious King,
Through the power of free grace, while the angels
sing bass;
How it rolls o'er the plains, in what glorious strains!
O, glory to Jesus, forever he reigns.

There, array'd all in white, saints and angels unite,
And in ecstasies gaze on the Ancient of Days;
In harmonious lays all their voices they raise,
And all heaven is fill'd with Immanuel's praise.

THE NEW GOSPEL SHIP.

I 've shipp'd on board the gospel ship—
Come, who will go with me?
She 's ready now, she 's all afloat,
Your passage shall be free.

Chorus.—Cheer up, all hearts, the day it breaks,
The boats are crossing o'er,
The sun is up, the night is past,
Bright angels throng the shore.

Her keel was laid in perfect love,
When first her work begun;
And modell'd by the powers above,
And finish'd by the Son.

Her sails are made of linen white,
And all so neat and clean;
Her decks are laid with gospel grace,
And season'd hard within.

Her sides are seal'd, and all so tight,
With perfect skill and ease;
Her cabin 's lined with gold so bright—
Our Captain he is there.

Who do you think our Captain is?
  Or do you know his name?
'T is Jesus Christ, the Father's Son—
  Was born in Bethlehem.

Sometimes the waves run mountain high,
  And nothing seems to yield;
By faith we steer our gospel ship—
  'T is love that turns her wheels.

We've nail'd our colours to the mast,
  And firmly we declare
We'll never strike while time doth last,
  Or Jesus answers prayer.

The Bible—yes, it is our chart—
  It points forever true;
Though days go by, and years are past,
  Yet it is always new.

You ask me what's the song we sing;
  You ask me how we fare:
'T is glory to our God and king,
  And manna every hour.

You ask me where my ship is bound,
  And what's the wages given?
She sails the world—yes, all around,
  And anchors safe in heaven.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

O WHERE can the soul find relief from its foes,
A shelter of safety, a home of repose?
Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
Give a refuge nor sorrow nor sin can assail?
  No—no! there's no home,
There's no home upon earth; the soul has no home.

Shall it leave the low earth and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be given,
And the soul find a home in the glory of heaven?
Yes—yes—there 's a home;
There's a home in high heaven—the soul has a home.

O holy and sweet its rest shall be there!—
Free forever from sin, and sorrow, and care;
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies;
Home—home—home of the soul,
The bosom of God is the home of the soul.

OUR BONDAGE IT SHALL END.

Our bondage it shall end by and by,
From Egypt's yoke set free;
Hail the glorious jubilee,
And to Canaan we'll return by and by.

Our Deliverer he shall come by and by,
And our sorrows have an end,
With our threescore years and ten,
And vast glory crown the day by and by.

Though our enemies are strong, we'll go on;
Though our hearts dissolve with fear,
Lo! Sinai's God is near,
While the fiery pillar moves we'll go on.

Though Marah has bitter streams, we'll go on;
Though Baca's vale be dry,
And the land yield no supply,
To a land of corn and wine we'll go on.

And when to Jordan's floods we are come,
  Jehovah rules the tide,
  And the waters he 'll divide,
And the ransom'd host shall shout, we are come.

Then friends shall meet again who have loved,
  Our embraces shall be sweet,
  At the dear Redeemer's feet,
When we meet to part no more who have loved.

Then with all the happy throng we 'll rejoice,
  Shouting glory to our King,
  Till the vaults of heaven ring,
And through all eternity we 'll rejoice.

LAY UP NEARER, BROTHER.

The New-England Diadem gives its readers the following beautiful stanzas, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Capt. Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California. We have seldom met anything so painfully interesting in every line, and it will be read with "tearful eyes" by many who have lost brothers, fathers, husbands, or sons on their way to, or after having reached, the land of gold and of graves.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer;
  For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer
  When thy arms around me fold.
I am dying, brother, dying,
  Soon you 'll miss me in your berth;
For my form will soon be lying
  'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken;
  I have something I would say

Ere the veil my vision darken,
  And I go from hence away:
I am going, surely going,
  But my hope in God is strong;
I am willing, brother, knowing
  That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father, when you greet him,
  That in death I pray'd for him—
Pray'd that I might one day meet him
  In a world that 's free from sin;
Tell my mother, (God assist her
  Now that she is growing old,)—
Tell, her child would glad have kiss'd her
  When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
  'T is my wife I 'd speak of now:
Tell, O! tell her how I miss'd her,
  When the fever burn'd my brow;
Tell her, brother, (closely listen,
  Do n't forget a single word,)
That in death my eyes did glisten
  With the tears her mem'ry stirr'd.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
  Like the kiss I last impress'd;
Hold them as when last I held them,
  Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
  Putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her,
  For he 's said so in his word.

O, my children! Heaven bless them!
  They were all my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them
  Ere I sink beneath the sea;

'T was for them I cross'd the ocean,
  What my hopes were I 'll not tell,
But I 've gain'd an orphan's portion,
  Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sister I remember
  Ev'ry kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender
  By the thoughts their mem'ry stirr'd;
Tell them I ne'er reach'd the haven
  Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But I gain'd a port called Heaven,
  Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
  For they 'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus and repentance,
  Will secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking,
  'T is his voice I know so well;
When I 'm gone, O do n't be weeping,
  Brother, here 's my last FAREWELL!

THE HAPPY MAN.

How happy is the man who has chosen wisdom's
  ways,
And measures out his span to his God in prayer
  and praise;
His God and his Bible are all he desires,
To holiness of heart he continually aspires;
In poverty he is happy, for he knows he has a Friend
That never will forsake him, though the world shall
  have an end.

He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up his tribute to his God in prayer and praise;
And then to his labour cheerfully repairs,
In confidence, believing that his God will hear his prayers;
Whatever he engages in, at home or abroad,
His object is to honour and to glorify God.

And thus you have his history through life from day to day—
Religion is no mystery to him, it is a beaten way;
And when on his pillow he lies down to die,
In hope he rejoices, for he knows his Saviour's nigh;
And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul on wings of love
Flies away to realms of glory, there to reign with Christ above.

THE WIFE.

She clung to him with woman's love,
Like ivy to the oak,
Whilst o'er his head, with crushing force,
Earth's chilling tempests broke.

And when the world look'd cold on him,
And blight hung o'er his name,
She soothed his cares with woman's love,
And bade him rise again.

When care had furrow'd o'er his brow,
And clouded his young hours,
She wove, amidst his crown of thorns,
A wreath of love's own flow'rs.

And never did that wreath decay,
  Or the bright flow'ret wither,
For woman's tears e'er nourish'd them,
  That they might bloom forever.

'T is ever thus with woman's love,
  True till life's storms have pass'd;
And, like the vine around the tree,
  It braves them to the last.

WHEN JOSEPH HIS BRETHREN BEHELD.

When Joseph his brethren beheld,
  Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
  For weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
  To bring their past sins to their mind,
But when they were humbled enough,
  He hasten'd to show himself kind.

How little they thought it was he
  Whom they had ill-treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be
  As soon as his name he had told!
"I'm Joseph your brother," he said,
  "And still to my heart you are dear;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
  But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

Though greatly distressèd before,
  When charged with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more—
  Not one of them durst to look up.

"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
  Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our households maintain?—
  O this is a brother indeed!"

Thus dragg'd by my conscience I came,
  And laden with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and shame,
  Unable to utter a word.
At first he look'd stern and severe;
  What anguish then piercèd my heart;
Expecting each moment to hear
  The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart!"

But O! what surprise when he spoke,
  While tenderness beam'd in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
  O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace.
"Poor sinner, I know thee full well—
  By thee I was sold and was slain;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
  And raise thee in glory to reign.

"I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphemed,
  And crucified often afresh;
But let me henceforth be esteem'd
  Thy brother, thy bone and thy flesh;
My pardon I freely bestow,
  Thy wants I will fully supply;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
  And soon will remove thee on high."

"Go, publish to sinners around,
  That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
  And tell them that yet there is room."

O, sinners, the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend;
But come, without further delay,
To Jesus, our brother and friend.

A CALL TO SINNERS.

O, CARELESS sinner, come,
Pray now attend;
This world is not your home,
It soon will end;
Jehovah calls aloud, Forsake the thoughtless crowd,
Pursue the road to God and happy be.

No happiness you'll find
While thus you go,
No fear unto your mind;
But fear and woe
Attend you ev'ry day, while far from God you stray,
O, sinners, come away and happy be.

Nor do I call alone;
The Saviour too,
E'en with his dying groans,
Cries, Bid adieu
To sin and folly now, and to his sceptre bow,
And he will tell you how to live anew.

But if you still refuse,
Down, down you'll go,
And with the wicked Jews
The road to woe.
Alas! how can you slight the rays of gospel light,
And sink in endless night, where silence reigns.

I bid you all farewell
With aching heart,
And in deep sorrow tell
That we must part,
While on to heav'n we go, and you are bound to woe,
Alas! it must be so, if you rebel.

I look on you again,
And hoping say,
Why won't you leave your sins,
And come away
From Satan's cruel pow'r, and live forever more,
And bless the joyful hour when life began.

All hail! we welcome then
Your happy flight
From Kedar's tents of sin
To glory bright.
We 'll travel on with you, and bid the world adieu,
And endless joys pursue till all is ours.

Then we will range around
The peaceful plains,
Where pleasure hath no bounds,
Where glory reigns.
We 'll fall at Jesus' feet, where joys are all complete,
And in sweet raptures meet, to part no more.

THE SACRIFICE.

The morning sun rose bright and clear,
On Abraham's tent it gaily shone,
And all was bright and cheerful there,
All save the patriarch's heart alone.

While God's command arose to mind,
  It forced into his eye a tear;
Although his soul was all resign'd,
  Yet nature fondly linger'd there.

The simple morning feast was spread,
  And Sarah at the banquet smiled;
Joy o'er her face its lustre spread,
  For near her sat her only child.
The charms that pleaesd a monarch's eye,
  Upon her cheek had left their trace;
His highly-augur'd destiny
  Was written on his heavenly face.

The groaning father turn'd away,
  And walk'd the inner tent apart;
He felt his fortitude decay,
  While nature whisper'd in his heart:
O! must this son, to whom was given
  The promise of a blessed land,
Heir to the choicest gifts of Heaven,
  Be slain by a fond father's hand?—

This son, for whom my eldest born
  Was sent an outcast from his home,
And in some wilderness forlorn
  A savage exile doom'd to roam!
But shall a feeble worm rebel,
  And murmur at a father's rod?
Shall he be backward to fulfil
  The known and certain will of God?

Arise, my son! the cruet fill,
  And store the scrip with due supplies;
For we must seek Moriah's hill
  And offer there a sacrifice.

The mother raised a speaking eye,
  And all a mother's soul was there;
She fear'd the desert drear and dry,
  She fear'd the savage lurking there.

Abrah'm beheld, and made reply:
  On Him from whom our blessings flow,
My sister, we by faith rely;
  'T is God's command, and we must go.
The duteous son in haste obey'd,
  The scrip was fill'd, the mules prepared,
And with the third day's twilight shade
  Moriah's lofty hill appear'd.

The menials they at distance wait,
  Alone ascend the son and sire,
The wood on Isaac's shoulder laid,
  The wood to build his funeral pyre.
No passions sway'd the father's mind,
  He felt a calm, a death-like chill;
His soul was chaste and all resign'd,
  Bow'd meekly, though he shudder'd still.

While on the mountain's brow they stood,
  With smiling wonder Isaac cries:
My father, lo! the fire and wood,
  But where 's the lamb for sacrifice!
The Holy Spirit stay'd his mind,
  While Abrah'm answer'd low and calm,
With steady voice, and look resign'd,
  God will himself provide the lamb.

But lo! the father bound his son,
  And laid him on the funeral pile;
And then stretch'd forth his trembling hand,
  And took the knife to slay his child.

While Abrah'm raised the blade full high,
  To execute his God's command,
An angel's voice, as from the sky,
  Cried, Abrah'm, spare thine only son.

But let no pen, profane like mine,
  On holiest themes too rashly dare;
Turn to the Book of books divine,
  And read the precious promise there.
Ages on ages roll'd away,
  At length the hour appointed came,
When, on the mountain Calvary,
  God did himself provide the Lamb.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

Among the Jewish nations one Daniel there was found,
Whose unexampled piety astonish'd all around;
They saw him very pious and faithful to the Lord,
Three times a day he bowèd to supplicate his God.

Among the king's high princes this Daniel was the first,
The king preferr'd the spirit this Daniel did possess;
His unexampled piety provoked their jealousy,
The princes sought his ruin,—obtain'd a firm decree.

Should any man or woman a supplication bring,
For thirty days ensuing, save unto thee, O king,
To any lord or master, or any other man,
They should without distinction fall in the lions' den.

But now when Daniel heard it, straight to his house he went,
To beg his God's protection—'t was all his whole intent;

His windows being open, before his God he bow'd;
The princes were assembled, they saw him worship
God.

They came to King Darius and spake of his decree,
Saying, That Hebrew Daniel doth nothing care for
thee:
Before his God he boweth three times in every day,
With all his windows open, and we have heard him
pray.

Now when Darius heard it, his soul did sore lament;
He set his heart on Daniel, the sentence to prevent:
The princes then assembled and to the king they
said,
Remember your great honour, likewise the laws you
made.

Darius then commanded that Daniel should be
brought,
And cast into the lions' den, because the Lord he
sought;
The king then said to Daniel, That God whom you
adore,
Will save you from the lions, and bless, you ever-
more.

The king went to his palace and fasted all the night,
He neither ate nor drank, nor in music took delight;
So early the next morning he stole along the way,
And came unto the lions' den, where this bold He-
brew lay.

Then with a voice of mourning, to Daniel cried
aloud,
Saying, O Daniel, Daniel, thou servant of the Lord,

Is not thy God sufficient for to deliver thee?—
That God in whom thou trustest and serve continually.

My God hath sent his angel and shut the lions' jaws,
So that they have not hurt me my enemies they saw.
Then straight the king commanded to take him out the den;
Because in God he trusted, no harm was found in him.

See how the faithful Daniel fear'd not the face of clay—
'T was not the king's commandment that made him cease to pray;
He knew that God was with him, to save his soul from death;
He trusted in Jehovah, and pray'd at every breath.

SECOND PART.

Darius then commanded those wretches to be brought
Who had, with so much boldness, the life of Daniel sought;
On women, men and children the sentence being pass'd,
Among the angry lions those sinners then were cast.

The lions rush'd with vengeance upon those wicked men,
And tore them all to pieces ere they to the bottom came:
Thus God will save his children who put their trust in him,
And punish their offenders with agonies extreme.

'T was then a proclamation Darius issued forth,
Commanding all the people that dwelt upon the earth,
To fear the God of Daniel, for he's the living God,
Whose kingdom is forever, and shall not be destroy'd.

He maketh signs and wonders in heaven and on earth,
Who hath deliver'd Daniel, and shut the lions' mouth;
Who saved the Hebrew children when cast into the flame;
Who is the God of heaven, and spreads his wide domain.

This Daniel's God is gracious to all his children dear;
He gives them consolation, and tells them not to fear;
He's promised to support them, and bring them safe to dwell
Eternally in heaven, but dooms their foes to hell.

Hark, sinners! hear the gospel, it says to you repent;
Come, try a bleeding Saviour, for you his blood was spilt;
He died to purchase pardon, that we might, by his power,
Escape the roaring lion that seeks us to devour.

O will you be persuaded, by one who loves your soul,
To turn and seek salvation, with Christ in heaven to dwell;

Come, serve the God of Daniel, 't is Jesus bids you
come,
You 'll find a hearty welcome in Christ the bleeding
Lamb.

Glory to God! O glory! for his redeeming love;
Religion makes us happy here, and will in worlds
above;
We 'll sing bright hallelujahs, and join the holy
song,
With Moses, Job, and Daniel, and all the heavenly
throng.

WHITHER GOEST THOU, PILGRIM STRANGER?

WHITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wand'ring through this lonely vale?
Know'st thou not 't is full of danger?
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.—No, I 'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah! O hallelujah!
I 'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah! O hallelujah!

Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through a waste so wide;
But no harm will e'er befall me
While I 'm bless'd with such a guide.
For I 'm bound, &c.

Such a guide!—no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian pow'r befriend thee,
'T is unseen by mortal eyes.
O, I 'm bound, &c.

Yes, unseen; but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He 'll in ev'ry strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I 'm bound, &c.

Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
No, I 'm bound, &c.

No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I 'll bend;
Thence to plunge 't will be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.
For I 'm bound, &c.

While I gazed, with speed surprising
Down the stream she plung'd from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising
Like an angel clothed with light.
O, I 'm bound, &c.

Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
For I 'm bound, &c.

DANIEL'S WISDOM.

Daniel's wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show;
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness;
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James's faith by works reveal:
Like young Timothy, may I
Ev'ry sinful passion fly.

Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know;
Samuel's call O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share;
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's steadfast, valiant care;
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart;
Abraham's friendship let me prove,
Faithful to the God I love.

Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew;
By my life and conduct show,
How he lived and walk'd below;
Day by day, through grace restored,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

When those dreams of life are fled,
When those wasting lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Youth, and fame, and power are laid·
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

HEAVENLY SOUNDINGS.

To heav'n I'm bound with prosp'rous gales,
My bark by grace doth safely steer,
And going under gospel sails,
Celestial prospects bright appear—
To sound her ground my faith now springs,
And to her Author thus she sings,
"Thy will be done!"

As bearing up to gain the port,
A blood-stain'd cross and heav'n in view,
A Saviour's wounds, my harbour—fort—
The beacon, to my vessel true;
Again my faith her soundings tries,
And to my soul's sure Pilot cries,
"A blessed hope!"

Now as the blissful shore draws near,
With transport I behold the place
Where dwells my friend, my Saviour dear,
And long with joy to see his face;
Once more my faith doth try her ground,
And thus reëchoes back the sound,
"Christ is my rock!"

MY FATHER'S LAND.

There is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

Chorus.—That blissful place is my Father's land,
By faith its delights I explore;
Come, favour my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to that shore.

There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode;
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
But there is the palace of God.

There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who worshipp'd and suffer'd with me;
Exalted with Christ high on his throne,
The King in his glory they see.

There is a place where I hope to live,
When life with its labours is o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And there I shall suffer no more.

THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

O that I were as in months past.—JOB xxix, 2.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy;
When, blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chairs of my sire and mother,
The seats of each offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excell'd every other,
The Family Bible, which lay on the stand—
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible, which lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening could yield us delight;
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day and for safety through night.

Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the hearts of the family band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible, which lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted;
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more,
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant shore;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand;
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand—
The old-fashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

WHY THOSE FEARS?

Why those fears?—behold, 't is Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship;
Spread the sails and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Could we stay where death was hov'ring?
Could we rest on such a shore?
No, the awful truth discov'ring,
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.

Though the shore we wish to land on
  Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
  Led by that report alone,
    And with Jesus
  Through the trackless deep move on.

Led by that, we brave the ocean;
  Led by that, the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
  Knowing that our Lord is nigh:
    Waves obey him,
  And the storms before him fly.

Render'd safe by his protection,
  We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
  We shall gain the port at last;
    And with wonder
  Think on toils and dangers past.

O! what pleasures there await us!
  There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
  Can molest our peace no more:
    Trouble ceases
  On that tranquil, happy shore.

THE WHITE PILGRIM'S GRAVE.

I CAME to the spot where the white pilgrim lay,
  And pensively sat by his tomb,
When, in a low whisper, I heard some one say,
  "How sweetly I sleep here alone!

"The tempests may howl, and the loud thunders roll,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from these eyes.

"The cause of my Master compell'd me from home;
I bade my companion farewell;
I left my sweet children, who now for me mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

"I wander'd, an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad,
The trump of the gospel endeavour'd to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

"But when, among strangers and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion and sank in the tomb,
My spirit ascended on high.

"O tell my companion, and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
The same Hand that led me through scenes dark and drear
Has kindly assisted me home."

* * * * * *

I call'd at the house of the mourner below,
I enter'd the mansion of grief;
The tears of deep sorrow most freely did flow—
I tried, but could give no relief.

There sat a lone widow dejected and sad,
By affliction and sorrow oppress'd;
And here were her children in mourning array'd,
And sighs were escaping each breast.

I spoke to the widow concerning her grief,
  I ask'd her the cause of her woe;
And why there was nothing to give her relief,
  Or soothe her deep sorrow below.

She look'd at her children, then look'd upon me;
  That look I can never forget;
More eloquent far than a seraph can be,
  It spoke of the trials she met.

"The hand of affliction falls heavily now;
  I am left with my children to mourn;
The friend of my youth is silent and low,
  In yonder cold grave-yard alone!

"But why should I mourn, or feel to complain,
  Or think that fortune is hard?
Have I met with affliction—'t is truly his gain—
  He 's enter'd the joy of his Lord!

"His work is completed and finish'd below;
  His last tear is fallen, I trust;
He has preach'd his last sermon and met his last foe;
  Has conquer'd, and now is at rest!"

THE RESURRECTION HYMN.

O, THEY crucified my Saviour;
O, they crucified my Saviour;
O, they crucified my Saviour,
  And they nail'd him to the cross:
But he arose, he arose, he arose from the dead;
He arose and went to heaven on a cloud.

Then Joseph begg'd his body,
And he laid it in the tomb.
But he arose, &c.

Then down came the angels,
And they roll'd away the stone.
Then he arose, &c.

O, the grave it could not hold him,
For he burst the bonds of death.
Then he arose, &c.

Then Mary came a-running,
A-looking for her Lord.
But he arose, &c.

O, where have you laid him?
For he is not in the tomb.
For he arose, &c.

Go, tell John and Peter
I have risen from the dead.

Go, tell to doubting Thomas
I have risen from the dead.

Then our hearts they burn'd within us
As he talk'd along the way.

O, why stand ye gazing,
O, ye men of Galilee?

Don't you see him now ascending,
There to plead for you and me?

In the world there 's tribulation,
But in me ye shall have peace.

By-and-by we 'll go and meet him,
Where pleasures never die.

WHEN I SET OUT FOR GLORY.

When I set out for glory
  I left the world behind,
Determined for a city
  That 's out of sight to find.
Chorus.—And to glory I will go,
  And to glory I will go, I 'll go, I 'll go,
  And to glory I will go.

I left my worldly honour,
  I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions,
  And with them my good name.

Some said I 'd better tarry,
  They thought I was too young
Then to prepare for dying,
  But that was all my theme.

Come, all my loving brethren,
  And listen to my cry;
All you that are backsliders
  Must shortly beg or die.
    And to begging I will go, &c.

The Lord, he loves the beggar
  Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him
  Whene'er he stands in need.

I 'm not ashamed to beg
  While here on earth I stay;
I 'm not ashamed to watch,
  I 'm not ashamed to pray.

The richest man I ever saw
  Was one that begg'd the most;
His soul was fill'd with Jesus
  And with the Holy Ghost.

And now we are encouraged,
  Come, let us travel on,
Until we join the angels
  And sing the holy song.
    And to glory we will go, &c.

THE LITTLE HYMN.

Come, little children, now we may partake a little morsel;
For little songs and little ways adorn'd a great apostle:
A little drop of Jesus' blood can make a feast of union;
It is by little steps we move into a full communion.

A little faith does mighty deeds quite past all my recounting,
Faith, like a little mustard-seed, can move a lofty mountain;
A little charity and zeal—a little tribulation—
A little patience—makes us feel great peace and consolation.

A little cross with cheerfulness, a little self-denial,
Will help us feel our troubles less, and bear the greater trial;
The Spirit, like a little dove, on Jesus once descended,
To show his meekness and his love the emblem was intended.

The title of the little Lamb unto our Lord was given,
Such was our Saviour's little name, the Lord of earth and heaven;
A little voice that's small and still can rule the whole creation,
A little stone that earth shall fill, and humble every nation.

A little zeal supplies the soul, it doth the heart inspire;
A little spark lights up the whole and sets the crowd on fire;
A little union serves to hold the good and tender-hearted,
It's stronger than a chain of gold that never can be parted.

Come, let us labour here below—see who can walk the straightest;
For in God's kingdom all must know the least shall be the greatest:
O give us, Lord, a little drop of heavenly love and union;
O may we never, never stop, short of a full communion.

Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock, heirs of immortal glory,
You're built upon the surest rock, the kingdom's just before you;
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss, and tell the pleasing story—
I'm with you till the world shall end, I'll bring you home to glory!

HOW SWEET THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

How sweet the mem'ry of the dead,
While sleeping on their dusty bed!
Their bodies rest in silence, where
No glimm'ring sun can enter there.

CHORUS.—We are passing away,
We are passing away,
We are passing away,
Like a long summer's day.

Our brother he is dead and gone,
He 's gone to join the morning song;
Ah! he did preach till almost spent,
And then gave up without consent.

He told us that his work was done—
He pray'd the Lord he would come down;
A little while he talk'd and pray'd,
Then clapp'd his hands, and thus he said:

"Children of Zion, now draw near,
And hear my dying speech with fear;
Have I done all, have I got through,
And finish'd all I had to do?"

Satan tried his mind to cross,
He told him all his hopes were lost;
He ask'd the Lord to give a sign
If he was born of blood divine.

A light from heaven did appear,
The glory of the Lord was there;
I thought I heard the Saviour say—
"Come hither, soul, I am the way!"

"Satan, leave, for I must go,
The Lord has call'd me from below;

I thank my God for what he's done,
The gift of his beloved Son!

"Jesus me a sinner sought—
Was not mine a happy lot?
I feel my Saviour in my breast—
I want to go and be at rest!"

I saw this mighty hero fall—
I saw him burst the prison wall—
I saw him when he took his flight
To dwell among the saints of light.

Could he another life live o'er,
He'd range this world from shore to shore;
He wore the mortal body down—
He wears a never-fading crown.

But see! the mighty angels call,
They take him round the city's wall:
"Come in!" they cried, "the war is o'er!"
And then I saw his face no more.

OUR KINDRED DEAR TO HEAVEN HAVE GONE.

Our kindred dear to heaven have gone,
We'll meet our friends in glory;
They landed safe—we'll follow on,
To meet our friends in glory.

Chorus.—We're marching to glory!
We're marching to glory!
We're marching to glory!
To meet our friends in glory!
We're on our way to paradise,
To meet our friends in glory!

They had to fight their passage through—
  We'll meet our friends in glory;
But conquer'd, as we soon shall too,
  And meet our friends in glory.

How bright the crowns their temples bear!—
  We'll meet our friends in glory;
Like crowns for us are waiting there—
  We'll meet our friends in glory.

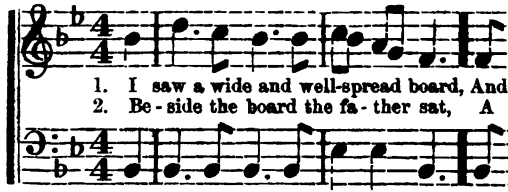
What robes they wear before the throne!—
  We'll meet our friends in glory;
Such glorious robes shall be our own—
  We'll meet our friends in glory.

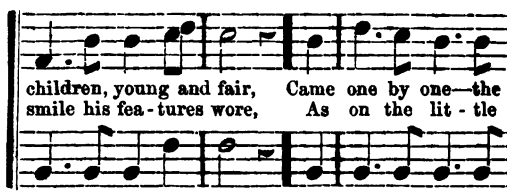
What harps of gold they all employ!—
  We'll meet our friends in glory;
Such harps our hands shall strike with joy—
  We'll meet our friends in glory.

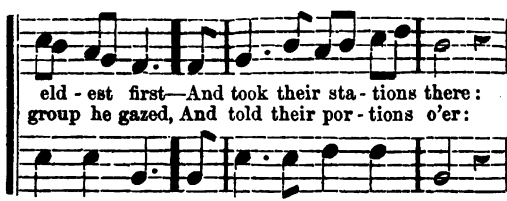
What notes divine are on their tongues!—
  We'll meet our friends in glory;
And raise with them our rapt'rous songs—
  We'll meet our friends in glory.

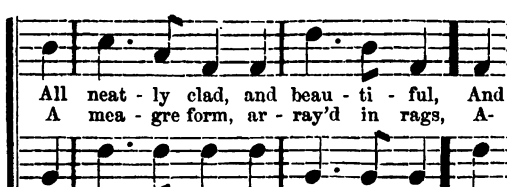
We're marching forward heart and hand,
  To meet our friends in glory;
And soon, in one united band,
  We'll meet our friends in glory.

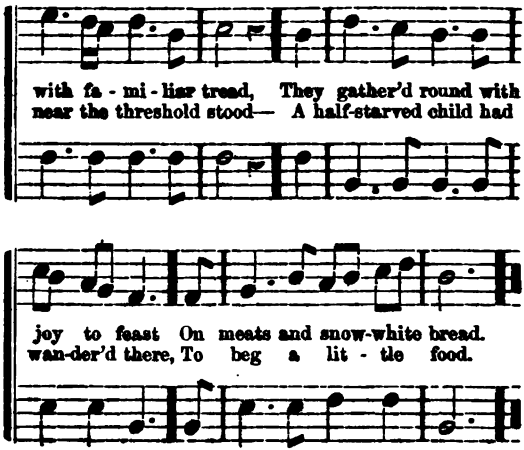
I HAVE NO FATHER THERE. C. M.











3. Said one, "Why standest here, my child?
   See, there 's a vacant seat,
   Amid the children—and enough
   For them and thee to eat:"
   "Alas, for me!" the child replied,
   In tones of deep despair;
   "No right have I amid your group—
   I have no father there!"

4. O, hour of fate! when from the skies,
   With notes of deepest dread,
   The far resounding trump of God
   Shall summon forth the dead—
   What countless hosts shall stand without
   The heavenly threshold fair,
   And, gazing on the blest, exclaim,
   "I have no Father there!"

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

[*Adapted to the preceding tune.*]

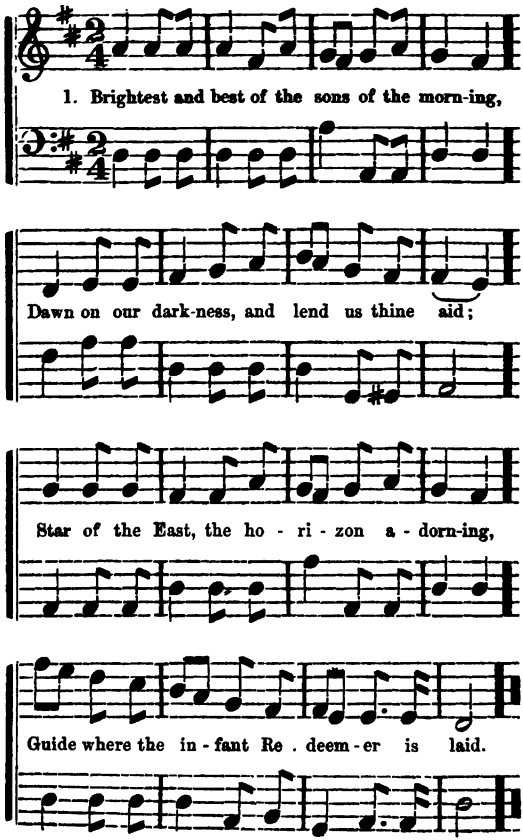
1. This Book is all that 's left me now;
   Tears will unbidden start;
   With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow,
   I press it to my heart:
   For many generations pass'd,
   Here is our family-tree;
   My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;
   She, dying, gave it me.

2. Ah! well do I remember those
   Whose names these records bear;
   Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
   After the evening prayer,
   And speak of what these pages said,
   In tones my heart would thrill!
   Though they are with the silent dead,
   Here are they living still.

3. My father read this holy Book
   To brothers, sisters dear—
   How calm was my poor mother's look,
   Who loved God's word to hear!
   Her angel face—I see it yet!
   What thronging memories come!
   Again that little group is met,
   Within the walls of home.

4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
   Thy constancy I 've tried;
   When all were false I 've found thee true,
   My counsellor and guide.
   The mines of earth no treasure give,
   That could this volume buy—
   In teaching me the way to live,
   It taught me how to die.

HANOVER. 11s & 10s. MOZART.

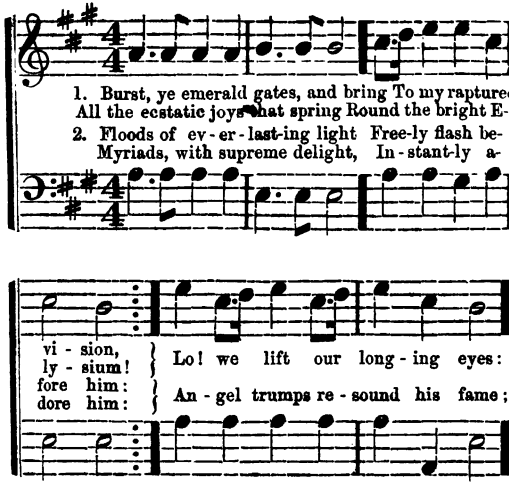


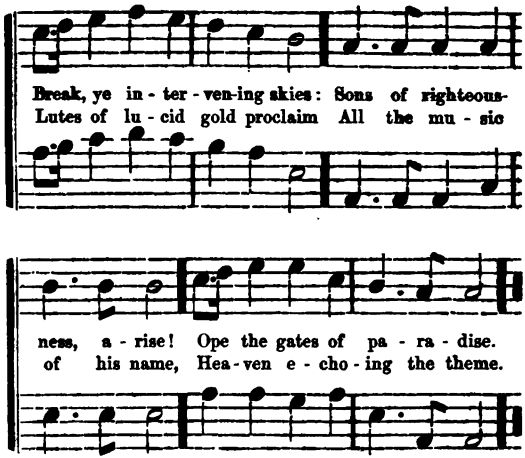
2. Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

BURST, YE EMERALD GATES. 7s & 6s.





3. Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station:
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation:
Cast their crowns before his throne;
Cry, in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One."

4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join we to the holy lays—
"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"
Sweetest sound in seraph's song;
Sweetest note on mortal tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung:
"Jesus! Jesus!" flow along.

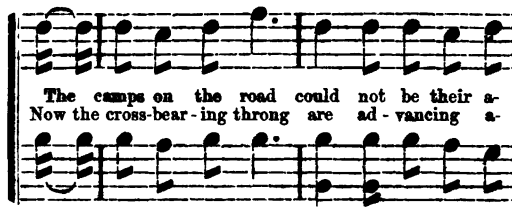
THE OLD ISRAELITES. 12 & 9.

1. The old Israelites knew what it was they must do
2. I am thankful, indeed, for the Heaven-ly Head,

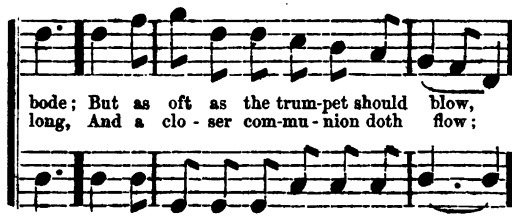
If fair Ca - na - an they would pos - sess—
Which be - fore me has hith - er - to gone;

They must still keep in sight of the pil - lar of light,
For that Pil - lar of Love which doth onward still move,

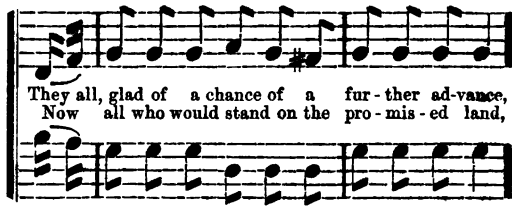
Which led on to the pro - mis - ed rest:
And doth ga - ther our souls in - to one.



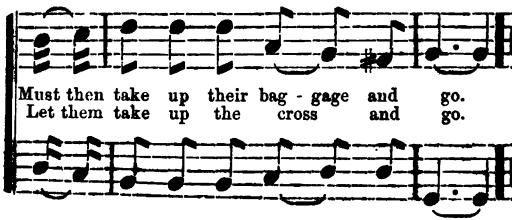
The camps on the road could not be their a-
Now the cross-bear-ing throng are ad-vancing a-



bode; But as oft as the trum-pet should blow,
long, And a clo-ser com-mu-nion doth flow;



They all, glad of a chance of a fur-ther ad-vance,
Now all who would stand on the pro-mis-ed land,



Must then take up their bag-gage and go.
Let them take up the cross and go.

3.

The way is all new, as it opens to view,
And behind is a foaming Red Sea;
So none now need to speak of the onions and leeks,
Or to talk about garlics to me:
On Jordan's near side I can never abide;
For no place here of refuge I see,
Till I come to the spot, and inherit the lot
Which the Lord God will give unto me.

4.

What though some in the rear preach up terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet?
Though the giants before with great fury do roar,
I 'm resolved I will never retreat.
We are little, 't is true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall;
But while I see a track I will never go back,
But go on at the risk of my all.

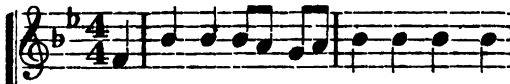
5.

Now the bright morning dawns for the camps to move on,
And the priests with their trumpets do blow:
As the priests give the sound, and the trumpets resound,
All my soul is exulting to go.
If I 'm faithful and true, and my journey pursue
Till I stand on the heavenly shore,
I shall joyfully see, what a blessing to me
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.

6.

All my honours and wealth, all my pleasures and health,
I am willing should now be at stake;
If my Christ I obtain, I shall think it great gain,
For the sacrifice which I shall make:
When I all have forsook, like a bubble 't will look,
From the midst of a glorified throng,
Where all losses are gain, where each sorrow and pain
Are exchanged for the conqueror's song.

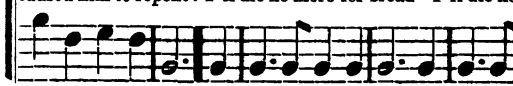
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. C. M.

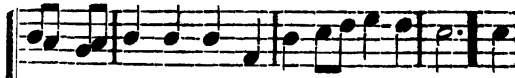


1. Af-flic-tions, though they seem se - vere, In

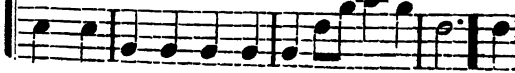
mercy oft are sent; They stopp'd the prodigal's career, And

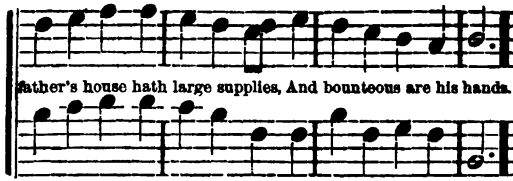
caused him to repent: I 'll die no more for bread—I 'll die no





more for bread, he cried, Nor starve in foreign lands; My





2. What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
   But hunger, shame, and fear?
   My father's house abounds with bread,
   While I am starving here.
      I'll die no more, &c.

3. I'll go, and tell him all I've done,
   Fall down before his face—
   Unworthy to be call'd his son,
   I'll seek a servant's place.
      I'll die no more, &c.

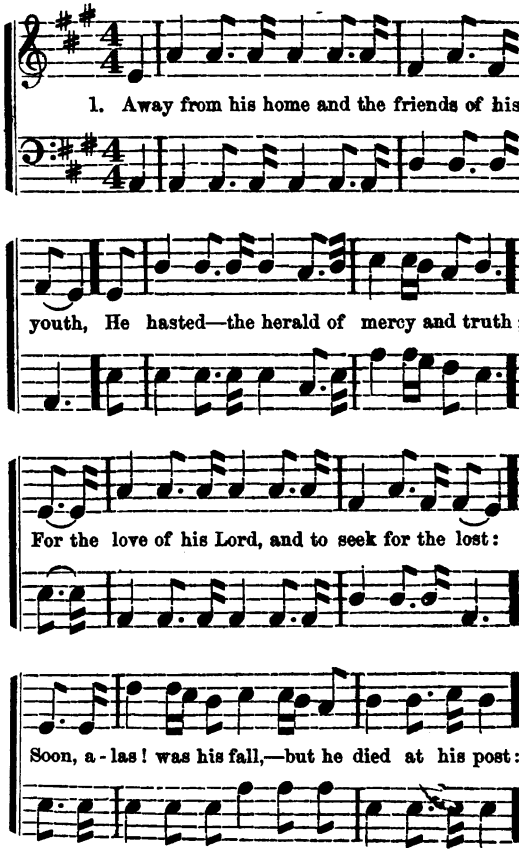
4. His father saw him coming back;
   He saw, and ran, and smiled,
   And threw his arms around the neck
   Of his rebellious child.
      I'll die no more, &c.

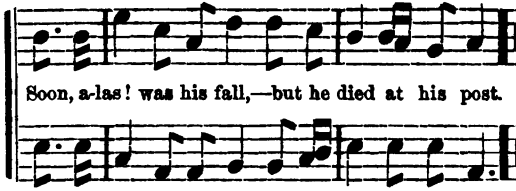
5. Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!
   Enough, the father said;
   Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
   For whom I mourn'd as dead.
      I'll die no more, &c.

6. Now let the fatted calf be slain,
   And spread the news around;
   My son was dead, but lives again—
   Was lost, but now is found.
      I'll die no more, &c.

7. 'T is thus the Lord his love reveals,
   To call poor sinners home;
   More than a father's love he feels,
   And welcomes all that come.
      I'll die no more, &c.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL. 11s & 12s.





2.

The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardour he led, in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier,—he died at his post.

3.

He wept not himself that his warfare was done—
The battle was fought, and the victory won;
But he whisper'd of those whom his heart loved the most,—
"Tell my brethren," said he, "that I died at my post."

4.

He ask'd not a stone, to be sculptured in verse;
He ask'd not that fame should his merits rehearse:
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5.

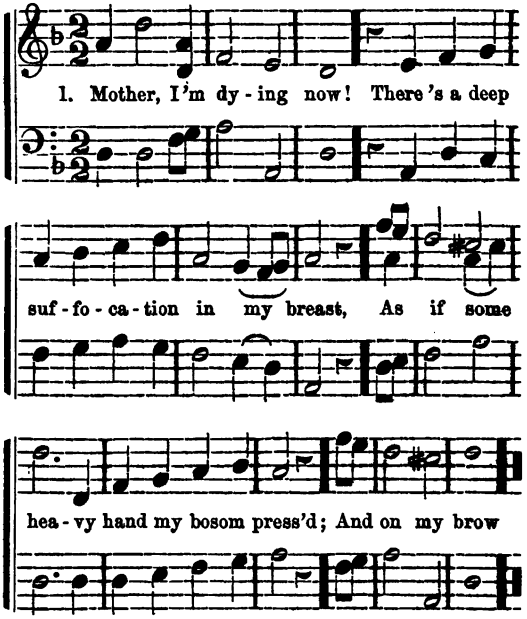
Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has pass'd o'er the sea—he has reach'd the bright coast—
For he fell like a martyr,—he died at his post.

6.

And can we the words of our brother forget?
O no!—they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so sacred shall never be lost;
We will fall in the work,—we will die at our post

THE DYING BOY. 6, 10, 10, 4.

MUSIC BY REV. W. F. FARRINGTON.



2. I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous—my breath
Comes feebly up—O tell me, Is this death?
Mother, your hand—

3. Here; lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus beneath my head;
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be miss'd?

4. O, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see my vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You 'll miss me there.

5. Never, beside your knee,
Shall I, again, kneel down at night to pray;
Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me.

6. Father, I 'm going home,
To that good home you spoke of—that blest land,
Where it is one bright summer always, and
Storms do not come.

7. I must be happy there;
From pain and death, you say, I shall be free—
That sickness never enters there, and we
Shall meet again!

8. Brother, the little spot
I used to call my garden, where, long hours,
We 've stay'd to watch the budding things and flowers,
Forget it not.

9. Plant there some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and shall be
A verdant offering to my memory,
And call it mine.

10. Sister, the young rose-tree
That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
Just putting forth its leaves, so green and fair,
I give to thee.

11. And when its roses bloom,
I shall be gone away—my short life done!
But will you not bestow a single one
Upon my tomb?

12. Now, mother, sing the tune
You sung last night—I 'm weary and must sleep—
Who was it call'd my name?—nay, do not weep—
You 'll all come soon.

THE BURIAL OF MRS. JUDSON.*

POETRY BY H. S. WASHBURN—MUSIC BY L. HEATH.

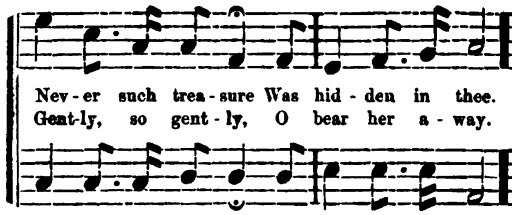
1. Mournful-ly, ten-der-ly, Bear on the dead;
2. Mournful-ly, ten-der-ly, Solemn and slow—

Where the war-rior has lain, Let the Christian be laid;
Tears are be-dew-ing The path as ye go;

No place more be-fit-ting—O Rock of the sea!
Kin-dred and strangers Are mourners to-day—

Nev-er such trea-sure Was hid-den in thee,—
Gent-ly, so gent-ly, O bear her a-way,—

* At St. Helena, September, 1845.

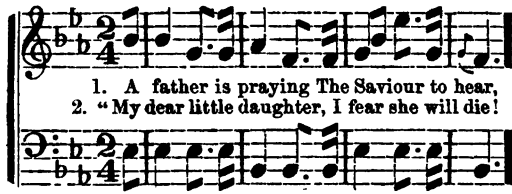


3. Mournfully, tenderly,
   Gaze on that brow—
   Beautiful is it
   In quietude now;
   One look! and then settle
   The loved to her rest—
   The ocean beneath her,
   The turf on her breast.

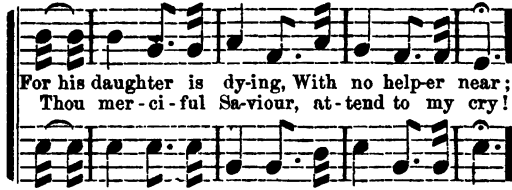
4. So have ye buried her—
   Up! and depart,
   To life and to duty
   With undismay'd heart:
   Fear not—for the love
   Of the stranger will keep,
   The casket that lies
   In the Rock of the deep.

5. Peace to thy bosom,
   Thou servant of God!
   The vale thou art treading,
   Before, thou hast trod:
   Precious dust thou hast laid
   By the Hopia tree,
   And treasure as precious
   In the Rock of the sea!

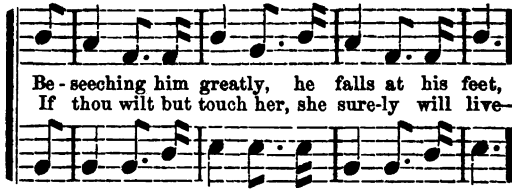
THE RULER'S DAUGHTER. 11s.



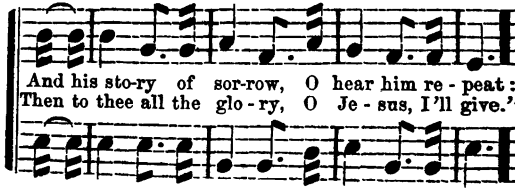
1. A father is praying The Saviour to hear,
2. "My dear little daughter, I fear she will die!



For his daughter is dy-ing, With no help-er near;
Thou mer-ci-ful Sa-viour, at-tend to my cry!



Be-seeching him greatly, he falls at his feet,
If thou wilt but touch her, she sure-ly will live—



And his sto-ry of sor-row, O hear him re-peat:
Then to thee all the glo-ry, O Je-sus, I'll give."

3.

And Jesus went with him;—but soon it was said
To the heart-stricken father, "Thy daughter is dead!
Why trouble the Master, thy woes to relieve?"—
But the kind Saviour whisper'd, "Now, only believe."

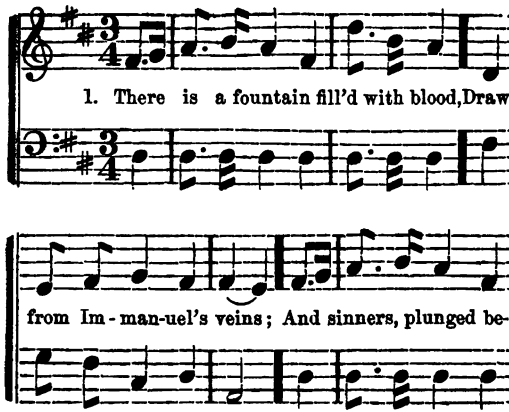
4.

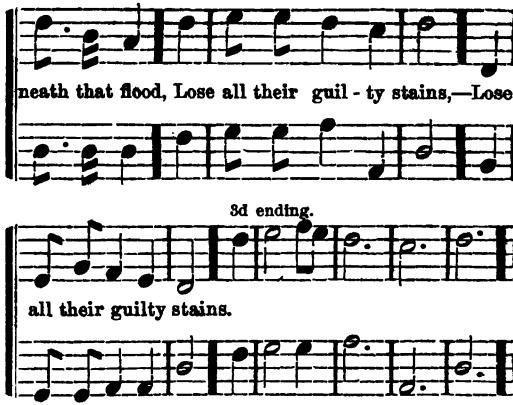
They came to the house—and the mourners were there,
And, with weeping and wailing, were rending the air;
But Jesus reproved them: "Why do ye thus weep?
For the maid is not dead—she is only asleep!"

5.

O see! with a touch how the maiden awakes,
When the mighty Physician her hand gently takes!
And, see! from her features pale death quickly flies,
At the voice of the Saviour—"O damsel, arise!"

FOUNTAIN. C. M.





2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

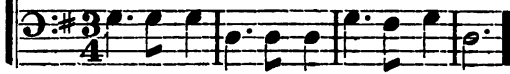
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more,

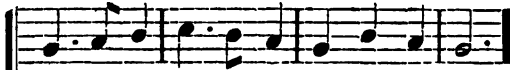
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

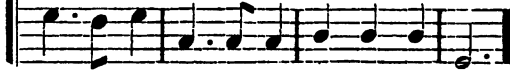
TRIUMPH. 10s. REV. A. D. MERRILL.

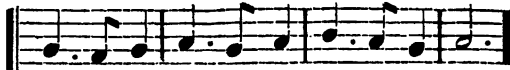
1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on-ward I move,
2. Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before;



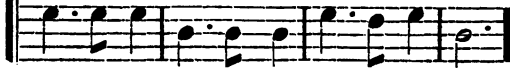


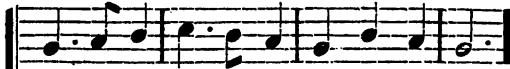
Bound for the land of bright spi - rits a - bove;
Wait-ing, they watch me ap-proach-ing the shore;



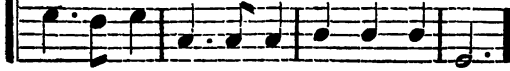


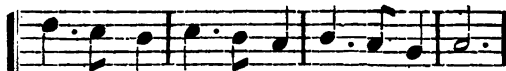
An - ge - lic cho - ris - ters sing, as I come,
Sing-ing, to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom,



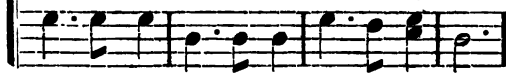


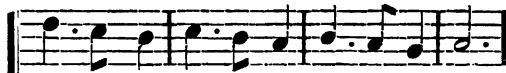
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home."
Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home."



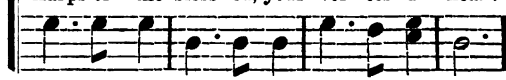


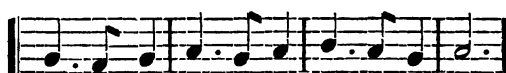
Soon, with my pil - grimage end - ed be - low,
Sounds of sweet me - lo - dy fall on my ear;



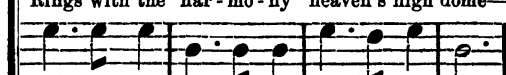


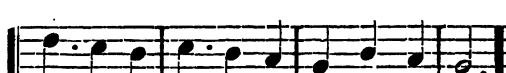
Home to the land of bright spi-rits I go;
Harps of the bless - ed, your voi - ces I hear!



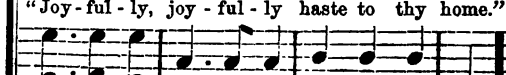


Pil - grim and stran-ger no more shall I roam—
Rings with the har - mo - ny heaven's high dome—





Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.
"Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home."



For third verse, see the following page.

3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, King of terrors—I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb:
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banish'd—his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom—
Joyfully, joyfully—safely at home.

THE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

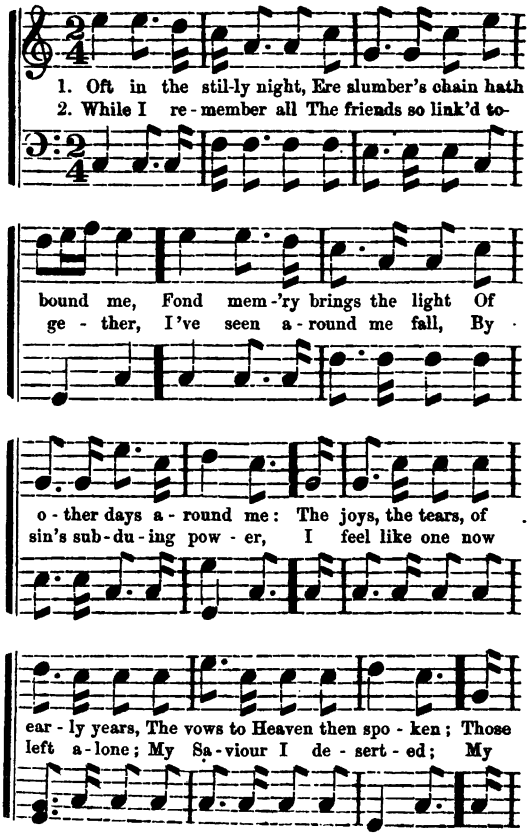
[*Adapted to the preceding tune.*]

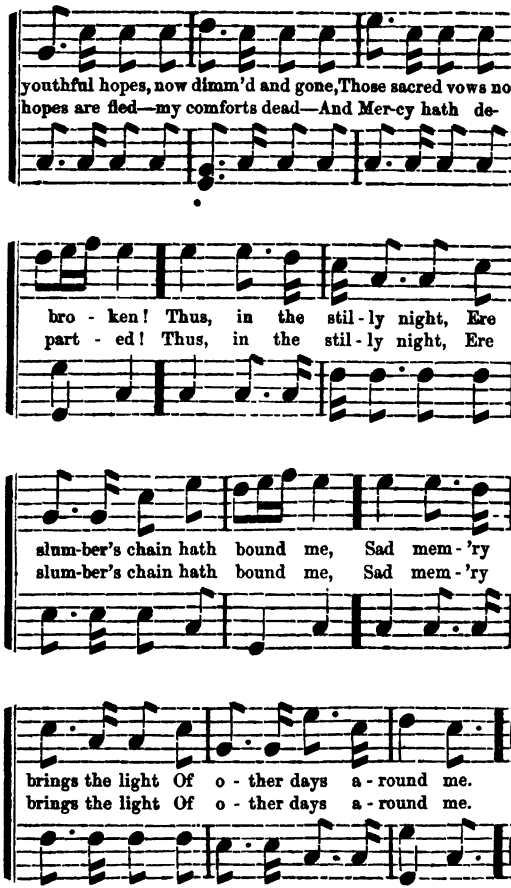
1. Happy the spirit released from its clay;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away—
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies,
"Victory! victory!—homeward I rise."
Many the toils it has pass'd through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe;
Many the doubtings—it never should sing
"Victory! victory!" thus on the wing.

2. There lies the wearisome body at rest;
Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast;
But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
"Victory! victory!" sings in its flight.
While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth—
"Welcome, O welcome to our happy shore;
Victory! victory!—weep ye no more."

3. How can we wish them recall'd from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they pass'd from their troubles beneath,
"Victory! victory!" shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise—
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
"Victory! victory!—Jesus hath come!"

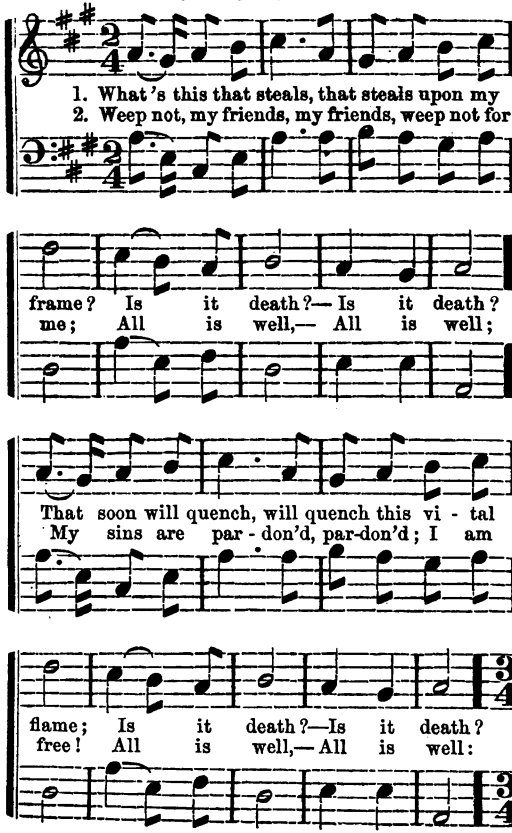
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

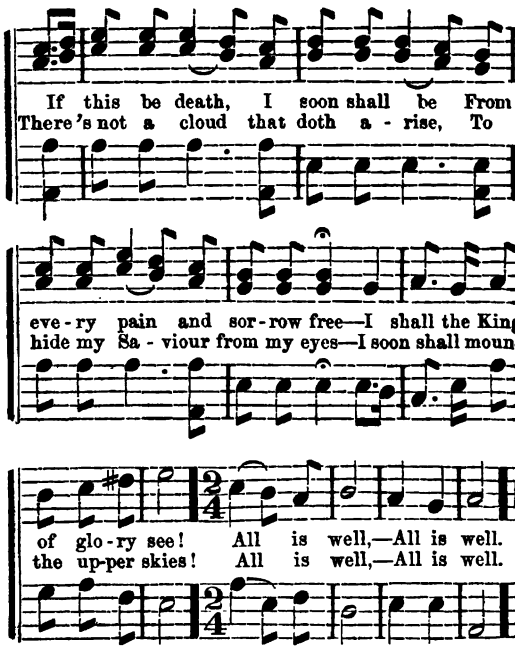



youthful hopes, now dimm'd and gone, Those sacred vows now
hopes are fled—my comforts dead—And Mer-cy hath de-
bro - ken! Thus, in the stil - ly night, Ere
part - ed! Thus, in the stil - ly night, Ere
slum-ber's chain hath bound me, Sad mem - 'ry
slum-ber's chain hath bound me, Sad mem - 'ry
brings the light Of o - ther days a - round me.
brings the light Of o - ther days a - round me.

ALL IS WELL. 10, 3, 8. C. DINGLEY.

Newly arranged by the Author.

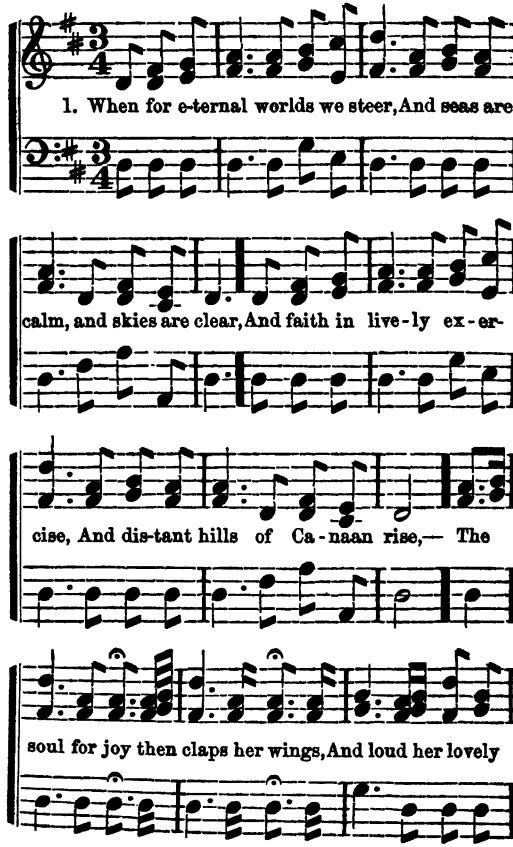


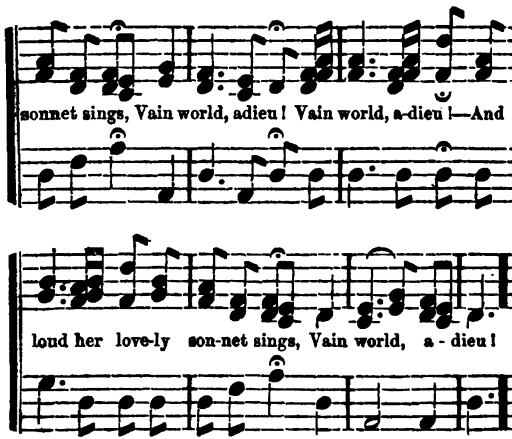


3.

Tune, tune your harps—your harps, ye saints in glory!
All is well,—All is well:
I will rehearse—rehearse the pleasing story;
All is well,—All is well:
Bright angels are from glory come;
They 're round my bed—they 're in my room—
They wait to waft my spirit home!
All is well,—All is well.

SONNET. 8s & 4..

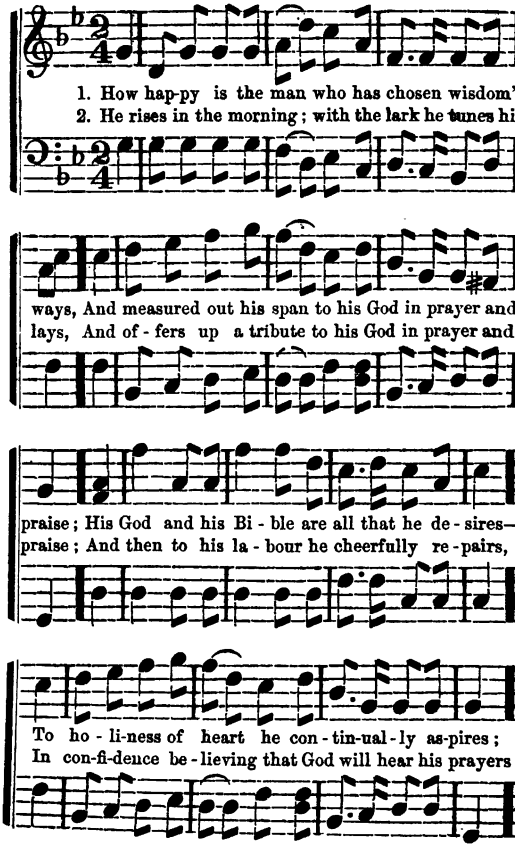

1. When for e-ternal worlds we steer, And seas are
calm, and skies are clear, And faith in live-ly ex-er-
cise, And dis-tant hills of Ca-naan rise,— The
soul for joy then claps her wings, And loud her lovely

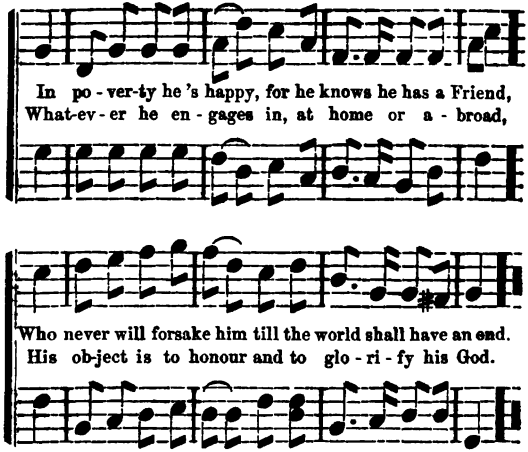


2. With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings—
Vain world, adieu!

3. The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil:
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings—
Glory to God!

THE HAPPY MAN.





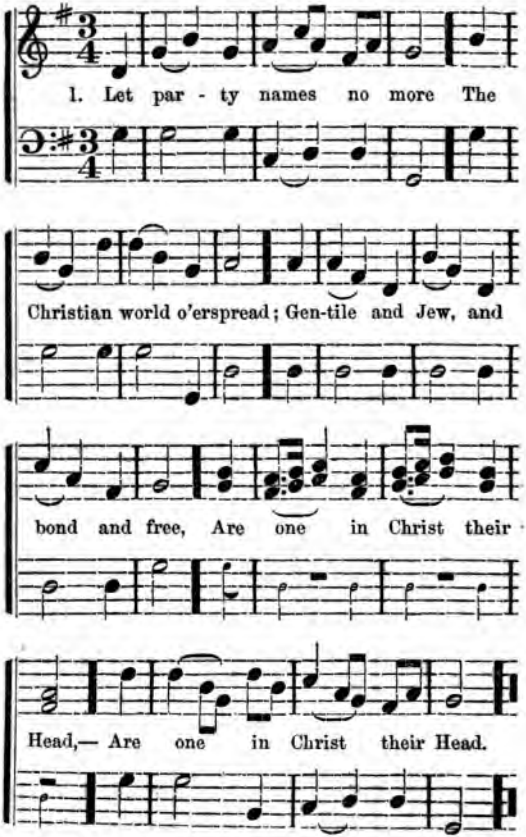
3.

In sickness, pain, and sorrow, he never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment from Christ the living vine;
When trouble presses heavily he leans on Jesus' breast,
And in his precious promises he finds a quiet rest:
The yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden always light;
He lives—nor is he weary till Canaan heaves in sight.

4.

'T is thus you have his history through life, from day to day:
Religion is no mystery;—with him 't is a beaten way:
And when upon his pillow he lies down to die,
In hope he rejoices, for he knows his God is nigh:
And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul, on wings of love,
Away to realms of glory flies, to reign with Christ above.

UNITY. S. M.

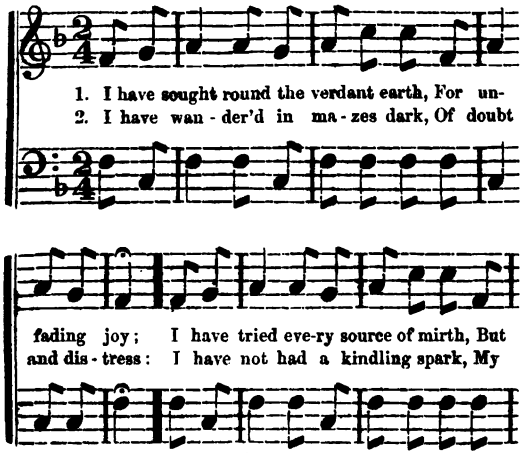

1. Let par - ty names no more The
Christian world o'erspread; Gen-tile and Jew, and
bond and free, Are one in Christ their
Head,— Are one in Christ their Head.

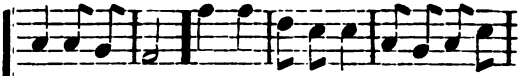
2. Among the saints on earth
   Let mutual love be found;
   Heirs of the same inheritance,
   With mutual blessings crown'd.

3. Let envy and deceit
   Be banish'd far away;
   And all in Christian bonds unite,
   Who all one Lord obey.

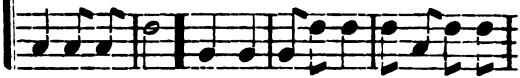
4. Thus will the Church below
   Resemble that above:
   Where streams of bliss forever flow,
   And every heart is love.

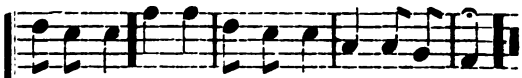
EXPERIENCE. 8, 5, 8, 5, 5, 7, 5, 4.





all, all will cloy: Lord, be - stow on me Grace to set the
spi-rit to bless: Cheerless un - be-lief Fill'd my lab-'ring



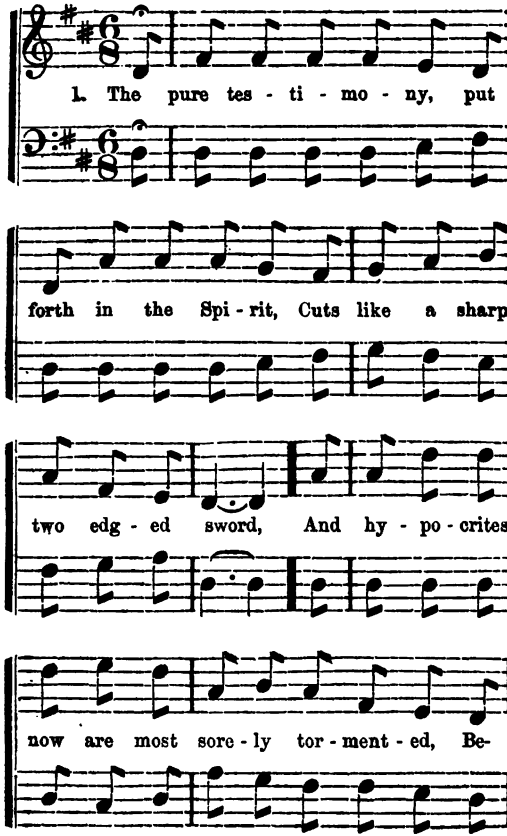


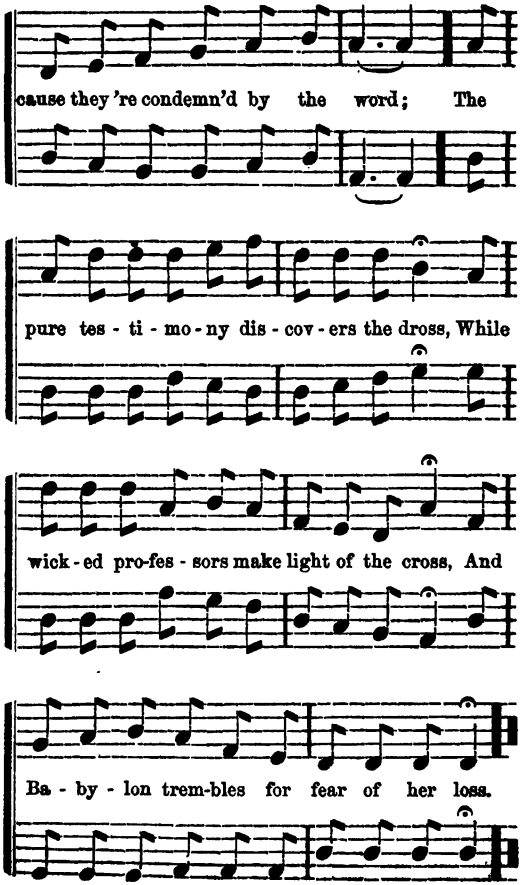
spi-rit free; Thine the praise shall be—Mine, mine the joy.
soul with grief; What shall give relief? What shall give peace?

3. I then turn'd to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release;
Weary spirit here found rest—
Hope of endless bliss—
Eternal day.

4. I will praise now my Heav'nly King—
I'll praise and adore;
The heart's richest tribute bring,
To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above—
Saved by thy redeeming love—
Loud the strains shall move,
Forever more.

THE PURE TESTIMONY.




cause they 're condemn'd by the word; The
pure tes - ti - mo - ny dis - cov - ers the dross, While
wick - ed pro-fes - sors make light of the cross, And
Ba - by - lon trem-bles for fear of her loss.

2.

Is not the time come for the Church to be gather'd
  Into the one Spirit of God?
Baptized by one Spirit, into the one body,
  Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood?
They drink in one Spirit, which makes them all see
They 're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be—
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

3.

Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
  And let the world hear it again;
O come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,
  And make your way over the plain.
Come, wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And walk in the Spirit through Jesus's name—
In the pure testimony you will overcome.

4.

The world will not persecute those who are like them,
  But hold them the same as their own;
The pure testimony cries out, "separation,"
  Which causes false teachers to frown;
Come out from foul spirits and practises too,
The track of your Saviour keep still in your view—
The pure testimony will cut the way through.

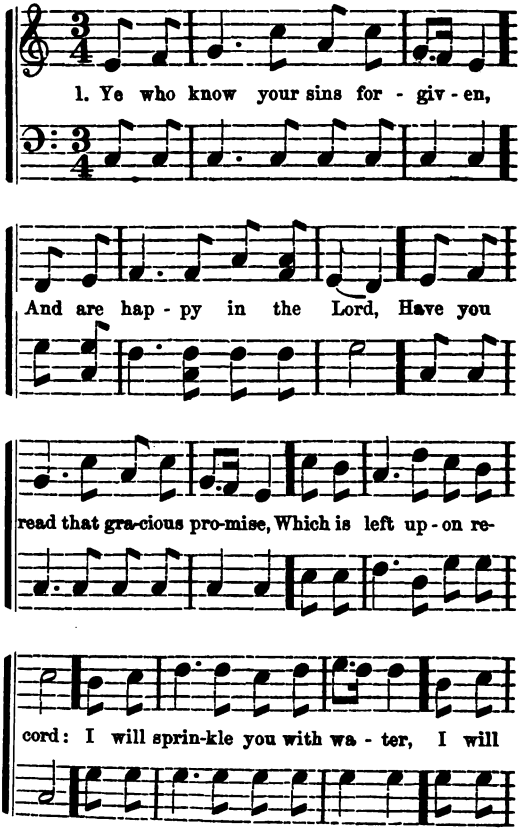
5.

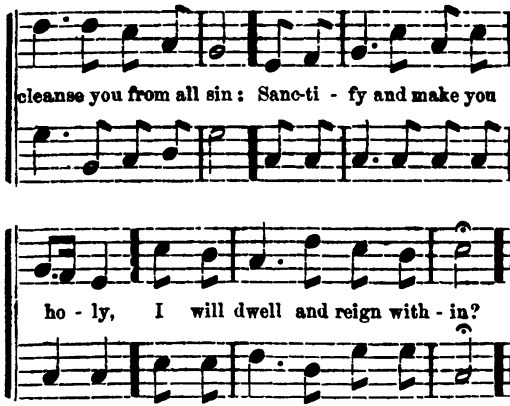
A battle is coming between the two kingdoms,
  The armies are gathering round;
The pure testimony and vile persecution
  Will come to close contest ere long;
Then gird on your armour, ye saints of the Lord,
And he will direct you by his living word;
The pure testimony will cut like a sword.

6.

The great prince of darkness is must'ring his forces,
  To make you his pris'ners again,
By slanders, reproaches, and vile persecution,
  That you in his cause may remain;
Then shun his temptations wherever they lie,
And fear not his servants whatever they say;
The PURE TESTIMONY will give you the day.

GOSPEL FREEDOM. 8s & 7s.





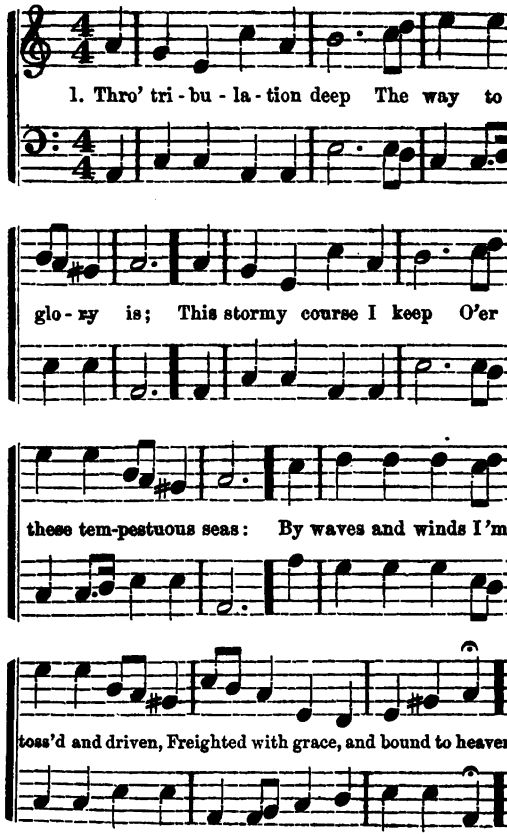
2.

Though you have much peace and comfort,
  Greater things you yet may find;
Freedom from unholy tempers,
  Freedom from the carnal mind.
To procure your perfect freedom,
  Jesus suffer'd, groan'd, and died;
On the cross the healing fountain
  Gushed from his wounded side.

3.

Be as holy and as happy,
  And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
  Jesus, only Jesus, know.
None but holy ones can enter
  To the pure celestial sphere;
Let me ask the solemn question—
  Has the Lord a witness here?

THE VOYAGE. H. M.



2.

Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane;
And high the waters flow,
And o'er the sides break in;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3.

When I, in my distress,
My anchor, hope, can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
Mid stormy winds and swelling tides.

4.

But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale;
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

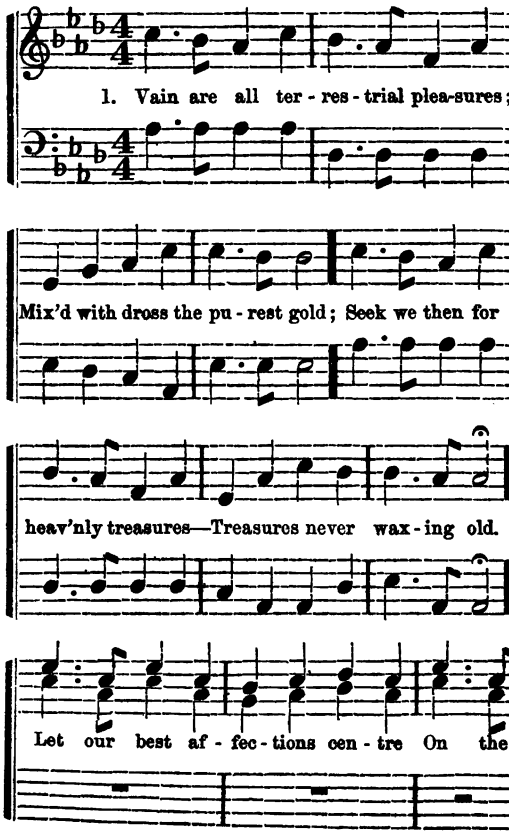
5.

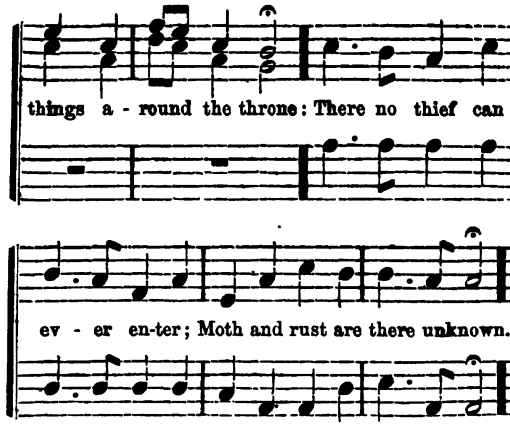
The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.

6.

When through the voy'ge I get,
(Though rough, it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet
To bring me into port;
And, when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe forever more.

ORESTES. 8s & 7s.. L. THOMPSON.





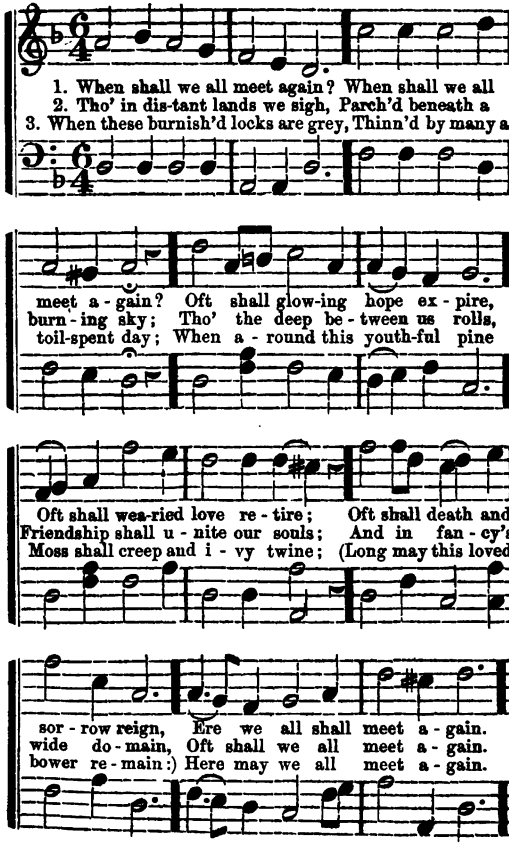
2.

Earthly joys no longer please us;
  Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,—
  Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
  Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for his appearing;
  Bids us triumph in his love.

3.

May our light be always burning,
  And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
  Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
  Never need we be afraid,
Should he come at night or morning,
  Early dawn or evening shade.

WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN?



4. When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When, in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

NOTE.—This poetry, it is said, was "composed and sung by three Indians, who were educated at Dartmouth, at their last interview before leaving college, in an enchanting bower, whither they had often resorted, and in the midst of which grew a 'youthful pine.' Nearly half a century afterwards they providentially met again—the recollection of bygone days drew them to the same spot, and, at a meeting still more affecting, they composed and sung the following."—TRADITION.

THE MEETING.

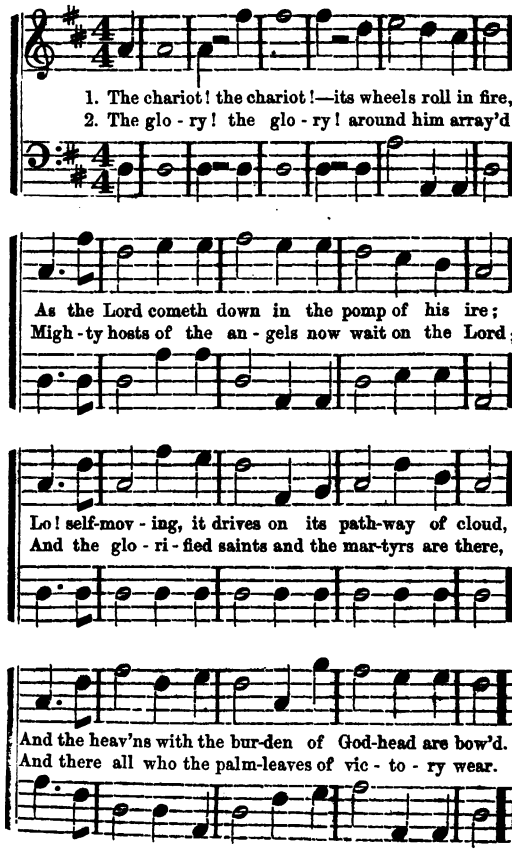
1. Parted many a toil-spent year,
Pledged in youth to mem'ry dear;
Still, to friendship's magnet true,
We our social joys renew;
Bound by love's unsever'd chain,
Here, on earth, we meet again.

2. But our bower, sunk to decay,
Wasting time has swept away;
And the youthful evergreen,
Lopp'd by death, no more is seen;
Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain,
When, in age, we meet again.

3. Many a friend we used to greet,
Here, on earth, no more we meet:
Oft the fun'ral knell has rung;
Many a heart has sorrow stung,
Since we parted on this plain,
Fearing ne'er to meet again.

4. Worn with toil, and sunk with years,
We shall quit this vale of tears;
And these hoary locks be laid
Low in cold oblivion's shade;
But, where saints and angels reign,
We all hope to meet again!

THE CHARIOT. 12s. WILLIAMS.



3.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead all have heard;
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.

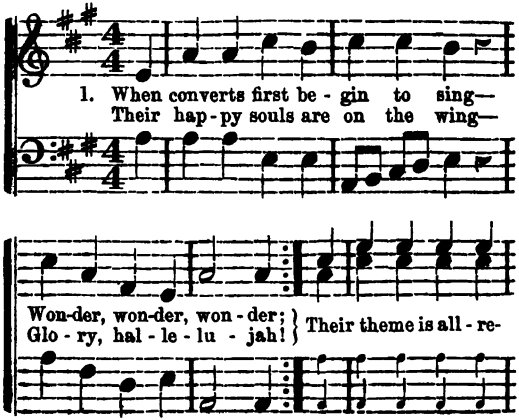
4.

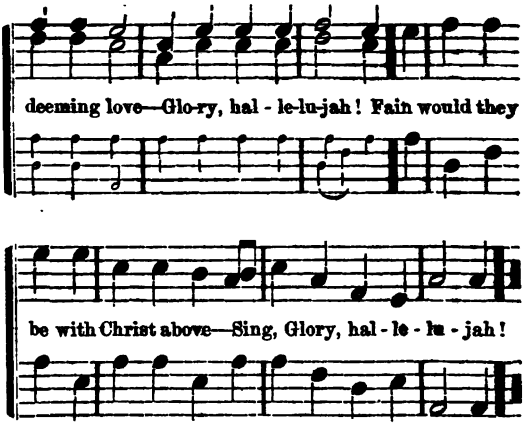
The judgment! the judgment!—the thrones all are set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5.

O mercy! O mercy!—look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

THE YOUNG CONVERT. C. M. S. HILL.

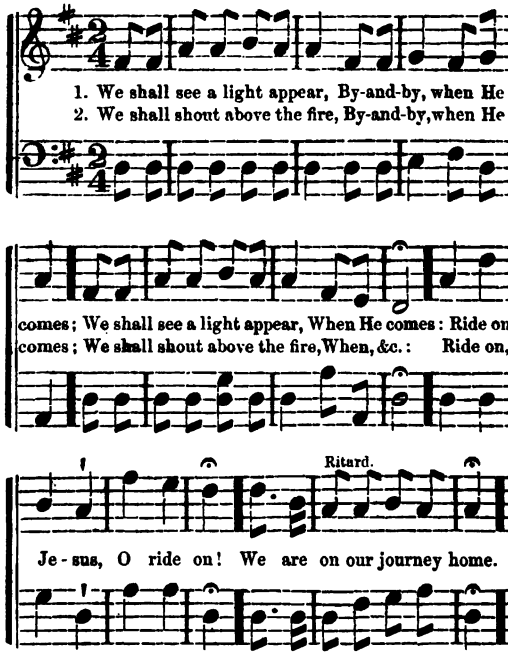




2. They wonder why old saints do n't sing—
   Wonder, wonder, wonder;
   And make God's earthly temples ring—
   Glory, hallelujah!
   They view themselves upon the shore—
   Glory, hallelujah!
   And think the battle all is o'er—
   Sing, Glory, hallelujah!

3. The Bible now appears so plain—
   Wonder, wonder, wonder;
   They wonder they should read in vain—
   Glory, hallelujah!
   The air is all perfumed with love—
   Glory, hallelujah!
   And earth appears like heaven above—
   Sing, Glory, hallelujah!

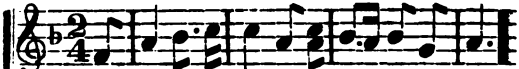
YE SHALL SEE ME.



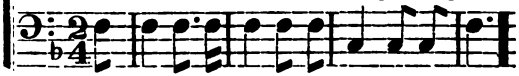
3. We shall see Him as He is,
   By-and-by, when He comes—
   We shall see, &c.

4. We shall walk the golden streets,
   By-and-by, when He comes—
   We shall walk, &c.

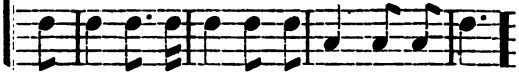
THE SAINT'S SWEET HOME. 11s.

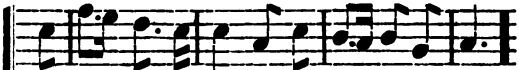


1. 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature com-plaints,
2. An a-lien from God, and a stran-ger to grace,

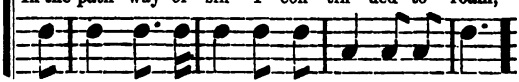


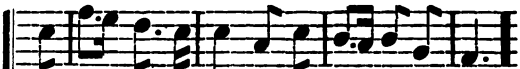
How sweet to my soul is com - mu - nion with saints!
I wan-der'd thro' earth, its gay plea-sures to trace;



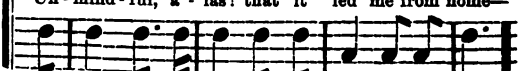


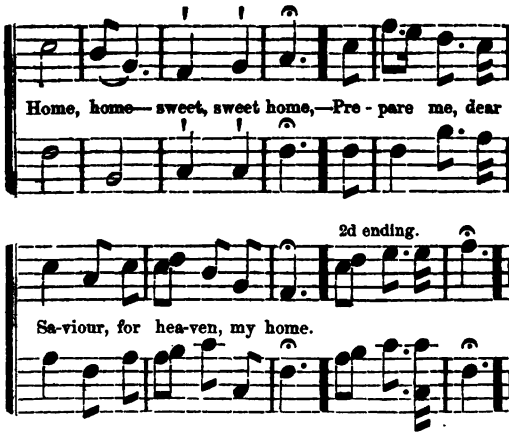
To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there 's room,
In the path - way of sin I con - tin - ued to roam,





And feel in the pre - sence of Je - sus at home—
Un - mind - ful, a - las! that it led me from home—





3.

The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven—
Home, home, &c.

4.

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me—I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room;
O there may I feast with his children at home—
Home, home, &c.

5.

Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu;
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home—
Home, home, &c.

6.

The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,

Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home.
Home, home, &c.

7.

Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints will unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with their Saviour forever at home.
Home, home—sweet, sweet home,—
Receive me, dear Saviour, to glory, my home.

THE PROMISES.

[*Adapted to the tune on the following page.*]

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2. In every condition, in sickness or health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

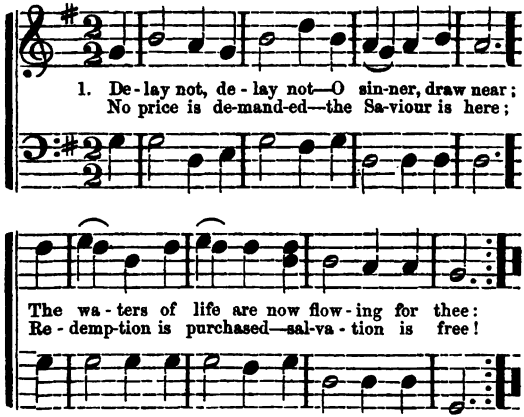
3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

5. Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.

6. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

DELAY NOT. 11s.



2. Delay not, delay not—why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open'd—how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pard'ning blood?

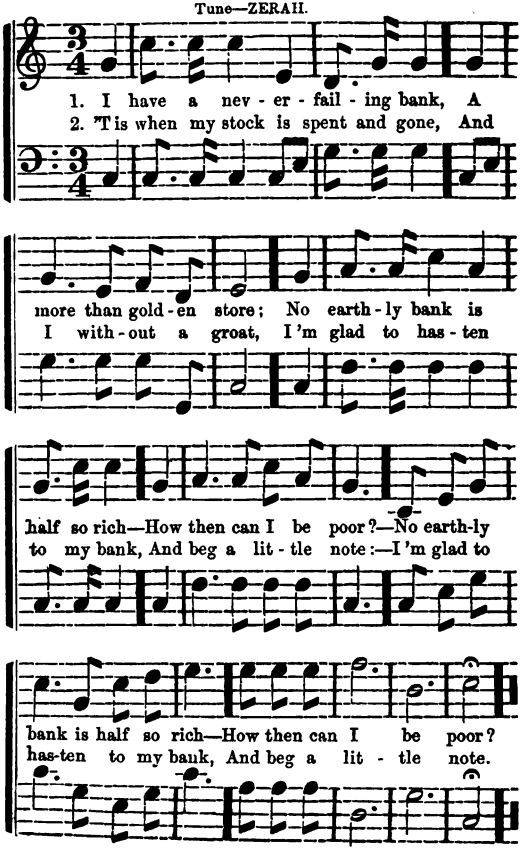
3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come—
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4. Delay not, delay not—the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5. Delay not, delay not—the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

THE BANK OF HEAVEN. C. M.

Tune—ZERAH.



3. Sometimes my Banker, smiling, says
"Why do n't you oft'ner come?
And, when you draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?

4. "Why live so niggardly and poor?
Your bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one-pound note,
When you might have a twenty?

5. "Yea, twenty thousand, ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,
To what your Father has laid up,
Secure in God his Son."

6. Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow:
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

7. I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than ask'd for or expected.

8. Sometimes I've felt a little proud,
I've managed things so clever;
But ah! before the day was gone
I've felt as poor as ever.

9. Sometimes with blushes on my face,
Just at the door I stand;
I know if Moses keep me back,
I surely must be damn'd.

10. I know my bank will never break—
No, it can never fail:
The firm—Three persons in one God;
Jehovah—Lord of all!

11. Should all the banks of Britain break,
The Bank of England smash—
Bring in your notes to Zion's bank,
You 'll surely have your cash.

12. And if you have but one small note.
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to this bank of grace—
The Banker is within.

13. All forged notes will be refused.
Man's merits are rejected;
There's not a single note will pass
That God has not accepted.

14. 'T is only those beloved of God,
Redeem'd by precious blood,
That ever had a note to bring—
These are the gifts of God.

15. Though thousand ransom'd souls may say,
They have no notes at all—
Because they feel the plague of sin,
So ruin'd by the fall:

16. This bank is full of precious notes,
All sign'd, and seal'd, and free—
Though many doubting souls may say,
There is not one for me.

17. Base unbelief will lead the child
To say what is not true;
I tell the soul who feels self-lost,
These notes belong to you.

18. The leper had a little note—
"Lord, if thou wilt thou can!"
The Banker cash'd his little note,
And heal'd the sickly man.

19. We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound;
But in the Banker's book of grace,
This man was never found.

20. But see the wretched dying thief,
Hang by the Banker's side:
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me!"
He got his cash—and died.

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